DICTIONARY OF CONTEMPORARY QUOTATIONS

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SONNENSCHEIN'S DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS

1. ENGLISH (THIRD EDITION)	P. H. DALBIAC.
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Dictionary of Contemporary Quotations

(ENGLISH)

BY

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WITH AUTHORS INDEX

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PREFACE

In offering this book to the public, the compiler must crave some of the indulgence usually extended to those who break new ground, for it has in most cases been a matter of suggesting passages, in the compiler's opinion suitable for quotation, rather than of collecting together those already adopted as quotations.

The idea that many of our modern poets, even among those who lay no claim to being considered of the first rank, have written pithy and epigrammatic passages, or expressed beautiful thoughts worthy of quotation, had for some time impressed itself upon the compiler's mind, and this idea has found expression in the present book.

That some who ought to have been represented are not, whilst others occupy an undue space, is but too well known to the compiler; but this want of proportion may in part be accounted for by the fact that it is not always the best writers who best lend themselves to quotation—the style of some of the very best almost forbids their being quoted at all. Beautiful passages are often too long for quoting, and can find fitting place only in an Anthology. Again, many lines have been inserted that can lay no claim whatever to beauty, but have been chosen solely because they are the best, or perhaps the only available, on some subject that seemed to call for representation.

Roughly speaking, the poems from which these quotations are taken date from after 1850, but to this rule there are obvious exceptions—notably those of the two Tennysons, the two Brownings, and the four American poets Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, and Whitman. To omit these from contemporary poets seemed impossible, though much of their work was published long before the date named, and much of it has already been accepted amongst the "Classics of Quotation."

H. S.

DICTIONARY OF CONTEMPORARY QUOTATIONS.

Absence.

Through shouts that hail the shattered banner,
  Home from proud onsets led,
Through the glad roar, which greets once more
  Each bronzed and bearded head;
Hushed voices from the earth beneath us
  Thrill on the summer air,
And claim a part of England's heart
  For those who are not there.
SIR F. H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, sts.* 5–6.

Come back! come back! And with you bring
  All that with you is gone away—
Warmth, light, life, love, and everything
  That stays but where you stay!
"OWEN MEREDITH" (LORD LYTTON), *Marah: Absence, st.* 3.

Speak of the absent as tho' they were by,
And heard thy faintest whisper; lest perchance
Ill tongues should wing ill words, as winds that blow
Sparks into angry flames.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece: Alcaeus VII., ll.* 232–5.

Acacia.

The slender acacia would not shake
  One long milk-bloom on the tree.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., XXII., st.* 8.

Achilles.

. . . One whose lonely heart
In ages gone was stirr'd with such a pulse,
That at the Present trembles at it still.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece: Apollo, ll.* 20–2.

Acorn.

. . . the russet acorn,
Fruit beloved of maid and boy.
R. W. EMERSON, *Holidays, st.* 1.

Actor.

An actor is soon forgotten—he reigns as a king awhile:
He's fêted, and cheered, and honoured, and he basks in the public's smile.
But the moment his work is over, and gone is the power to please,
He has drained the cup of pleasure and come to the bitter lees.

G. R. Sims, *The Dagonet, and other Poems: Forgotten, st. 6.*

Adam.

Of parcels eight was Adam built.
The first was earth, the second sea,
The third and fourth were sun and cloud,
The fifth was wind, the sixth was stone,
The seventh was the Holy Ghost,
The last, the Light which lighteth God.

Whitley Stokes, *Man Octipartite, ll. 8–13.*

Admirals.

"Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame!"

Henry Newbolt, *The Island Race: Admirals All.* (Chorus.)

Advantage, Showing to best.

Where none were sad, and few were dull,
And each one said his best,
And beauty was most beautiful,
With vanity at rest.

Lord Houghton, *Mary and Agnes Berry, st. 4.*

Advertisements. See also **Poster.**

Yea, soon the time will come when every inch
Of England shall display advertisements;
When, newly taught, the birds shall add their notes
To the glad chorus, "Buy Pomponia Paste!"

Anthony C. Deane, *New Rhymes for Old: The Beauties of Nature, ll. 26–9.*

Great is advertisement! 'tis almost fate;
But, little mushroom-men, of puff-ball fame,
Ah, do you dream to be mistaken great
And to be really great are just the same?

Richard Le Gallienne, *R. L. Stevenson, etc.: Alfred Tennyson, st. 10.*

Great is advertisement with little men!

"Owen Seaman," *Battle of the Bays: Ode to Spring in the Metropolis, st. 9.*

Aftermath.

Aftermaths of pleasant green
Bind the earth in emerald bands.

John Davidson, *Ballads of Songs: Autumn, II., st. 1.*

Afternoon.

. . . that rapturous afternoon
When all the fields and flowers were like a dream,
And all the winds the offshoot of a tune.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc.: Seventh Litany, Stella Matutina, st.* 19.

Age; Era.

. . . every age,
Heroic in proportions, double-faced,
Looks backward and before, expects a morn
And claims an epos.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. IV., ll.* 151–4.

A pewter age,—mixed metal, silver-washed:
An age of scum, spooned off the richer past,
An age of patches for old gaberdines,
An age of mere transition, meaning nought
Except that what succeeds must shame it quite.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. IV., ll.* 159–63.

I gazed abashed,
Child of an age that lectures, not creates,
Plastering our swallow-nests on the awful Past,
And twittering round the work of larger men.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Cathedral, ll.* 316–9.

Ages of Man.

Slow pass our days
In childhood, and the hours of light are long
Betwixt the morn and eve; with swifter lapse
They glide in manhood, and in age they fly;
Till days and seasons flit before the mind
As flit the snow-flakes in a winter storm,
Seen rather than distinguished.
W. C. BRYANT, *The Old Man's Counsel, ll.* 59–65.

Agnosticism.

Yea, we cry, "We will hear, we will follow
That voice anywhere";
But the echoes around mimic "follow,"
And mock us with "where."
MAY EARLE, *A Phase of Agnosticism, st.* 6.

True or false, I know, for my part,
I'm content to hold as sufficient,
"I think, I exist," with Descartes.
C. W. STUBBS, *The Conscience: Mind-Stuff, st.* 12.

Agony. See also **Sorrow**.

The fiercest agonies have shortest reign:
W. C. BRYANT, *Mutation, l.* 4.

A little agony may drive men mad,
A little madness may the soul destroy.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Multum in Parvo, st.* 1.

Aim. See also **Aspiration, Ideal, Intention, Purpose.**

We'll keep our aims sublime, our eyes erect,
Although our woman-hands should shake and fail.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. IV., ll.* 70–1.

Greatly begin! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime,—
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.
J. R. LOWELL, *For an Autograph, st.* 5.

What to the dead avail
The chance success, the blundering praise of fame?
Oh! rather trust, somewhere the noble aim
Is crowned, though here it fail.
HENRY LUSHINGTON, *To the Memory of Pietro d'Alessandro, st.* 9.

Better to miss thy manhood's aim
Than sacrifice the boy's.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Roadside Poems: Better Things, st.* 8.

Tae high aim unfulfilled fulfils itself.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades, bk. II., Hades; Endymion, l.* 112.

And rare is noble impulse, rare
The impassioned aim.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Shelley's Centenary, st.* 14.

Air.

. . . sweet airs, more joy-giving
Than morning's, but as cool as midnight's breath.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. II.*

When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The May Queen, Pt. II.: New Year's Eve, st.* 7.

Albatross.

An albatross wheeling in circles;
Sails with a wing to the clouds and a wing to the touch of the billow.
S. R. LYSAGHT, *Poems of the Unknown: The Undiscovered Shore, Storm, ll.* 5–6.

Albert, Prince.

. . . and we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls of the King: Dedication, ll.* 16–8.

Album.

A book of friends who still are friends,
  With friendship waxing stronger;
A book of friends who once were friends,
  But now are friends no longer.
FATHER DYER, *Photographic Album, st.* 1.

She kept an album, too, at home,
  Well filled with all an album's glories;
Paintings of butterflies, and Rome,
  Patterns for trimmings, Persian stories.
W. M. PRAED, *The Belle of the Ball-Room, st.* 9.

Alcohol. See also **Ale, Wine.**

"The Elixir of Perpetual Youth,
Called alcohol, in the Arab speech!"
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Golden Legend, I.* (Lucifer).

Ale, Beer. See also **Alcohol, Wine.**

Such power hath Beer. The heart which grief hath canker'd
Hath one unfailing remedy—the tankard.
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Beer, st.* 2.

He that would shine, and petrify his tutor,
Should drink draught Allsopp in its "native pewter."
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Beer, st.* 13.

The ale of dear old London, and the port of Southern climes.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse: The Red, Red West, st.* 3.

And malt does more than Milton can
To justify God's ways to man.
Ale, man, ale's the stuff to drink
For fellows whom it hurts to think:
Look into the pewter pot
To see the world as the world's not.
A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad: LXII., ll.* 21–6.

He who sets his lips in ale
Keeps his legs where many fail.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical: Dithyramb, st.* 3.

Almond-blossom.

Sweet almond-blossom, blooming ere the spring
  Hath well begun,—ere yet bleak winds and cold
  Have shivering fled, your flowers we behold!
S. WADDINGTON, *Sonnets, etc.: Almond-Blossom, ll.* 1–3.

Alone. See also **Loneliness, Solitude.**

By the sea, on the shore, it is pleasant to be;
  The sunshine's delicious I own;

This life would be ever delightful to me,
If folks would but leave me alone!
J. ASHBY-STERRY, *The Lazy Minstrel: A Common-Sense Carol* (Motto).

"When is man strong until he feels alone?"
ROBERT BROWNING, *Colombe's Birthday, act. III.* (Valence).

"I long to be alone, for there is sorrow
One cannot put into one's prayers, nor drop
In any human breast—half recollection,
And half despair."
"MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act III., sc.* 1 (Queen Mary).

To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
Och hone! Widow Machree.
Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
While the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee!
Yet alone with your cup,
Like a hermit you sup,
Och hone! Widow Machree.
SAMUEL LOVER, *Widow Machree, st.* 3.

For none so lone on earth as he
Whose way of thought is high and free
Beyond the mist, beyond the cloud,
Beyond the clamour of the crowd.
WALTER C. SMITH, *The Bishop's Walk: The Bishop, st.* 5.

Alum Bay.

The broad white brow of the Isle—that bay with the colour'd sand—
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Wreck, XII., l.* 1.

Ambition.

And thus seditious pride and avarice
And the ambition that takes hold of men,
Leading them on to grasp unholy rule,
Brought down the wrath of the great Manito;
And so the nation fell. And then was lost
The golden hope of all the Red Man's race.
"ARISTO," *The Moon of Leaves: O-Cee-Dee-O-Na; Cum-See-Hatch-Ee's Last Story, ll.* 468–73.

Oh! some men sigh for riches, and some men live for fame,
And some on history's pages hope to win a glorious name;
My aims are not ambitious, and my wishes are but small—
You might wrap them all together in an ould plaid shawl.
FRANCIS A. FAHY, *The Ould Plaid Shawl, st.* 7.

. . . ambition is a flame
Blown by the winds of Pride, that spareth not
Things lovely or things good.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece: Alcaeus, IV., ll.* 1–3.

America; Americans.

So long as he's American, it mattereth not the least;
Whether his crest be badger, bear, palmetto, sword, or pine,
His is the glory of the stars that with the stripes combine.
Where'er he be, whate'er his lot, he's eager to be known,
Not by his mortal name, but by his country's name alone.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse: John Smith, ll.* 90–4.

Mighty alike for good or ill
With mother-land, we fully share
The Saxon strength,—the nerve of steel,—
The tireless energy of will,—
The power to do, the pride to dare.
J. G. WHITTIER, *Lines, st.* 4.

No seal is on the Yankee's mouth,
No fetter on the Yankee's press!
From our Green Mountains to the sea
One voice shall thunder,—*We are free!*
J. G. WHITTIER, *Stanzas for the Times, st.* 14.

American-Indians.

The Indian's heart is hard and cold,—
It closes darkly o'er its care,
And formed in Nature's sternest mould,
Is slow to feel, and strong to bear.
J. G. WHITTIER, *The Bridal of Pennacook, III., ll.* 17–20.

O, peeled, and hunted, and reviled,
Sleep on, dark tenant of the wild!
Great Nature owns her simple child!
J. G. WHITTIER, *Funeral Tree of the Sokokis, st.* 30.

Ammonites.

Huge Ammonites, and the first bones of Time.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess: Prologue, l.* 15.

Anarchy.

"Insolence in the few begets
Hate in the many; hatred breeds revolt,
Revolt where all are free to rise and rule
Breeds anarchy, whose wild chaotic reign
Calls in the despot with strong will to keep
Sharp knives from maddest hands; and thus we reel
From vassalage to vassalage, through fits
Of drunken freedom,—glorious for an hour."
J. S. BLACKIE, *The Wise Men of Greece: Pythagoras* (Diagoras).

Ancients.

But all those ancients could say anything!
He put in just what rushed into his head.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, IX.: Juris Doctor Johannes-Baptista Bottinius, ll.* 1575–6.

Anemone, Sea-.

To-day the many-hued anemone,
Waving, expands within the rock-pools green,
And swift transparent creatures of the sea
Dart through the feathery sea-fronds, scarcely seen.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Harvest-Tide: Lydstep Caverns, st.* 5.

Anemone, Wood-.

What are these! Shells flung far and wide
By Winter's now fast-ebbing tide,
In language called, for him who sees
But grossly, wood-anemones.
ALFRED AUSTEN, *At the Gate of the Convent, etc.: A Defence of English Spring, ll.* 35–7.

"The hazels are all felled, but on the ground,
That 'neath the straight trunks of the airy trees
Lies in the spotted sunlight, are upsprung
Countless anemones, white, red, and blue,
In the bright glade."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Achilles in Scyros, ll.* 363–7 (Chorus).

Lodged in sunny cleft,
Where the cold breezes come not, blooms alone
The little wind-flower, whose just opened eye
Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at.
W. C. BRYANT, *A Winter Piece, ll.* 124–7.

Angel.

. . . the angel of this life,
Whose care is lest men see too much at once.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, I., ll.* 594–5.

"Ah, dearest, if there be
A devil in man, there is an angel too,
And if he did the wrong you charge him with,
His angel broke his heart."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Sea Dreams, ll.* 266–9.

With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb!
J. G. WHITTIER, *To my Friend on the Death of his Sister, st.* 6.

Angelus-bell.

. . . the " Ave " bell
Rings out the sun's departing knell,
Borne by the breeze's rhythmic swell
O'er swathe and furrow.
EARL OF CREWE, *Millet and Zola, st. 2.*

Anger.

Reflect that God, who makes the storm desist,
Can make an angry violent heart subside.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, VII.: Pompilia, ll.* 1101–2.

" There is nothing so undignified as anger."
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Spanish Student, act III., sc. 2* (Padre).

The one thet fust gits mad's 'most ollers wrong.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers: Ser. II, Letter 2.*

. . . unmeet anger is
To mingle with our short-lived spell of bliss.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: February: Bellerophon in Lycia, ll. 96–7.*

" 'Tis the noblest mood
That takes least hold on anger; those faint hearts
That hold least fire are fain to show it first."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Bothwell, act II., sc. 4* (Queen Mary).

Secret wrath like smother'd fuel
Burnt in each man's blood.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Captain, ll. 15–6.*

Angling. See also **Fisherman.**

Just where the swirling rapids flash,
He took me with a sudden dart,
Then came a pull, a sounding splash,
A whirring reel, a furious dash,
Then over boulders, leap and crash—
Who christened this the " gentle art " ?
ALFRED COCHRANE, *Fresh Run, st. 2.*

" With the prawn that you temptingly dangled and drew
I became upon affable terms;
It will please you to know how familiar I grew
With the look of your succulent worms:
Yes, I knew every fly, every cast you could tie,
I knew all your tackle and gut,
And I heard the loud squeals when you landed the eels,
Or gave the stray flounder the butt."
ALFRED COCHRANE, *The Twenty-Pounder, st. 3* (Salmon).

Just one cast more! how many a year
  Beside how many a pool and stream,
Beneath the falling leaves and sere,
  I've sighed, reeled up, and dreamed my dream!
ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode: The Last Cast, st.* 1.

You never heard the ringing reel,
  The music of the water side!
ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode: The Last Cast, st.* 11.

Animals. See also **Beast.**

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and
    self-contain'd,
I stand and look at them long and long:
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: Song of Myself,* 32, *ll.* 1–5.

Antelope.

Antelopes, pied and spotted; antelopes
Like great white bulls and cows; black antelopes
Horned as with spears; and one, purple with cream,
Having striped shanks, dropped flanks, and ass's tail,
And four soft horns.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Voyage of Ithobal: The Third Day, ll.* 396–400.

Anvil.

The hammered anvils reel and chime;
  The breathless, belted wheels ring true.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *New Ballads: A Ballad of a Workman, st.* 53.

Apathy. See also **Indifference.**

The apathy, ere a crime resolved is done,
  Is scarce less dreadful than remorse for crime.
J. R. LOWELL, *A Legend of Brittany, Pt. II.,* 18, *ll.* 1–2.

Apennines.

Your peaks are beautiful, ye Apennines!
  In the soft light of these serenest skies;
From the broad highland region, black with pines,
  Fair as the hills of Paradise they rise,
Bathed in the tint Peruvian slaves behold
In rosy flushes on the virgin gold.
W. C. BRYANT, *To the Apennines, st.* 1.

Aphis.

There's the palm-aphis, minute miracle
As wondrous every whit as thou or I.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies,* 12: *A Bean-Stripe, ll.* 150–1.

Appetite. See also **Hunger.**

For what are viands rich or rare or right,
Lack they the sauce of wholesome appetite?
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: A Tale of the Thames, ch. 2, ll.* 344–5.

A man may have an appetite enough
For a whole dish of robins ready cooked,
And yet lack courage to face sleet, pad snow,
And snare sufficiently for supper.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, XI.: Guido, ll.* 1907–10.

Apples.

Here yellow apples glow, like myriad lamps,
On strained and drooping branches, tier by tier,
Drawn up the wold in wasting orchards grey.
EDMUND GOSSE, *In Russet and Silver: An English Village, ll.* 10–2.

And up behind in a still orchard close
The apples ripen, crushing down the trees,
In millions, russet-green and amber-rose,
Fit for the gardens of the Hesperides.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical: A Pastoral, st.* 4.

Apple-blossom.

Summer shower of apple-blossoms running up from glade to glade.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *The Lost Bower, st.* 2.

The faint pink blossoms on the apple-trees
Blew in such rich profusion as to hide
What gnarled and twisted branches smothered them,
And every little wanton puff of wind
Fluttered a thousand petals to the ground.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: a Tale of the Thames, ch.* 16, *ll.* 82–6.

Apple-pie.

. . . the filling joys
Of apple-pie and cheese!
EUGENE FIELD, *A Little Book of Western Verse: Apple-Pie and Cheese, st.* 2.

Apricots.

Rich apricots, that breathed of mountain flowers.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Daphne, etc.: Hesperides, Hesperia VII., l.* 38.

April.

April first
Of all the months a woman; in her ways
As changeful as the lights which flick and flash
From off the facets of the diamond.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: A Tale of the Thames, Interlude, ll.* 396–9.

Spring sits and shivers at the porch of light:
April goes weeping on her road to May.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical: Ode to Pan, ll.* 42–3.

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!
WILLIAM WATSON, *Song, ll.* 1–4.

April Fool.

Yes, I am an April Fool: confessed!
And my pate grows not wise for scratching.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Lyrics: An April Fool, st.* 9.

Now, which is the April Fool, in sooth?
Do you think it is I,—or you, sir?
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Lyrics: An April Fool, st.* 22.

Arab.

. . . an Arab
As glossy and black as a scarab.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Romances: The Glove, ll.* 33–4.

To come at night under the desert moon
On pillars, ghostly porches, temples, towers
Silent for centuries; to see at dawn
The shadow of the Arab on the sand.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *The Last Ballad and other Poems: The Ordeal, ll.* 207–10.

Arctic Regions.

Where the short-legged Esquimaux
Waddle in the ice and snow,
And the playful polar bear
Nips the hunter unaware.
BRET HARTE, *An Arctic Vision, ll.* 1–4.

Ay, 'tis the long bright summer day:
Hark, to that mighty crash!
The loosened ice-ridge breaks away—
The smitten waters flash.
Seaward the glittering mountain rides,
While, down its green translucent sides,
The foamy torrents dash.
W. C. BRYANT, *The Arctic Lover, st.* 2.

Argument.

Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
Let them have it how they will!
Thou art tired; best be still!
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *The Last Word, st.* 2.

"The ignorant love argument."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act IV., sc. 2* (Soderini).

And thus he gropes his hazard way along,
Feels what is right but reasons what is wrong.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: A Tale of the Thames, Interlude, ll.* 148–9.

Anything, anything to let the wheels
Of argument run glibly to their goal!
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, IX.: Juris Doctor Johannes-Baptista Bottinius, ll.* 471–2.

O thinkers and debaters! be moderate and more slow;
You can't make true opinions—they have to seed and grow.
Be generous in your conflicts; look very sharp to see
What points you can discover whereon you may agree;
Remember, mere assertion to mere brutishness comes nigh,
And the shallowest of arguments is the poisoned words, "You lie!"
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals: The Festival of Dis-Reason, st.* 26.

The impassioned argument was simple truth
Half-wondering at its own melodious tongue.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Wordsworth's Grave, Pt. III., st.* 4.

How beggarly appear arguments before a defiant deed!
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: Song of the Broad-Axe, 6, l.* 1.

Arms.

The clink of arms is good to hear,
The flap of pennons fair to see.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Defence of Guinevere, etc.: Sir Giles' War-Song, st.* 2.

Arno, The.

As the silent stream of Arno through the streets of Florence flows.
T. BUCHANAN READ, *Christine*, p. 11.

Arnold, Matthew.

So full of power, yet blithe and debonair,
Rallying his friends with pleasant banter gay,
Or half adream chaunting with jaunty air
Great words of Goethe, catch of Béranger.
J. C. SHAIRP, *A Remembrance, st.* 26.

Arrow.

The bitter arrow went aside,
Oriana:
The false, false arrow went aside,
Oriana:
The damnèd arrow glanced aside.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Ballad of Oriana, st.* 5.

Arsenal.

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Arsenal at Springfield, st.* 1.

Art. See also **Beauty.**

Art still has truth, take refuge there!
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Memorial Verses, l.* 28.

I.

Who love my art, would never wish it lower
To suit my stature.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. II., ll.* 492–4.

Henceforth my part
Be less with Nature than with Art!
For Art supplants, gives mainly worth
To Nature.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Christmas Eve and Easter Day: Easter Day, XXV., ll.* 4–7.

One may do whate'er one likes
In Art: the only thing is, to make sure
That one does like it—which takes pains to know.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Pippa Passes, Pt. IV., ll.* 308–10.

Works done least rapidly, Art most cherishes.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: Old Pictures at Florence, st.* 17.

"If God is Art and Art is God,
I fear I don't believe in God"—(Sandy).
"That matters not since this is true . . .
That God Himself believes in you"—(Basil).
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Fleet Street Eclogues.*

Art surely should offer suggestions
Of what may refine and refresh,
Not ventilate uncanny questions
About the corruptions of flesh.
COTSFORD DICK, *The Ways of the World: Some Account of a "Free" Play, st.* 6.

The song of Art is ever
Song of the human soul;
Within herself it never
Is perfectly made whole.
MAY EARLE, *Cosmo Venucci, Singer, st.* 15.

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to the shape of a surplice-peg,
We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the yolk of an addled egg,

We know that the tail must wag the dog, for the horse is drawn
by the cart;
But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old: "It's clever, but
is it Art?"
RUDYARD KIPLING, *Barrack Room Ballads: The Conundrum of the Workshops, st. 6.*

Art is long, and Time is fleeting.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Voices of the Night: A Psalm of Life, st. 4.*

Her fittest triumph is to show that good
Lurks in the heart of evil evermore.
J. R. LOWELL, *A Legend of Brittany, Pt. II., 3, ll. 1–2.*

New Art would better Nature's best,
But Nature knows a thing or two.
"OWEN SEAMAN," *The Battle of the Bays: Ars Postera, st. 5.*

Was the art of Greece so perfect that its life was also high?
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda; among the Broken Gods: Luke Sprott, st. 2.*

Artist.

"These transcendental artists in the end
Idealize themselves."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act II., sc. 6* (second Piagrione).

"Your business is not to catch men with show,
With homage to the perishable clay,
But lift them over it, ignore it all,
Make them forget there's such a thing as flesh.
Your business is to paint the souls of men."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Men and Women: Fra Lippo Lippi, ll. 179–83.*

Artists are a maimed band.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Brother Artist, st. 1.*

He is but a landscape-painter
And a village maiden she.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Lord of Burleigh, ll. 7–8.*

Aspen-leaves, Aspen-tree.

And overhead the aspen heaves
Its rainy-sounding silver leaves.
A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad: XXVI., st. 2.*

Unnumbered as the rustling aspen-leaves.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *Life and Death of Jason, bk. III., l. 372.*

And in the meadows tremulous aspen-trees
And poplars made a noise of falling showers.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Lancelot and Elaine, ll. 408–9.*

Aspiration.

Truth is large: our aspiration
Scarce embraces half we be.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *The Dead Pan, st.* 37.

Tis looking downward that makes one dizzy.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: Old Pictures in Florence, st.* 10.

Lift up thine eyes to seek the invisible:
Stir up thy heart to choose the still unseen.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses: New Jerusalem and its Citizens, No.* 12, *ll.* 1–2.

Associations. See also **Memory.**

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations!
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Birds of Passage: The Golden Mile-Stone, st.* 12.

Astarte.

Empress of earth, and queen
Of cloud: Time's early born
Daughter, enthroned between
Gray Sleep and emerald Morn.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical: A Hymn to Astarte, st.* 3.

Athlete.

I am the teacher of athletes.
He that by me spreads a wider breast than my own proves the width of my own,
He most honors my style who learns under it to destroy the teacher.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: Song of Myself*, 47, *ll.* 1–3.

Atom.

Atom is God, as is clear to the curious;
Every other divinity spurious.
Atom wrote *Hamlet*, 'tis easy to see:
Who wrote the Bible is nothing to me.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *King Atom, st.* 3.

Audacity.

Ya wouldn't find Charlie's likes—'e were that outdacious at 'oäm,
Not thaw ye went fur to raäke out Hell wi' a small tooth coämb.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Ballads, etc.: The Village Wife; or, The Entail, st.* 12.

August.

Still world and windless sky,
A mist of heat o'er all:
Peace like a lullaby,
And the ripe apples fall.
KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON, *A Lover's Breast-Knot: August Weather*, st. 2.

Rest here awhile, not yet the eve is still,
The bees are wandering yet, and you may hear
The barley mowers on the trenched hill,
The sheep-bells, and the restless changing weir,
All little sounds made musical and clear
Beneath the sky that burning August gives,
While yet the thought of glorious summer lives.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: August*, st. 2.

Auk.

Yon auk, one fire-eye in a ball of foam,
That floats and feeds.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae: Caliban upon Setebos*, ll. 47–8.

Australia.

We are with you in your battles, brave and bold Land!
For the old ancestral tree
Striketh root beneath the sea,
And it beareth fruit of Freedom in the Gold Land;
We shall come, too, if you call,
We shall fight on if you fall;
Cromwell's land shall never be a bought and sold Land.
GERALD MASSEY, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc.: Down in Australia*, st. 2.

Authorship.

Write, write, write! Produce, produce!
Write for sale, and not for use.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends, Ser. II.: To a Young Poet*, st. 3.

Better wield a pick or spade, or drive a furrow in the soil,
Bear a hod, or hurl a barrow among fustian-wearing men,
Win humblest daily bread by daily sweat of honest toil,
Than live to find in life but stuff for scrawling with a pen.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda: among the Broken Gods: Luke Sprott*, st. 28.

Autograph.

Wot a name! An autygrarf!
Nuff to drive a feller darf';
Callin' Christian name an 'auty' an' the uvver name a 'grarf.'
EDGAR WALLACE, *Writ in Barracks: Tommy's Autograph*, st. 8.

Autumn.

Sweet, dear, is youth, and sweet the days that bring
The wildwood's smile and cuckoo's wandering voice,
And all that bids us revel and rejoice.
But Autumn fosters, 'neath its folded wing,
A deeper love and joy than glimmer round the Spring.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Love's Widowhood*, *st.* 107.

Over her dreaming face she flings
Forgetfulness, nor seems to hear,
Above the waning of her year,
A passing sob of wood-dove's wings.
LAURENCE HOUSMAN, *Green Arras: Autumn*, *st.* 1.

Autumn, the faithful widow of the year.
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, *English Poems: Miscellaneous; Autumn*, *st.* 1.

The whole dead autumn landscape, drear and chill,
Strikes the same chord of desolate sadness still.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Britain: In Autumn*, *ll.* 3–4.

. . . fair with golden sheaves,
Rich with the darkened autumn-leaves.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise, The Man born to be King*, *ll.* 1514–5.

The fiery funeral of foliage old.
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Marpessa*, *l.* 114.

Of all the downfalls in the world,
The flutter of an Autumn leaf
Grows grievous by suggesting grief.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses: Songs for Strangers and Pilgrims*, *No.* 47, *ll.* 1–3.

And let us sup with summer; ere the gleam
Of autumn set the year's pent sorrow free,
And the woods wail like echoes from the sea.
D. G. ROSSETTI, *The House of Life, Pt. II.: Sonnet LXXXII.*, *ll.* 12–4.

When plovers tremble up to cloud,
And starling legions whirl apace;
And restless red-wings chattering loud
Are over every fallow's face;
And barren branches like a shroud
Blacken the sun-way's interspace.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical: An Autumn, Serenade*, *st.* 3.

Thou most unbodied thing
Whose very being is thy going hence,
And passage and departure all thy theme;

Whose life doth still a splendid dying seem,
And thou at height of thy magnificence,
A figment and a dream.

WILLIAM WATSON, *Autumn, st. 2.*

When by the tempest are scattered magnificent ashes of Autumn.

WILLIAM WATSON, *Hymn to the Sea, Pt. III., l. 11.*

Avarice.

Opulent Avarice, lean as Poverty; Flattery gilding the rift in a throne.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Vastness, st. 10.*

Axe.

The glittering axe was broken in their arms,
Their arms were shatter'd to the shoulder blade.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princes, VI., ll. 35–6.*

Babble, babbler. See also **Chatter.**

. . . babble, merely for babble.
For I never whisper'd a private affair
Within the hearing of cat or mouse,
No, not to myself in the closet alone,
But I heard it shouted at once from the top of the house.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. II., V., st. 4.*

So she, like many another babbler, hurt
Whom she would soothe, and harm'd where she would heal.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Guinevere, ll. 351–2.*

Baby, Babyhood.

How oft have you longed that your little ones would
Outgrow not the charm of babyhood,
Keep the soft round arms and the warm moist kiss,
And the magic of April sinlessness.

ALFRED AUSTIN, *Lyrics: The Passing of the Primroses, st. 17.*

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

GEORGE MACDONALD, *Baby, st. 1.*

Oh, baby, baby, baby dear,
We lie alone together here;
The snowy gown and cap and sheet
With lavender are fresh and sweet;
Through half-closed blinds the roses peer
To see and love you, baby dear.

E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends: The Moat House, Pt. I., Song, st. 1.*

The sweetest babe that ever mother blest—
A helpless thing, omnipotently weak;
Naked, yet stronger than a man in mail.

ALEXANDER SMITH, *Edwin of Deira, bk. III., ll. 361–3.*

Baby, baby sweet,
Love's own lips are meet
Scarce to kiss your feet.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Cradle Songs, III., st.* 1.

Man, a dunce uncouth,
Errs in age and youth:
Babies know the truth.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Cradle Songs, IV., st.* 4.

The world has no such flower in any land,
And no such pearl in any gulf the sea,
As any babe on any mother's knee.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday: Pelagius, II.*

But as he grows he gathers much,
And learns the use of "I," and "me,"
And finds "I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, XLV., st.* 2.

Baby-speech.

The finest language lacking words
The world has ever had!
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. I: Labore Confecto, st.* 6.

Bachelor.

Pass me the wine. To those who keep
The bachelor's secluded sleep
Peaceful, inviolate, and deep,
I pour libation.
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Vignettes in Rhyme: A Gage d'Amour, st.* 8.

Backbiter.

"Face-flatterer and backbiter are the same."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Merlin and Vivien, l.* 682 (Merlin).

Bag-pipes.

Pipes of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills;
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills!
J. G. WHITTIER, *The Pipes at Lucknow, st.* 1.

Ball.

The play-field echoes with the joyous noise
Of troops of agile boys,
Who, bare-armed, throw the rapid-bounding ball;
Who shout and race and fall.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life: The Ode of Childhood, Pt. I., ll.* 11–14.

Ball, Fancy—.

Oh, a fancy ball's a strange affair!
  Made up of silks and leathers,
Light heads, light heels, false hearts, false hair,
  Pins, paint, and ostrich feathers:
W. M. PRAED, *The Fancy Ball*, *st.* 3.

Bamberg.

I stood upon the Michaelsberg; below,
Into three cities cloven by the streams,
Was ancient Bamberg, and the morning beams
Had touched a thousand gables with their glow.
F. W. FABER, *Bamberg*, *st.* 7.

Banana.

The broad banana's leaves of green.
J. G. WHITTIER, *Toussaint L'Ouverture*, *l.* 75.

Bandogs.

The banhounds rush along
  And drive before their jaws
A wincing, naked throng
At flight from heated breath and thorny claws.
"MICHAEL FIELD," *Underneath the Bough: The Fourth Book of Songs*, *Song* 18.

Banshee.

The cry, the dreadful cry! I know it—louder and nearer,
Circling our Dûn—*the Ban-Shee!*—my heart is frozen to hear her!
Saw you not in the darkness a spectral glimmer of white
Flitting away?—I saw it!—evil her message to-night.
WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, *The Ban-Shee*, *st.* 3.

He pressed her lips as the words were spoken,
  Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And his *banshee's* wail—now far and broken—
Murmured "Death," as he gave the token
  By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.
WILLIAM CARLETON, *Sir Turlough; or, The Churchyard Bride*, *st.* 25.

Baptist.

Fur I wur a Baptis wonst, an' ageän the toithe an' the raäte,
Till I fun that it warn't not the gaäinist waäy to the narra Gaäte.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Churchwarden and the Curate*, *st.* 4.

Bar, The. See also **Lawyer, Solicitor.**

The Bar itself
Is the most polished ladder of the State;
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: a Tale of the Thames ch. XXII.*, *ll.* 121–2.

Bar Sinister.

" Papa, please tell me, what's a bâton sinister ? " (Aloisette).
" A sign that's made respectable by Royalty " (Astrologos).
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Comedy of Dreams.*

Barber.

" Your barber is in wrangling times of peace
A valiant politician ; but the edge
Of his sharp wit grows blunt when risk's to shear."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act II., sc.* 5 (Tailor).

Bargain.

" But know if ever thou would'st merit love
By generosity thou must not beg
A bargain. ' Do this and I'll love thee,' ay,
That may be said, but not ' I'll do this thing
If thou wilt love me.' "
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Palicio, act IV., sc. I., ll.* 2011–5] (Margaret).

Let my temptation be a book,
Which I shall purchase, hold, and keep,
Whereon when other men shall look,
They'll wail to know I got it cheap.
EUGENE FIELD, *Little Book of Western Verse : The Bibliomaniac's Prayer, st.* 2.

There *is* a Heaven, or here or there,—
A Heaven there is, for me and you,
Where bargains meet for purses spare,
Like ours, are not so far and few.
ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode : Book-Man's Paradise, st.* 1.

Barge.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses ; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Lady of Shalott, Pt. I., st.* 3.

Bass.

Of all the gracious gifts of Spring,
Is there another can surpass
This delicate, voluptuous thing,—
This dapple-green, plump-shouldered bass ?
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse : The Fisherman's Feast, st.* 1.

Bat.

And bats went round in fragrant skies,
And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes
That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes
And woolly breasts and beaded eyes.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, XCV., st.* 3.

Battle. See also **War.**

Man shall outlast his battles. They have swept
  Avon from Naseby Field to Severn Ham;
And Evesham's dedicated stones have stepped
  Down to the dust with Montfort's oriflamme.
Nor the red tear nor the reflected tower
  Abides.

Q[UILLER COUCH], *Poems and Ballads: Upon Eckington Bridge, River Avon, st. 2.*

As the grinding of teeth in the jaws of a lion that foam as they gnash
Is the shriek of the axles that loosen, the shock of the poles that crash.
The dense manes darken and flitter, the mouths of the mad steeds champ,
Their heads flash blind through the battle, and death's foot rings in their tramp.

A. C. SWINBURNE, *Storm and Battle (from Erechtheus).*

As the swing of the sea churned yellow that sways with the wind as it swells
Is the lift and relapse of the wave of the chargers that clash with their bells;
And the clang of the sharp shrill brass through the burst of the wave as it shocks
Rings clear as the clear wind's cry through the roar of the surge on the rocks.

A. C. SWINBURNE, *Storm and Battle (from Erechtheus).*

We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Revenge, XI.*

Sweet is the chase, but the battle is sweeter;
More healthful, more joyous, for true men meeter!

AUBREY DE VERE, *The Bard Ethel, st. 2.*

Have you heard that it was good to gain the day?
  also say it is good to fall: battles are lost in the same spirit in which they are won.

WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: Song of Myself, 18, ll. 3–4.*

Bay.

Whilst the pearl-tinted moon, slow silvering, hung
Above the lonely Yorkshire bay.

SIR F. H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc.: Robin Hood's Bay, c. 3, ll. 54–5.*

Bazaar.

. . . the Spanish Bazaar,
Where I purchased—my heart was so tender—
  A card-case, a paste-board guitar,
A bottle of perfume, a girdle,
  A lithographed Riego, full-grown,

Whom bigotry drew on a hurdle
  That artists might draw him on stone ;
A small panorama of Seville,
  A trap for demolishing flies,
A caricature of the Devil,
  And a look from Miss Sheridan's eyes.
W. M. PRAED, *Good Night to the Season, st. 7.*

Beast. See also **Animal.**

Grant I'm a beast, why, beasts must lead beasts' lives ! . . .
My business is not to remake myself,
But make the absolute best of what God made.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Men and Women : Bishop Blougram's Apology, ll.* 350, 355–6.

Beauty ; Beautiful. See also **Art.**

What's beautiful
  We cannot choose
But pine to keep,
  And ache to lose.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Tenth Muse : The Sadness of Loveliness.*

So perfectly the lines express
A tranquil, settled loveliness.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Tristram and Iseult* (narrative).

Was ever man impervious yet to beauty ?
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. I. : The Four Tempters, st.* 6.

There is more beauty in the least light leaf
Than there is sorrow in all the wide world's grief.
E. F. M. BENEKE, *The Cross beneath the Ring : Explicit, ll.* 83–4.

For what is Beauty, if it doth not fire
The loving answer of an eager soul ?
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Eros and Psyche : April, st.* 4.

If a man finds a woman too fair, he means simply adapted too much
To uses unlawful and fatal.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Lord Walter's Wife, st.* 15.

"It is beautiful,
But is it true ?"—Thy answer was "In truth
Lives beauty."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies, III. : Shah Abbas, ll.* 9–11.

. . . (beauty in distress,
Beauty whose tale is the town-talk beside,
Never lacks friendship's arm about her neck)—
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, II. : Half-Rome, ll.* 1333–5.

Looking the irresistible loveliness
In tears that takes men captive. . . .
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, V.: Count Guido Franceschini, ll.* 1850–1.

"We love no truth that is not beautiful,
Since Beauty is the highest truth of all,
The sum and end of human destiny."
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *The Drama of Kings: The Teuton against Paris* (Deputy).

Beauty and Truth, tho' never found, are worthy to be sought,
The singer, upward springing,
Is grander than his singing,
And tranquil self-sufficing joy illumes the dark of thought.
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Undertones: Prologue to David in Heaven, st.* 14.

The fairest friend you have may be untrustworthy;
The fairest face you see may be a naughty one;
The fairest life you live may be a broken life.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Comedy of Dreams.*

The pathos exquisite of lovely minds
Hid in harsh forms—not penetrating them
Like fire divine within a common bush
Which glows transfigured by the heavenly guest,
So that men put their shoes off.
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Legend of Jubal, etc.: A Minor Prophet, ll.* 191–5.

A beauty is a thing entire, apart,
And may be flung into a passive heart,
And be a fountain there whence we may drink.
F. W. FABER, *Bamberg, st.* 17.

Ah God! when Beauty passes from the door
Although she came not in, the house is bare.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *A Hidden Life, ll.* 112–3.

Yea, Beauty's regnant All I know—
The imperial head, the thoughtful eyes;
The God-imprisoned harmonies
That out in gracious motions go.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Organ Songs: I Know what Beauty is, st.* 6.

"Beauty and sadness always go together."
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Within and Without, Pt. IV., sc.* 3 (Lord Seaford).

. . . beauty may entrance,
More than a siren's or a serpent's eye.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc.: First Litany, Virgo Dulcis, st.* 3.

At my wearisome task I oftentimes turn
From my bride, and my monitress, Duty,
Forgetting the strife, and the wrestle of life,
To talk with the spirit of beauty.
GERALD MASSEY, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc.: A Song in the City, ll.* 33–6.

That peaceful face wherein all past distress
Had melted into perfect loveliness.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: The Doom of King Acrisius, Pt. III., ll.* 25–6.

Thy simple doom is to be beautiful.
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Marpessa, l.* 52.

Beauty hath made our greatest manhoods weak.
ALEXANDER SMITH, *A Life-Drama, sc.* 4.

For beauty is still beauty, though it slay,
And love is love, although it love to death.
ARTHUR SYMONS, *The Dance of the Daughter of Herodias, ll.* 137–8.

Who is there lives for beauty? Still am I
The torch, but where's the moth that still dares die?
ARTHUR SYMONS, *Modern Beauty, st.* 3.

The beauty of her flesh abash'd the boy,
As tho' it were the beauty of her soul.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Pelleas and Ettarre, ll.* 74–5.

"Beauty passes like a breath and love is lost in loathing."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act V., sc.* 2 (Mary.)

For beauty marr'd is ofttimes worse to see
Than a born hideousness.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece: Eumenides, VI., ll.* 44–5.

Deemest thou, labour
Only is earnest?
Grave is all beauty,
Solemn is joy.
WILLIAM WATSON, *England my Mother, Pt. IV., st.* 5.

Beef.

But I've never found a viand that could so allay all grief
And soothe the cockles of the heart as rare roast beef.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse: Rare Roast Beef, ll.* 29–30.

Bees.

O bees, sing soft, and, bees, sing low;
For she is gone who loved you so.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse: Telling the Bees, st.* 1.

You voluble
Velvety
Vehement fellows.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse: Ser. II.: Bees, ll.* 1–3.

And the bumble-bees kept bumbling away among the flowers,
While distant frogs were frogging amid the summer showers,
And the tree-toads were tree-toadying in accents sharp or flat.
C. G. LELAND, *Songs of the Sea, etc.: Ballad of the Green Old Man, st.* 6.

The bee goes booming through the plats of flowers!
MRS. NORTON, *The Lady of La Garaye.*

And great bees come, with their sleepy tune,
To sip their honey, and circle round.
P. B. MARSTON, *A Last Harvest: Summer Changes, st.* 4.

With the hum of swarming bees
Into dreamful slumber lull'd.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Eleanor, st.* 2.

Beethoven.

He feels the music of the skies the while his heart is breaking;
He sings the songs of Paradise, where love has no forsaking;
And, though so deaf he cannot hear the tempest as a token,
He makes the music of his mind the grandest ever spoken.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc.: Beethoven at the Piano, st.* 2.

O minstrel, whom a maiden spurned, but whom a world has treasured!
O sovereign of a grander realm than man has ever measured!
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc.: Beethoven at the Piano, st.* 5.

Beetles.

Beetles with smooth bronze-lacquered shards,
Or spotted like a pack of cards.
ANON, *Songs of Lucilla: Midsummer in the Meadow, st.* 4.

Beggar.

"The sweetest beggar that e'er asked for alms."
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Spanish Student, act I, sc.* 3 (Victorian).

It is the beggars who possess the earth.
ARTHUR SYMONS, *The Beggars, l.* 1.

"This beggar maid shall be my queen!"
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Beggar Maid, st.* 2 (King Cophetua).

Belief. See also **Creed, Doubt, Faith.**

"What will your kinsfolk think?"—(Guta).
"What will they think?
What pleases them. That argument's a staff
Which breaks whene'er you lean on't"—(Elizabeth).
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act III., sc.* 3.

Truth's one reward, belief!
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *Christmas at the Mermaid: David Gwynn's Story, l.* 9.

Bells. See also **Chimes.**

Sweet bells, that in your belfry swarm,
Like bees close-clustered in the hive,—
Your music hath some faëry charm,
Futile and frail, and fugitive.
ANON., *Songs of Lucilla: "Carillon" (Delft), st.* 3.

Sad little bells, whose sounds come hoarse
With use of centuries of years,
Like heart-beats broken by remorse,
Or voices tremulous with tears,—
The old world, in your wandering notes,
Upon the days forgotten dotes!
ANON., *Songs of Lucilla: "Carillon" (Delft), st.* 4.

But hark! a sound is stealing on my ear—
A soft and silvery sound—I know it well.
Its tinkling tells me that a time is near
Precious to me—it is the Dinner Bell.
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Beer, st.* 14.

"Come all to church, good people,"—
Oh, noisy bells, be dumb;
I hear you, I will come.
A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad: XXI., Bredon Hill, st.* 7.

Bing, Bim, Bang, Bome!
Sang the Bell to himself in his house at home,
High in the church-tower, lone and unseen,
In a twilight of ivy, cool and green.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Owl and the Bell, st.* 1.

What sound was dearest in his native dells?
The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells
Far—far—away.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Far—Far—Away, ll.* 3–4

When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly,
And the old year is dead.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *A Dream of Fair Women, st.* 62.

They bring me sorrow touched with joy,
The merry, merry bells of Yule.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, XXVIII., st.* 5.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, CVI., st.* 2.

Through fog on a sea-coast dolefully ringing,
An ocean-bell—O a warning bell, rock'd by the waves.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: Sea-Drift: Aboard at a Ship's Helm, ll.* 3-4.

Benefactor.

Dig the root of circumstance;
Feed the famish'd ground;
Grow one rose on briery chance;
And thou shalt be crown'd.
F. LANGBRIDGE, *Ballads and Legends: Who Grows Bonny Pears? st.* 15.

Best.

The best men, doing their best,
Know peradventure least of what they do:
Men usefullest i' the world are simply used;
The nail that holds the wood must pierce it first,
And He alone who wields the hammer sees
The work advanced by the earliest blow.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. III., ll.* 1095-1100.

Let one more attest,
"I have lived, seen God's hand thro' a lifetime, and all was for best!"
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: Saul, IX., ll.* 17-8.

Let him to whose ears the low-voiced Best seems stilled by the clash of the First,
Who holds that if way to the Better there be, it exacts a full look at the Worst,
Who feels that delight is a delicate growth cramped by crookedness, custom, and fear,
Get him up and be gone as one shaped awry; he disturbs the order here.
THOMAS HARDY, *Poems of the Past and the Present: De Profundis, II., st.* 4.

'Tis a dream of holy men
This ideal Best!
GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Sangreal, Pt. III., st.* 3.

None knoweth a better thing than this:
The Sword, Love, Song, Honour, Sleep.
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream: The Chant of Ardan, st.* 4.

Nor let your faithful thought forget
That work or rest,
Him profit most whose soul is set
To gain the best.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Harvest-Tide: For a School Magazine, st.* 14.

Words turn to music, and hope grows strong;
But the best is what we can never say.
LOUISE MOULTON, *At the Wind's Will: A Song for Rosalys, st.* 3.

Bible.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone;
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
J. R. LOWELL, *Bibliolatres, st.* 6.

"It was never merry world
In England, since the Bible came among us" (Alice).
"And who says that?" (Cecil).
"It is a saying among the Catholics" (Alice).
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act V., sc.* 5.

Bier.

I hate the black negation of the bier.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Ancient Sage, l.* 203.

Bigot.

Poor painful bigot souls, to whom
All sights and sounds recall the tomb.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, ser. II.: A Cynic's Day-Dream, ll.* 3–4.

Bill.

Ash vinter pring de ice-wind
Vitch plow o'er Burg und hill,
Hard times pring in de landlord,
Und de landlord pring de pill.
C. G. LELAND, *The Breitmann Ballads: Schintzerl's Philosopede, II., st.* 27.

O those dreadful bills!
And he just laughs at my trouble, and calls it the care that kills—
A faithless terror of bakers and butchers and Philistines,
Unworthy a true believer in orthodox, sound divines.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda; among the Broken Gods: Saint-Wife, ll.* 465–8.

Birch.

The birch unlooseneth her locks of silver
And shakes them softly on the mountain streams.
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Undertones: Epilogue, To Mary on Earth, st.* 3.

Bird.

The wayward night-wind sweetly sings
  And dreaming birds in coverts croon.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *The Last Ballad, etc.: A Ballad of a Coward, st.* 18.

Birds awake by the wood-bound waters
Fill the heights and hollows with sound.
  LAURENCE HOUSMAN, *Green Arras: A Song of the Road, st.* 1.

Birds are older by far than your ancestors are, and made love
    and made war ere the making of Man!
ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode: The Barbarous Bird-Gods: A Savage Parabasis, l.* 2

  Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
  Do you ne'er think who made them and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
  Alone are the interpreters of thought?
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Tales of a Wayside Inn: The Poet's Tale, st.* 15.

A little bird sat on the edge of her nest;
  Her yellow-beaks slept as sound as tops;
Day-long she had worked almost without rest,
  And had filled every one of their gibbous crops;
Her own she had filled just over-full,
And she felt like a dead bird stuffed with wool.
  GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Early Bird, st.* 1.

A bird knows nothing of gladness,
  Is only a song-machine.
    GEORGE MACDONALD, *A Book of Dreams, Pt. II., 2, st.* 5.

"These birds have joyful thoughts. Think you they sing
  Like poets, from the vanity of song?"
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Gardener's Daughter, ll.* 98–9.
  (Eustace).

Birthright.

"Others must have their birthright! I have gifts,
  To balance theirs, not blot them out of sight!"
    ROBERT BROWNING, *Colombe's Birthday, act* 5 (Berthold).

Bitter-sweet.

Life will mingle you rue and roses;
The roses will fall at your feet:
  But deep in the rue
  That their leaves bestrew
The bitter will smell of the sweet.
"MICHAEL FIELD," *Underneath the Bough: Second Book of Songs, song* 15.

Beneath the loveliest dream there coils a fear.
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *Natura Benigna, Pt. II.: The Promise again Renewed, l.* 1.

Bittern.

Hark! 'twas the bittern's parting call. The frogs are out, with murmurs harsh.
EARL OF LYTTON, *Good-Night in the Porch.*

Blackberry.

The tangled blackberry, crossed and recrossed, weaves
A prickly network of ensanguined leaves.
J. R. LOWELL, *An Indian Summer Reverie, st.* 12.

All by the luscious blackberry o'ergrown,
Quite without stint or check.
P. E. PINKERTON, *Galeazzo, etc.: Sulla Rocca, Asolo, st* 2.

Blackbird.

Just listen to the blackbird—what a note
The creature has! God bless his happy throat!
He is so absolutely glad
I fear he will go mad.
T. E. BROWN, *Old John, etc.: Aber Stations, Statio Secunda, ll.* 1–4.

What was it that the blackbird sang,
Who whistled in the hedge
A jovial note that rose and rang
Along the spinney's edge?
ALFRED COCHRANE, *The Blackbird's Song, st.* 1.

The nightingale has a lyre of gold,
The lark's is a clarion call,
And the blackbird plays but a boxwood flute,
But I love him best of all.
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems: Echoes, XVIII.: To A.D., st.* 1.

O blackbird! sing me something well:
While all the neighbours shoot thee round,
I keep smooth plats of fruitful ground,
Where thou may'st warble, eat and dwell.
ALFRED LORD TENNYSON, *The Blackbird, st.* 1.

Blackthorn.

The blackthorn-blossom fades and falls and leaves the bitter sloe.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Flight, st.* 4.

Bladder-weed.

. . . violet water-shells
And starry orange creatures of the spray
And leathery bladder-weeds with egg-like cells.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical: The Defeat of Glory, st.* 38.

Blame.

Blame I can bear though not blameworthiness.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, III. : The Other Half-Rome, l.* 1355.

Blasphemy.

That soul alone blasphemes which trembles and despairs.
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *The Drama of Kings : Dedication, st.* 24.

Blessed, The.

Lose who may—I still can say,
Those who win heaven, blest are they!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics : One Way of Love, st.* 3.

Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dispossessed,
But blessed are those among nations, who dare to be strong for the rest!
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Court Lady, st.* 20.

Blessings in Disguise.

. . . things we despise
Oft tender very blessings in disguise.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell : a Tale of the Thames, Interlude, ll.* 113-4.

Blind-worm.

Blind-worm, and asp, and eft of cumbrous gait,
And toads who love rank grasses near a grave,
And the great goblin moth, who bears
Between his wings the ruined eyes of death.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical : Circe, ll.* 55-8.

Bliss. See also **Happiness.**

All thought in him did fade
Into the bliss that knoweth not surprise.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise : February, The Hill o Venus, st.* 57.

Labour that runs and Bliss that lags behind.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical : Ode to Pan, l.* 135.

Man looks at his own bliss, considers it,
Weighs it with curious fingers; and 'tis gone.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Epigram, ll.* 3-4.

Blood.

They say pale blood is deadlier than the red.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical : Jael, l.* 66.

Blow.

"To strike too soon is oft to miss the blow."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act III., sc.* 6 (Philip).

Bluebird.

The bluebird chants, from the elm's long branches,
A hymn to welcome the budding year.
W. C. BRYANT, *An Invitation to the Country, st.* 2.

The sun is bright—the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The blue-bird prophesying Spring.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *It is not always May, st.* 1.

The blue-bird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighbourhood.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Tales of a Wayside Inn: The Poet's Tale. st.* 13.

Bluebottle.

Now the blue-bottle, reviving,
Buzzes down his native pane.
C. S. CALVERLEY, *On a Distant Prospect of Making a Fortune, st.* 1.

Blush.

The blush that flies at seventeen
Is fixed at forty-nine.
RUDYARD KIPLING, *My Rival, st.* 2.

Boar.

. . . "the boar
That mars with tooth and tusk and fiery feet
Green pasturage and the grace of standing corn."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon* (Althaea).

Boat. See also **Ship.**

O, weel may the boatie row
That fills a heavy creel,
And clothes us a' frae head to feet,
And buys our parritch meal.
JOHN EWEN, *The Boatie Rows, st.* 3.

The upper Mississippi boats, the bumptious B. & O.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse: The Schnellest Zug, l.* 38.

Bob-o'-link.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.
W. C. BRYANT, *Robert of Lincoln, st.* 1.

June's bridesman, poet o' the year,
Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is here;
Half-hid in tip-top apple-blossoms he swings,
Or climbs against the breeze with quiverin' wings,
Or givin' way to 't in a mock despair,
Runs down a brook o' laughter, thru' the air.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. II., Letter* 6.

Body.

Behold, the body includes and is the meaning, the main concern,
and includes and is the soul.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: Starting from Paumanok*, 13, *l.* 11.

Bog.

. . . the quaking bog
Whose surface shakes at the leap of the frog,
And out of whose pools the ghostly fog
Creeps into the chill moonshine!
J. G. WHITTIER, *Mogg Megone, Pt. I. ll.* 158–61.

Bog-cotton.

. . . the white o' the bog-cotton waved in the win'
Like the wool ye might shear off a night-moth, an' set an ould
fairy to spin.
JANE BARLOW, *Bog-Land Studies: By the Bog-Hole, III., ll.* 9–10.

Bog-myrtle.

. . . we would fleet
Where our hearts might their longing appease
With the smell of bog-myrtle and peat!
ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode: Ballade of his own Country, st.* 3.

Bonnet. See also **Hat.**

A face as fair as summer skies,
Where many a blush in ambush lies;
Such witchery of sweet gray eyes,
And such a bonnet.
H. B. FREEMAN, *My Shilling Photograph, st.* 4 (Adams, *Songs of Society*).

Book. See also **Reading.**

Of writing many books there is no end,.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. I., l.* 1.

. . . (good aims not always make good books:
Well-tempered spades turn up ill-smelling soils
In digging vineyards even.)
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. I., ll.* 780–2.

A striking book, yet not a startling book.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. II., l.* 70.

Alas, the best of books
Is but a word in Art, which soon grows cramped,
Stiff, dubious-statured with the weight of years,
And drops an accent of digamma down
Some cranny of unfathomable time,
Beyond the critic's reaching.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. VII., ll.* 884–9.

. . . books are men of higher stature,
And the only men that speak aloud for future times to hear.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Lady Geraldine's Courtship, st.* 49.

Give me no book about a Cause—
For no polemics would I ask;
But one—for this your suppliant prays!—
To harmonise with holidays.
ANTHONY C. DEANE, *New Rhymes for Old: The New Depressionism, st.* 2.

. . . "wise books
For half the truths they hold are honoured tombs."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gipsy, bk. II.*, (Don Silva).

Though care and strife
Elsewhere be rife,
Upon my word I do not heed 'em;
In bed I lie
With books hard by,
And with increasing zest I read 'em.
EUGENE FIELD, *A Little Book of Western Verse: De Amicitiis, st.* 1.

What are my books?—My friends, my loves,
My church, my tavern, and my only wealth.
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, *Robert Louis Stevenson, etc.: My Books, ll.* 1–2.

The world forgetting o'er a brown old book.
EDMUND GOSSE, *In Russet and Silver: The Married Bibliophile, ll.* 1–2.

And books are mirrors where you look
But on shadows of things which others saw.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Olrig Grange, bk. I.: Loquitur Thorold, ll.* 80–1.

Hallus aloän wi' 'is booŏks, thaw nigh upo' seventy year.
An' booŏks, what's booŏks? thou knaws thebbe neyther 'ere nor theer.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Village Wife, st.* 5.

Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall, st.* 83.

Forth from the war emerging, a book I have made,
The words of my book nothing, the drift of it everything.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: Shut not your Doors, ll.* 3–4.

Bookish Women.

I did not wish a wiser wife—I only wanted her.
  How could she think I cared for bookish women or their praise ?
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda ; among the Broken Gods : Rev. Elphinstone Bell, st. 66.*

Bookworm.

Bookworm, break this sloth urbane.
R. W. EMERSON, *Monadoc, l. 16.*

  My purse is light, my flesh is weak.
So banish from my erring heart
  All baleful appetites and hints
Of Satan's fascinating art,
  Of first editions, and of prints.
EUGENE FIELD, *Little Book of Western Verse : The Bibliomaniac's Prayer, st. 1.*

Elzevirs.

Oh, dainty volume, new and neat !
The Paper doth outshine the snow,
The Print is blacker than the crow,
The Title-Page, with crimson bright,
The vellum cover smooth and white,
All sorts of readers do invite.
ANDREW LANG, *Grass of Parnassus : To Daniel Elzevir, ll. 6–11.*

Bordeaux.

  I've felt the glow of red Bordeaux tingling each separate nerve.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse : The Red, Red West, st. 2.*

Boss.

But I don't allow it's luck and all a toss ;
  There's no such thing as being starred and crossed ;
It's just the power of some to be a boss,
  And the bally power of others to be bossed.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads of Songs : Thirty Bob a Week, st. 2.*

Bow.

  The bow was made in England :
Of true wood, of yew-wood,
  The wood of English bows ;
  So men who are free
  Love the old yew-tree
And the land where the yew-tree grows.
SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, *Songs of Action : Song of the Bow, st. 1.*

Bowls.

. . . "often I lurked to hear,
Outside the long, low timbered, tarry wall,
The mutter and rumble of the trolling bowls
Down the lean plank before they fluttered the pins.
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems : Arabian Nights' Entertainments, ll 111–4.*

Boys, Boyhood.

"The timid child that clung unto her skirts,
A boy, will slight his mother, and, grown a man,
His father too. There's Scripture too for that!"
A. H. CLOUGH, *Dipsychus, Pt. II., sc.* 8 (Dipsychus).

A peert an' likely little tyke with hair ez red ez gold,
A laughin', toddlin' everywhere,—'nd only three years old!
EUGENE FIELD, *Little Book of Western Verse: Marthy's Younkit, ll.* 23–4.

There are no boys like the good old boys,—
When *we* were boys together!
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse: Old Times, Old Friends, Old Love, st.* 3.

A knee-high lad, I used to plot an' plan
An' think 'twuz life's cap-sheaf to be a man;
Now, gittin' gray, there's nothin' I enjoy
Like dreamin' back along into a boy:
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. II., Letter* 6.

Where'er thou art, oh, boyhood! thou art free
And fresh as the young breeze in summer born
On sun-kissed hills or on the laughing sea.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life: The Ode of Childhood, Pt. I., ll.* 54–6.

Bracken.

The curled young bracken unsheath their green claws.
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream: The Bandruidh.*

Brag.

Never brag, never bluster, never blush.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae: Mr. Sludge, "The Medium," ll.* 1255.

For bragging-time was over and fighting-time was come.
HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race: Hawke, l.* 7.

Brain, Brains.

Thank God, that, while the nerves decay
And muscles desiccate away,
The brain's the hardiest part of men,
And thrives till three score years and ten.
EDMUND GOSSE, *In Russet and Silver: In Russet and Silver, st.* 11.

Now don't go off half-cock: folks never gains
By using pepper-sarse instid o' brains.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. II., Letter* 2.

Bramble.

The bramble that clutches and won't take nay.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *A Country Nosegay, st.* 4.

Branch.

Wave, wave, green branches, wave me far away
To where the forest deepens and the hill-winds, sleeping, stay.
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream: Green Branches, st.* 1.

Bread.

The bread loaf, in an unobtrusive place,
Displays its cheerful, honest-featured face,
A coin of triumph, from the mintage struck,
Of chemistry, skill, faithfulness, and luck.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals: The Festival of Industry, III. ll.* 5–8.

And chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread
And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I.*, 1, *st.* 10.

Bream.

We, looking down the green-bank'd stream,
Saw flowers in the sunny weather,
And saw the bubble-making bream.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Defence of Guinevere, etc.: Riding Together, st.* 4.

Breeding, Good. See also **Manners.**

True breeding must depend
On natural grace, not artificial airs;
On truth, not on its spurious counterfeit.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: a Tale of the Thames, ch. XIX., ll.* 193–5.

The habitual full-dress of his well-bred mind.
J. R. LOWELL, *Under the Old Elm, V.*, 5, *l.* 8.

What! quiv'ring lips and eyelids wet
At recollection of the dead!
No well-bred man should show regret
Though youth, though love, though hope be fled!
EDMUND YATES, *Aged Forty, st.* 3 (Adams, *Songs of Society*).

Breeze. See also **Wind.**

It is the autumn breeze
That, lightly floating on,
Just skims the weedy leas,
Just stirs the glowing trees,
And is gone.
W. C. BRYANT, *The Voice of Autumn, st.* 2.

Among the ravens and the tumbled crags,
Some breeze goes gentle as a child at play.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical: Pandora, ll.* 388–9.

Brevity.

Brief as a broken song.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *The Tale of Balen, III., st.* 8.

Bribe.

"Death gulps no bribes."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act. I., sc.* 1 (Leoni).

Bride.

Oh, a bride of queenly eyes, with a front of constancies,
Toll slowly.
Oh, a bride of cordial mouth, where the untired smile of youth
Did light outward its own sighs!
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Rhyme of the Duchess May: The Rhyme, st. 7.*

. . . —well, there are brides and brides,
And every question has two sides.
ALFRED COCHRANE, *A Streaky Stoic, st. 6.*

O fatuous man, this truth infer,
Brides are not what they seem;
Thou lovest what thou dreamest her;
I am thy very dream!
THOMAS HARDY, *Poems of the Past and the Present: The Well-Beloved, st.* 13.

She wears her maiden modesty
With tearful grace toucht tenderly,
Yet with a ripe Expectancy!
GERALD MASSEY, *Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc.: The Bridal, st.* 22:

Bridegroom.

. . . "'tis plain
Of all the parts of man I am most fitted
To play the bridegroom."
"MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act III., sc.* 3 (Lethington).

Bridesmaid.

O bridesmaid, ere the happy knot was tied,
Thine eyes so wept that they could hardly see;
Thy sister smiled and said, "No tears for me!
A happy bridesmaid makes a happy bride."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Early Sonnets, XI., ll.* 1–4.

Bridge.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Bridge, st.* 1.

Brighton.

If to be cosy and snug you've a notion—
Winter in Brighton!
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Winter in Brighton, st.* 1.

If you approve of flirtations, good dinners,
  Seascapes divine, which the merry winds whiten,
Nice little saints and still nicer young sinners—
    Winter in Brighton!
      MORTIMER COLLINS, *Winter in Brighton*, *st.* 4.

Brook.

  Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool;
  Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle, and foaming wear;
  CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Poems: Songs from "The Water Babies,"* I., *st.* 1.

Better to hearken to a brook
Than watch a diamond shine.
  GEORGE MACDONALD, *Roadside Poems: Better Things*, *st.* 1.

For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on for ever.
    ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Brook*, refrain.

Brother.

No man can save his brother's soul,
Nor pay his brother's debt.
  MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Obermann once more*, *st.* 48.

Brothers first in the toils of youth
Brothers now in the bonds of truth.
  WALTER C. SMITH, *A Heretic, etc.: A Heretic*, *ll.* 69–70.

"Oh, that ye had some brother, pretty one,
  To guard thee on the rough ways of the world."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Coming of Arthur*, *ll.* 334–5.

I knew your brother: his mute dust
  I honour and his living worth:
A man more pure and bold and just
  Was never born into the earth.
    ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *To J. S.*, *st.* 8.

True brother, only to be known
By those who love thee best.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Prefatory Poem to my Brother's Sonnets*, *st.* 2.

Brotherhood.

. . . "souls temper'd with fire,
Fervent, heroic, and good,
Helpers and friends of mankind.
  MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Rugby Chapel*, *ll.* 159–61.

. . . hold it in thy constant ken
That God's own unity compresses
(One into one) the human many,
And that his everlastingness is
The bond which is not loosed by any:
That thou and I this law must keep,
If not in love, in sorrow then,—
Though smiling not like other men,
Still like them we must weep.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *The Poet's Vow, st.* 10.

Common and trite as is the scene,
At once so thrilling and so mean,
To him who strives his heart to scan,
And feels the brotherhood of man,
That needs *must* be a mighty minute,
When a crowd has but one soul within it.
SIR F. H. DOYLE, *Return of the Guards, etc.: The Doncaster St. Leger, ll.* 158-63.

For the Union of Gold is as gammon
To the Union of Hearts.
C. L. GRAVES, *The Green above the Red: The Union of Hearts, st.* 3.

To set the Cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes:
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth.
HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race: Clifton Chapel, st.* 2.

Hands across the sea,
Feet on British ground
The old blood is bold blood the wide world round.
BYRON WEBBER, *Hands Across the Sea*, refrain.

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett.

Soldiers find their fittest grave
In the field whereon they died;
So her spirit pure and brave
Leaves the clay it glorified
To the land for which she fought
With such grand impassioned thought.
JAMES THOMSON, *E. B. B.*, 1861.

Browning, Robert.

This world's his nursery: well we know his tune—
A baby-giant, crying for the moon.
If he were only English! if he could
But think in English it would do him good.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *A Letter to the Rt. Hon. B. Disraeli, ll.* 143-6.

Brows.

. . . brows of wisdom, broad and high,
Where strenuous youth had scored the runes of hidden power
Not easily read; a mouth pliant for speech, an eye
Whose ambushed fires at need could terribly outleap
In menace or command, mastering the wills of men.
JOHN TODHUNTER, *The Fate of the Sons of Usna: The First Duan, The Coming of Deirdre.*

Bryony.

"Gather me these: I love each waning bloom;
The berried bryony's discoloured bine,
The scarlet hips of scentless eglantine;
The intrepid bramble, conscious of its doom,
That blends with fruit late flowers, to decorate its tomb.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Love's Widowhood*, st. 52.

Buddha.

. . . in speech
Right gentle, yet so wise; princely of mien,
Yet softly-mannered; modest, deferent,
And tender-hearted, though of fearless blood.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. I.*

Bugle.

Thramp an' thramp, wid the bands playin' march-tunes ahead thro' the booms in the smoke;
Then the bugle rang out—Och, I've ne'er heard the like, yet wan aisy can tell
They'd ha' lep' all the locked gates of Heaven to ride wid that music to Hell.
JANE BARLOW, *Bog-Land Studies: By the Bog-Hole, VI., ll.* 16–8.

"Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, Lilia's Third Song*, refrain.

Builders.

I watched where against the blue
The builders built on the height:
And ever the great wall grew
As their brown arms shone in the light.
LAURENCE HOUSMAN, *Green Arras: The House-Builders, st. 1.*

Bulrush.

In velvet, sunshine fed,
Spires up the bulrush head,
Where rock the wild swans in their reedy home.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical: Auguries of May st. 2.*

Burden.

Oh, brother, fainting on your road!
Poor sister, whom the righteous shun!
There comes for you, ere life and strength be done,
An arm to bear your load.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life: The Ode of Age, ll. 7-47.*

Burial. See **Funeral.**

Bury her at even
In the wind's decline;
Night receive her
Where no noise may ever grieve her!
Bury her at even,
And then leave her!
"MICHAEL FIELD," *Underneath the Bough: Second Book of Songs, Song* 11.

Burns, Robert.

In whomsoe'er, since Poesy began,
A Poet most of all men we may scan,
Burns of all poets is the most a Man.
D. G. ROSSETTI, *On Burns.*

Singly he faced the bigot brood,
The meanly wise, the feebly good;
He pelted them with pearl, with mud;
He fought them well,—
But ah, the stupid million stood,
And he—he fell!
WILLIAM WATSON, *The Tomb of Burns, st.* 13.

Business. See also **Trade.**

"Business—the world's work—is the sale of lies:
Not goods, but trade-marks; and still more and more
In every branch becomes the sale of money."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Plays by John Davidson: Smith act I.* (Hallowes).

Butler.

Here sits the Butler with a flask
Between his knees, half drain'd;
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Day-Dream: The Sleeping Palace, st.* 4.

Buttercup.

. . . the buttercups
Mounted to dust the green with specks of gold
Out-blazoning the cowslip's modesty.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: a Tale of the Thames, Interlude, ll.* 329-31.

Buttercup shareth the joy of day,
Glinting with gold the hours of play.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse: Buttercup, Poppy, Forget-me-Not, st.* 3.

Butterfly.

The butterfly's floating magnificence crosses
Our lawn for a moment, then flutters beyond.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. I. : The Happy Dead, st. 3.*

The dust and gold of scarlet underwings.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. I. : A Priest, l. 21.*

The butterfly—a flying flower—
Wheels swift in flashing rings,
And flutters round his quiet kin,
With brave flame-mottled wings.
JOHN HAY, *Pike County Ballads : The Prairie, st. 3.*

Whaur the bee swings over the white-clovery sod,
And the butterfly flits like a stray thoucht o' God.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Bonny, Bonny Dell, st. 2.*

Golden butterflies gleam in the sun,
Laugh at the flowers and kiss each one.
P. B. MARSTON, *A Last Harvest : Summer Changes, st. 4.*

And the enamelled sails
Of butterflies, who watch the morning's breath.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical : Circe, ll. 59–60.*

Hast thou heard the butterflies,
What they say betwixt their wings?
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Adeline, st. 3.*

Button.

The winking buttons on her gown
Shone like the lamps of London Town.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. II. : A Courtship, st. 7.*

By-and-by.

"Yes, yes, through the pass of By-and-by, you go to the valley of Never."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. II.* (Hurtado).

Byron, Lord.

He sang the songs of all the world's desire,—
He wears the wreath no rivalry can dim.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc. : Byron, ll. 13–4.*

Byways.

The byways known of none but lonely feet.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday : A New-Year Ode, st. 20.*

Cabbages.

Cabbages, asparagus, sweet peas,
With apples, pears and plums.
ANTHONY C. DEANE, *New Rhymes for Old : No. VIII., st. 7.*

Cable.

The Philadelphy cable that is run out West for rings,
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse : The Schnellest Zug, l.* 40.

Cactus.

And cactuses, a queen might don
If weary of a golden crown,
And still appear as royal.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Flower in a Letter, st.* 4.

Cake.

Here rests, not over-free from pain and ache,
Bread's proud, rich, city-nurtured cousin, Cake.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals : Festival of Industry, III., ll.* 19–20.

Have I not earn'd my cake in baking it ?
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Gareth and Lynette, l.* 561.

Calamity.

So stood his soul still in a gaze of awe
Filled with the foretaste of calamity.
LAURENCE BINYON, *The Death of Adam, ll.* 370–1.

Calm.

Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well.
'Tis all perhaps which man acquires,
But 'tis not what our youth desires.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Youth and Calm, ll.* 23–5.

There is a calm more perilous than strife.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Harvest-Tide : Lydstep Caverns, st.* 12.

Campagna, The.

The champaign with its endless fleece
Of feathery grasses everywhere !
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics : Two in the Campagna, st.* 5.

Candour.

I would have given up all things for your sake
Save what none *can* give, yet themselves remain
A gift worth giving,—candour without stain.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act IV., st.* 120.

Cannon.

Boom, great guns, along the shore !—
Let the giant hearts of oak puff out the wreathèd smoke
From their grim broad sides with a loud prophetic roar :
For the truer points your aim, and the quicker fits your flame,
The less shall be the list of the voices that are missed
From our muster when the battle-day is o'er.
SIR F. LUSHINGTON, *The Fleet Under Sail,* 1854, *st.* 7.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
  Volley'd and thunder'd.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Charge of the Light Brigade, st.* 3.

Canoe.

But a birch canoe with paddles
Rising, sinking on the water,
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Song of Hiawatha, XXII.: Hiawatha's Departure, ll.* 52–4.

Behold! an idle tale they tell,
  And who shall blame their telling it?
The saints have got their cant to sell,
  The world pays well for selling it!
GERALD MASSEY, *Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc.: God's World is Worthy better Men, st.* 1.

Canterbury-Bells.

". . . how sweet your garden smells,
Your musk and Canterbury-bells,
  In this most sweet south wind."
KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON, *Cuckoo Songs: The Resurrection* (Magdalene).

Cape Town.

Hopeful Town
By the Cape of Hope;
By a sandy slope,
Where the Hills look down.
EDGAR WALLACE, *Writ in Barracks: By Simon's Bay, ll.* 19–22.

Sing hey! for the Town, and its dress,
  The garbs of the twenty-one nations:
The Kafir in blanket—and less,
  The lady in Paris "creations."
EDGAR WALLACE, *Writ in Barracks: The Song of the Town, st.* 5.

Captain.

. . . a lord, a captain, a padded shape,
A bought commission, a waxen face,
A rabbit mouth that is ever agape.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., x., st.* 2.

And grim and stout sea-captains with faces bronzed and old.
J. G. WHITTIER, *Cassandra Southwick, st.* 20.

Captive.

Captives feast richly on a little bread.
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, *Love Platonic, Met once More, l.* 5.

Care, Cares.

The dews of blessing heaviest fall
Where care falls too.
JEAN INGELOW, *The Letter L. : Absent, st.* 49.

"Life is too short for mean anxieties."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act II., sc.* 9 (Elizabeth).

. . . the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Goblet of Life, st.* 10.

Career.

"My dear, a man with a career can have no time to waste upon his wife or his friends—he has to devote himself wholly to his enemies!"
"JOHN OLIVER HOBBES," *The Wisdom of the Wise, act I.*, (Ada).

Carnival.

Shouts and laughter, and rattles and racket,
And whistles and scraping of feet—
Confetti poured forth by the packet—
Was fairyland ever so sweet?
C. C. R[HYS], *Up for the Season : King Carnival, st.* 4.

Carpet.

"These carpets—you walk slow on them like kings,
Inaudible like spirits, while your foot
Dips deep in velvet roses and such things."
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Casa Guidi Windows, Pt. II., ll.* 604-6.

Casquets, The.

From the depths that abide and the waves that environ
Seven rocks rear heads that the midnight masks;
And the strokes of the swords of the storm are as iron
On the steel of the wave-worn casques.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday : Les Casquets, st.* 2.

Caste.

There is no caste in blood,
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,
Which trickle salt with all; neither comes man
To birth with tilka-mark stamped on the brow,
Nor sacred thread on neck.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. VI.*

Castle.

There the castle stood up black with the red sun at its back,
Toll slowly
Like a sullen smouldering pyre with a top that flickers fire
When the wind is on its track.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Rhyme of the Duchess May : The Rhyme, st.* 4.

Nothing but castles, castles, nor an end
To boasts how mountain ridge may join with ridge
By sunken gallery and soaring bridge.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Sordello, bk. I., ll.* 266–8.

The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Vision of Sir Launfal, Pt. I.,* 2.

A castle girt about and bound
With sorrow like a spell.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *The Tale of Balen, VI., st.* 25.

Casual Ward.

Ragged, wretched, worn and weary,
Come the casuals creeping in,
Where the Parish nightly shelters
Shame and sorrow, sloth and sin ;
Where the wounded in life's battle,
Pushed aside and trodden down,
Share the Poor Law's tender mercy
With the refuse of the town.
G. R. SIMS, *The Dagonet and other Poems : One Winter Night, st.* 1.

Cat.

Cruel, but composed and bland,
Dumb, inscrutable and grand,
So Tiberius might have sat,
Had Tiberius been a cat.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Poor Matthias, ll.* 39–42.

Why was I born to be abhorr'd of man and bird and beast ?
The bullfinch marks me stealing by, and straight his song hath ceased ;
The shrewmouse eyes me shudderingly, then flees ; and, worse than that,
The house-dog he flees after me—why was I born a cat ?
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Sad Memories, st.* 2.

His friends he loved. His fellest earthly foes—
Cats—I believe he did but feign to hate.
WILLIAM WATSON, *An Epitaph, ll.* 1–2.

She seemed the Orient Spirit incarnate, lost
In contemplation of the Western Soul !
WILLIAM WATSON, *A Study in Contrasts, Pt. II., ll.* 14–5.

Sitting drowsy in the fire-light, winked and purred the mottled cat.
J. G. WHITTIER, *Mary Garvin, st.* 9.

Cataract.

It was a purple cataract that flung
Its living self adown a rocky rent,
And midway in its clamorous descent
The rainbow-glancing morning o'er it hung.
F. W. FABER, *Bamberg, st.* 13.

The living cataract one instant flashed
Through the bright air, then on the roofs was dashed
In seeming shower of gold and sable spray.
F. W. FABER, *Bamberg, st.* 15.

. . . cataracts white
That from the mid-sky seem to break in might,
Exulting as they bound.
F. T. PALGRAVE, *The Visions of England: El Dorado, st.* 24.

Catawba.

Very good in its way
Is the Verzenay
Or the Sillery soft and creamy;
But Catawba wine
Has a taste more divine,
More dulcet, delicious, and dreamy.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Birds of Passage: Catawba Wine, st.* 6.

Cathedral.

"Lo! with what depth of blackness thrown
Against the clouds, far up the skies
The walls of the Cathedral rise,
Like a mysterious grove of stone."
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Golden Legend, III.* (Prince Henry).

Catholic.

My God! I am a Catholic! I grew into the ways
Of my dear Church since first my voice could lisp a word of praise;
But oft I think though my first youth were taught and trained awrong,
I still had learnt the one true faith from Nature and from Song.
ELLEN MARY DOWNING, *The Old Church at Lismore, st.* 5.

Catterskill, The.

Midst greens and shades the Catterskill leaps,
From cliffs where the wood-flower clings;
All summer he moistens his verdant steeps
With the sweet light spray of the mountain-springs,
And he shakes the woods on the mountain-side,
When they drip with the rains of autumn-tide.
W. C. BRYANT, *Catterskill Falls, st.* 1.

Cattle.

'Tain't a knowin' kind o' cattle
That is ketched with mouldy corn.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. I., Letter* 1.

The cattle huddled on the lea.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, XV., st.* 2.

Cause.

"Respectable causes! is a cause ever respectable? . . .
It would seem to me that a cause is lost when it becomes respectable."
GEORGE MOORE, *The Bending of the Bough, act V.* (Arabella).

Cause and Effect.

But 'twixt the Cause and the Effect
Confusion oft arises;
And Causes, if Comte be correct,
Are but, at best, surmises.
S. WADDINGTON, *Sonnets, etc.: A Cumberland Legend, st.* 5.

Caution.

"Nay then, be wary, and guard well thine head!
For who of mortals knoweth where and when
The bolts of Jove shall smite down foolish men?"
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: The Doom of King Acrisius, Pt. VI., ll.* 243–5.

"I have learned to dread what cometh suddenly,
And sniff about a sweet thing like a hound:
And most I dread the sudden gifts of gods."
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Ulysses, act I., sc.* 2 (Ulysses).

Cedar.

The nightingale sings to the dewy cedar,
The cedar scatters his scent to the main.
ANDREW LANG, *Grass of Parnassus: A Song of Phæacia, st.* 2.

Cedars there in outspread palls
Lean their rigid canopies.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical: A Woodland Grave, st.* 4.

A cedar spread his dark-green layers of shade.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Gardener's Daughter, l.* 115.

Celt.

". . . it is not a question of race, it is the land itself that makes the Celt."
GEORGE MOORE, *The Bending of the Bough, act III.* (Dean.)

. . . the Celt,
Although his track comes reddening down with feud
From out the sunrise, evermore has felt,
Like a religion, ties and dues of blood.
ALEXANDER SMITH, *Edwin of Deira, etc.* : *Torquil and Oona, st.* 14.

Only this do we know,
The Celt brought light to the Teuton,
And ever the knowledge of God did grow
In the land he set his foot on ;
But as they throve he pined,
But as they smiled he sighed,
But as they grew he surely dwined,
And in their life he died.
WALTER C. SMITH, *North Country Folk* : *Iona*, 9.

Certainties.

None knoweth a surer thing than this :
Birth, sorrow, pain, weariness, death.
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream* : *The Chant of Ardan the Pict, st.* 4.

Chaff.

You must learn all the chaff and the chatter
That passes for wisdom and wit.
COTSFORD DICK, *The Ways of the World* : *The Art of Smartness, st.* 5.

Chaffinch.

The busy chaffinch, chirping near
Amid the apple bloom.
ALFRED COCHRANE, *Philosophy of the Summer, st.* 6.

Chains.

"... the chafe
Comes not by wearing chains, but feeling them."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act I., sc.* 1 (Isentrudis).

"The chains that fret the skin do roughen it
By constant usage to unfeeling harshness."
CANON G. E. MASON, *Claudia, act I., sc.* 1 (Lysander).

Chair.

A big, low chair, with grateful springs, and curious device.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse* : *The Boltons*, 22, *l.* 25.

Champ.

The champ of the steeds on the silver bit.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *The Soul's Travelling, l.* 15.

Chance. See also **Opportunity.**

Man cannot, though he would, live chance's fool.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Human Life, st.* 3.

Chance and Time are ever twain.
W. E. HENLEY, *Ballade of Truisms, l. 27.*

What power was this—chance, will you say? But chance, what
else can it mean
Than the hidden Cause of things by human reason unseen?
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Third Series: Evensong, st. 13.*

Change.

Time strode on all heedless of the past,
Promulgating along the world's highway
His proclamation of eternal change.
"ARISTO," *The Moon of Leaves: O-Cee-Dee-O-Na: Cum-See-Hatch-Ee's Last Story, ll. 436–8.*

Change doth unknit the tranquil strength of men.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *A Question, st. 1.*

Rejoice that man is hurled
From change to change unceasingly,
His soul's wings never furled!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae: James Lee's Wife, VI., st. 14.*

"Is it with life as with the body's change?
—Where, e'en tho' better follow, good must pass,
Nor manhood's strength can mate with boyhood's grace,
Nor age's wisdom, in its turn, find strength,
But silently the first gift dies away,
And tho' the new stays, never both at once!"
ROBERT BROWNING, *Luria, act II.* (Luria).

Change is the law of all things save the soul of man,
Which, being divine, is utterly unchangeable.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Comedy of Dreams.*

As newer comers crowd the fore,
We drop behind.
—We who have laboured long and sore
Times out of mind,
And keen are yet, must not regret
To drop behind.
THOMAS HARDY, *Poems of the Past and Present: The Superseded, st. 1.*

Fancy's rainbow tints are flying,
Thoughts, like men, are slowly dying;
All things perish, and the strongest
Often do not last the longest.
W. H. LECKY, *On an Old Song, ll. 87–9.*

Change! there is naught but change and renewal of strife,
Which make up the infinite changes we sum up in life.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life: The Ode of Change, ll. 5–6.*

Changed, and yet still unchanged through change.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Britain : Ghosts, st.* 4.

Of bitter change, that ruins kings of men.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *Life and Death of Jason, bk. II., l.* 107.

There is a change in every hour's recall,
And the last cowslip in the fields we see
On the same day with the first corn-poppy.
D. G. ROSSETTI, *The House of Life, Pt. I., Sonnet XXIV., ll.* 9–11 .

Is change not mother of strange disasters ?
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday : A Word from the Psalmist, VI.*

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : The Passing of Arthur, ll.* 508–10 (Arthur).

There rolls the deep where green the tree.
O earth, what changes hast thou seen !
There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, CXXIII., st.* 1.

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing groves of change.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall, st.* 88.

Meet is it changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease.
We are all changed by still degrees,
All but the basis of the soul.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Love thou thy Land, st.* 11.

Chaos.

And all one chaos of heart-rending pain,
Helpless dismay, confusion, and despair.
HARRIET E. HAMILTON KING, *The Disciples : Ugo Bassi, Pt. II.*

Chaperone.

Little boy Love drew his bow at a chance,
Shooting down at the ballroom floor ;
He hit an old chaperone watching the dance,
And oh ! but he wounded her sore.
SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, *Songs of Action : The Blind Archer, st.* 1.

Character.

United, and yet sundered by a strain of character.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda ; among the Broken Gods : Claud Maxwell, st.* 32.

"For good ye are and bad, and like to coins,
Some true, some light, but every one of you
Stamp't with the image of the King."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Holy Grail, ll.* 25–7 (Ambrosius).

Charcoal-Burner.

The dormouse shares his crumb of cheese,
His homeward trudge the rabbits follow;
He finds, in angles of the trees,
The cup-nest of the swallow.
EDMUND GOSSE, *The Charcoal Burner, st.* 10.

Charge.

Charge! through the foam-lashed river;—charge! up the steep hill-side;
Close up to your grey head leaders, as calm in the front they ride:
Charge! through sheets of leaden hail;—charge! through the bellow of doom—
Charge up to the belching muzzles;—charge! drive the bayonet home.
SIR FRANKLIN LUSHINGTON, *Alma, st.* 4.

Charity.

For Charity degrades into a dole
When it is felt to be impersonal.
CANON G. E. MASON, *Claudia, act I., sc.* 2 (Claudia).

Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Isabel, st.* 1.

Let be thy wail, and help thy fellow men.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Ancient Sage, l.* 257.

Charm.

If you praised her as charming, some asked what you meant
But the charm of her presence was felt when she went.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *My Kate, st.* 6.

"Me you blame,
And you I tease; yet we contrive
To charm each other all the same."
OWEN MEREDITH (LORD LYTTON) *Marah: Horace and Lydia* (Lydia).

Charms.

"Charms for lovers, charms to break,
Charms to bind them to you wholly.
Medicines fit for every ache,
Fever and fanciful melancholy."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Achilles in Scyros, ll.* 959–62 (Ulysses).

"They do say,
'Gainst fevers, devils, palsies, and the rest,
Naught in the world is like a martyr's bone."
CANON G. E. MASON, *Claudia, act I., sc.* 2 (Lois).

Chastening.

Cast down but not destroyed, chastened not slain.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses: New Jerusalem and its Citizens, No.* 11, *l.* 1.

Chastity.

"The only virtue that a Gipsy prizes
Is chastity. This is her only virtue.
Dearer than life she holds it."
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Spanish Student, act I., sc.* 1 (Carlos).

Chatter.

"How we chattered like two church daws!"
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: A Lover's Quarrel, st.* 4.

. . . chatterers they.
Like birds of passage piping up and down,
That gape for flies—we know not whence they come.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Holy Grail, ll.* 145–7 (Percivale).

Chafferings and chatterings at the market cross.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Holy Grail, l.* 557 (Ambrosius).

Chaucer, Geoffrey.

True English of the English at his heart.
F. T. PALGRAVE, *Visions of England: Pilgrim and the Ploughman, st.* 10.

Cheat.

"I tell you, sir, in one sense, I believe
Nothing at all,—that everybody can,
Will, and does cheat; but in another sense
I'm ready to believe my very self—
That every cheat's inspired and every lie
Quick with a germ of truth."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae: Mr. Sludge, "The Medium," ll.* 1320–5.

Cheese-Mites.

The cheese-mites asked how the cheese got there,
And warmly debated the matter;
The Orthodox said that it came from the air,
And the Heretics said from the platter.
SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, *Songs of Action: A Parable, ll.* 1–4.

Cherry.

The cherry whence the blackbird bold
  Steals ruby mouthfuls at his ease.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse: The Apology, st.* 5.

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.
A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad, II., st.* 1.

Chess.

But, ah, the happiest enemies must sever,
And even a game of chess won't last for ever.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Mated?, st.* 3.

Chest.

. . . bared the knotted column of his throat,
The massive square of his heroic breast,
And arms on which the standing muscle sloped.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Geraint and Enid, I., ll.* 74-6.

Chestnuts.

The chestnuts' giant spikes were opening out
To blanched display against the solemn ground
Of their deep steadfast leaves.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: A Tale of the Thames, ch. XVI., ll.* 92-4

The chestnut with its domes of pink.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. II., The Apology, st.* 3.

The broad-spread chestnuts spiked with frequent flowers.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Britain: An English Idyll, l.* 10.

The chestnut pattering to the ground.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, XI., st.* 1.

And the drooping chestnut-buds began
To spread into the perfect fan.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere, st.* 2.

Children.

One day! this is the sadness,
  The childish eyes grow wide
With wonder and pure gladness
  At the sweet country-side.
One day—oh, give them, give them
  These exiles from the sun
Give all one country airing,
  And give them more than one.
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. I.: One Day in a Life, st.* 3.

An' dhreary as e'er the long winther's night is the lonesome
summer's day,
Whin there's never a stir in the house, an' the childher are over
the say.
JANE BARLOW, *Bog-Land Studies: Walled Out, XI., ll.* 17–8.

Who then lives
So absolutely brutal as to spurn
The simple profferings of a little child?
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: A Tale of the Thames, ch. V., ll.* 230–2.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *The Cry of the Children, st.* 1.

Fair little children morning-bright,
With faces grave yet soft to sight,
Expressive of unrestrained delight.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Vision of Poets: Conclusion st.* 12.

Just a mere child with sudden ebullitions,
Flashes of fun, and little bursts of song,
Petulant pains, and fleeting pale contritions,
Mute little moods of misery and wrong;
Only a child, of Nature's rarest making,
Wistful and sweet,—and with a heart for breaking!
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Old-World Idylls: The Story of Rosina, st.* 19.

It seemed a pleading cry,
And yet a rounded perfect melody,
Making grief beauteous as the tear-filled eyes
Of little child at little miseries.
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Legend of Jubal, etc.: How Lisa loved the King, ll.* 363–6.

A lisping, laughing, toddling scamp,
Not more than four years old!
EUGENE FIELD, *A Little Book of Western Verse: To a Usurper, st.* 1.

Like chastened children sitting silent in a school.
THOMAS HARDY, *Wessex Poems, etc.: Nature's Questionings, st.* 1.

I've seed my sheer of the run of things,
I've hoofed it many and many a miled,
But I never seed nothing that could or can
Jest git all the good from the heart of a man
Like the hands of a little child.
JOHN HAY, *Pike County Ballads: Golyer, st.* 4.

The child is like a woman, the book may close over,
For all the lessons are said.
JEAN INGELOW, *Songs of Seven: Seven Times Two, st.* 7.

Ye are better than all the ballads
  That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
  And all the rest are dead.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Birds of Passage: Children, st.* 9.

Children are God's apostles, day by day
Sent forth to preach of love, and hope, and peace.
J. R. LOWELL, *On the Death of a Friend's Child, ll.* 85–6.

Golden head, that bears the sun
Wheresoe'er the feet may run;
Little feet, that hardly know
If on earth or air they go;
Lips through which the soul of glee
Lisps its gracious fancies free;
Eyes whose lucid depths confess
All the heart's ingenuousness;
Love unstinted, eager, pure;—
Womanhood in miniature.
F. T. PALGRAVE, *The Visions of England: Simplicity, st.* 1.

The happy children ankle-deep
And laughing as they wade.
R. L. STEVENSON, *A Child's Garden of Verses: To Minnie, ll.* 19–20.

Earth's creeds may be seventy times seven
  And blood have defiled each creed:
If of such be the kingdom of heaven,
  It must be heaven indeed.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Children, st.* 4.

Where children are not, heaven is not, and heaven if they come
    not again shall be never:
But the face and the voice of a child are assurance of heaven, and
    its promise for ever.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Song of Welcome, ll.* 37–8.

"The small one thing that lying drew down my life
To lie with thee and feed thee; a child and weak,
Mine, a delight to no man, sweet to me."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon* (Althaea).

Hush! for the holiest thing that lives is here,
  And heaven's own heart how near!
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Herse, ll.* 5–6.

Is it well that while we range with Science, glorying in the Time
City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Sixty Years After, st.* 109.

One velvet patch of English lawn, and on it running free
The little fair-haired, short-frocked maid who's all the world to me.
Her hair outshines Italian suns, and all the flowers that grace
The meads of France can never match the roses in her face.
R. C. LEHMANN, *Crumbs of Pity, and other Verses.*

Childhood.

As the moths around a taper,
As the bees around a rose,
As the gnats around a vapour,
So the spirits group and close
Round about a holy childhood as if drinking its repose.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Child Asleep, st.* 6.

With flowing hair and bounding feet,
With frolic, glee, and laughter sweet,
And childhood's careless song.
JANET HAMILTON, *Girlish Reminiscences, st.* 4.

Is it warm in that green valley,
Vale of childhood, where you dwell?
Is it calm in that green valley,
Round whose bowers such great hills swell?
Are there giants in the valley—
Giants leaving footprints yet?
Are there angels in the valley?
Tell me—I forget.
JEAN INGELOW, *A Mother showing the Portrait of her Child, st.* 4.

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair;
For it was as wavy and golden,
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of a brook.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Changeling, st.* 2.

Chimes. See also **Bells.**

Hark to the chimes! through the snowflakes driven
They have changed in gusts since the early morn.
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *Ballads and Legends: The Gift of the Bells, st.* 1.

Heaven's chimes are slow, but sure to strike at last:
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses: Divers Worlds, Time and Eternity No.* 26, *st.* 1.

Chin.

Her chin was modelled to a maiden round,
Save that one fixed and tiny dimplet showed

With such ripe provocation that its sight
Had even ruffled from solemnity
The holy meditations of a saint.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: A Tale of the Thames, ch. VI., ll.* 54–8.

The demure little chin, the sedate little nose, and the forehead of sun-stained white.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday: After a Reading, st.* 4.

Chinese.

Which I wish to remark,—
And my language is plain,—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.
BRET HARTE, *Plain Language from Truthful James, st.* 1.

Chivalry.

The world's male chivalry has perished out,
But women are knight-errant to the last.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. VII., ll.* 224–5.

Oh never yet was theme so meet for roundel or romance
As the ancient aristocracy and chivalry of France.
G. SMYTHE (VISCOUNT STRANGFORD), *The Aristocracy of France.*

Choice.

Never again elude the choice of tints!
White shall not neutralize the black, nor good
Compensate bad in man, absolve him so:
Life's buisness being just the terrible choice.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, X., The Pope, ll.* 1235–8

I preach no system nebulous and new;
God is, or is not: I have not to sell
Cosmetics for the soul: I offer you
The choice of Heaven or Hell.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs; Of the Exodus from Houndsditch, st.* 5.

In life it is your privilege to choose,
But after death you have no choice at all.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs; Of the Making of a Poet, ll.* 67–8.

In Youth thou hast to make thy final choice,
Virtue and vice will meet thee there alone,
Thou'lt have no arm to lean on but thine own;
One offers thee voluptuous indolence,
The Other toil and fame's pre-eminence.
WALTER EARLE, *Home Poems: Hero-lessons in the Schools of Old, st.* 3.

But regret may turn with longing to that one hour's choice you had.
ALICE MEYNELL, *Poems: The Poet to his Childhood, st.* 10.

"The difficulty in life is the choice, and all the wonder of life is the choice."
GEORGE MOORE, *The Bending of the Bough, act IV.*, (Dean).

Choir.

They've got a chorister and choir,
Ag'in *my* voice and vote;
For it was never *my* desire,
To praise the Lord by note!
WILL CARLETON, *The New Church Organ, st.* 1.

Chord.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.
ADELAIDE PROCTOR, *A Lost Chord, st.* 2.

Screw not the chord too sharply lest it snap.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Aylmer's Field, l.* 468.

Christ.

When once a fairy story ends,
There is no sequel to the tale.
No second Christ will ever rise:
Nor will ye seek, if ye be wise,
To peer too far behind the veil.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. II.: The Sceptic, st.* 18.

"Hearken, O men, rejoicers, mourners,
Toilers and triflers, and men of fame,
Ye that lurk in the darksome corners,
Maidens fenced from a breath of shame;
CHRIST is walking the throngèd city,
High-street and square and reeking lane,
Yearning, pleading, with eyes of pity—
Must it be written, 'And still in vain'?"
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *Christ in the City, st.* 13.

Ring in the Christ that is to be.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, CVI., st.* 8.

Christ-like.

The tenderest Christ-like creature that ever stept on the ground.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Charity, st.* 16.

Christian.

You are Christians; somehow, no one ever plucked
A rag, even, from the body of the Lord,
To wear and mock with, but, despite himself,
He looked the greater and was the better.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, VI., Giuseppe Caponsacchi, ll.* 211–4.

Christmas.

Around the groaning Christmas board,
(*Which never equals expectations.*)
Where old and young are in accord—
(*I hate the most of my relations!*)
I view the turkey with delight,
(*A tough old bird beyond all question!*)
The blazing pudding—what a sight!
('*Tis concentrated indigestion!*)
J. ASHBY-STERRY, *The Lazy Minstrel: Different Views*, *st.* 3.

Life still hath one romance that naught can bury—
Not Time himself, who coffins Life's romances—
For still will Christmas gild the year's mischances,
If Childhood comes, as here, to make him merry.
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *The Coming of Love, etc.: Christmas Tree at "The Pines."* *ll.* 1–8.

Some fun in the coverts among the pheasants,
Some strolls with the ladies along the lanes;
The Christmas tree and the Christmas presents,
The pool or rubber, the losses or gains,
And, after the short-lived daylight's closing,
The song or dance till the small hours chime;
Can I live twelve months, in the hope reposing
Of another such party next Christmas-time?
C. C. R[HYS], *Up for the Season: Our Christmas House-Party*, *st.* 4.

Christmas hath a darkness
Brighter than the blazing noon,
Christmas hath a chillness
Warmer than the heat of June,
Christmas hath a beauty
Lovelier than the world can show.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses: Some Feasts and Fasts: Christmas Eve*, *st.* 1.

Christmas Cards.

Such awful colours as are blent . . .
. . . on Christmas cards.
(Not Ward's,
But common Christmas cards!)
ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode: Art's Martyr*, *st.* 5.

Christmas Eve.

A rainy cloud possess'd the earth
And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, *XXX.*, *st.* 1.

Church, Chapel.

One last look at the white-wall'd town,
And the little grey church on the windy shore.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *The Forsaken Merman*, *ll.* 25–6.

Nobody wants you in these latter days
To prop the Church by breaking your back-bone.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, VI. : Giuseppe Caponsacchi, ll.* 291–2.

That lie of lies, the sandstone Church of Rome.
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *The Drama of Kings : Epilogue, l.* 39.

"You'll go to church of course, you know ;
Or at the least will take a pew
To send your wife and servants to.
Trust me, I make a point of that."
A. H. CLOUGH, *Dipsychus, Pt. II., sc.* 3 (Spirit).

The little church upon the windy height
Is grey as sky or sea.
ANDREW LANG, *Grass of Parnassus : Clevedon Church, ll.* 7–8.

Im Mittelalter ? hafe read
De shoorsh vas alvays sure—
An open bicdure gallerie,
Und book for all de poor.
Boot now de dings is so arrange
No poor volk can get in ;
We Yankees und de Englisch are
Pout all ash shbends de tin.
C. G. LELAND, *The Breitmann Ballads : Breitmann am Rhein—Cologne, st* 6.

A great church in an empty square,
A haunt of echoing tones !
G. MACDONALD, *A Book of Dreams, Pt. II.,* 3, *st.* 1.

When the Church holds the boys, the game is won.
CANON G. E. MASON, *Claudia, act I., sc.* 2 (Victor).

This is the Chapel : here, my son,
Your father thought the thoughts of youth,
And heard the words that one by one
The touch of Life has turned to truth.
HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race : Clifton Chapel, st.* 1.

—Haven of wearied eyelids ; of hearts that care not to live ;
Shadow and silence of prayer ; the peace which the world cannot give !
F. T. PALGRAVE, *The Visions of England : Rejoicing of the Land, ll.* 119–20.

A stately Church, and a Church all through,
Everywhere shaped by a thought divine,
With symbols of Him who is Just and True.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda : Among the broken Gods : Prologue, st.* 2.

"The Church is ever at variance with the Kings, and ever at one with the poor."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Becket, act I., sc.* 4 (Becket).

Churchwarden.

An' then I wur chose Church warden an' coom'd to the top o' the tree.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Churchwarden and the Curate*, st. 9.

Churl.

The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
His want in forms for fashion's sake,
Will let his coltish nature break
At seasons thro' the gilded pale.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, CXI., st. 2.

Cigar, Cigarette.

For best of mild Havanas this considerate host supplies,—
The proper brand, the proper shade, and quite the proper size.

EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse: The Boltons*, 22, ll. 37–8.

Dey vent to vind a goot cigar,
Long dimes dey roamed apout,
Von veller had a pran new sort,
De fery latest out.
"Mein freund—I dinks you errs yourself
De shmell ish oldt to me;
De *Infamias Stinkadores* brand,"—
Said Breitemann, said he.

C. G. LELAND, *The Breitmann Ballads: Breitmann about Town*, st. 8.

Pray, why shouldn't we enjoy
That most tranquilising toy,
Now and then?
Why should custom thus confine
Such a pleasant anodyne
To you men?

COTSFORD DICK, *The Ways of the World: The Sisters of the Cigarette*, st. 2.

Cinque Ports.

Where argosies have wooed the breeze,
The simple sheep are feeding now;
And near and far across the bar
The ploughman whistles at the plough;
Where once the long waves washed the shore,
Larks from their lowly lodgings soar.

JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs: A Cinque Port*, st. 3.

Circumstance.

. . . everything seems chance
And we ourselves mere toys of circumstance.

HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: A Tale of the Thames*, ch. XXI., ll. 69–70.

"'Tis dame Circumstance licks Nature's cubs into shape;
She's the mill-head, if we are the wheels."

CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy*, act II., sc. 2 (*Fool*).

City, Town.

"Towns can be trusted to corrupt themselves."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act I., sc. 2* (Abaddon).

Not in the solitude
Alone may man commune with Heaven.
W. C. BRYANT, *Hymn of the City, st. 1.*

In mufti clad, no fashion's frown,
No bores to feed, no calls to pay—
There's nothing half so sweet as Town
When all the *beau monde* is away.
COTSFORD DICK, *The Ways of the World: Holiday Triolets, Back in Town, ll. 5–8.*

Let those who like pastoral pleasures,
Of daisies and buttercups sing;
But for me—in the town, and its treasures,
I find the delights of the Spring.
COTSFORD DICK, *The Ways of the World: Spring's Delights, st. 1.*

In the upper room I lay, and heard far off
The unsleeping murmur like a shell.
R. L. STEVENSON, *Songs of Travel, etc.: To S. C., ll. 17–8.*

A great city is that which has the greatest men and women,
If it be but a few ragged huts it is still the greatest city in the whole world.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: Song of the Broad-Axe, 4, ll. 15–6.*

Citizen.

Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.
J. R. LOWELL, *On the Capture of Fugitive Slaves near Washington, st. 6.*

A life in civic action warm,
A soul on highest mission sent,
A potent voice in Parliament,
A pillar steadfast in the storm.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, CXIII., st. 3.*

Civilization.

The civilizer's spade grinds horribly
On dead men's bones, and cannot turn up soil
That's otherwise than fetid. All success
Proves partial failure; all advance implies
What's left behind; all triumph, something crushed
At the chariot wheels; all government, some wrong:
And rich men make the poor, who curse the rich,
Who agonize together.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. II., ll. 265–72.*

Classes, The

Your comely portance filled my soul with pride
To think how human dignity surpasses
The estimate of those who "can't abide
The lower classes."
T. E. BROWN, *Old John, etc.: Old John, st.* 33.

Yes, since they're far, far nearer heaven,
He must lead on the masses
To humble, purify, and leaven
The godless Upper Classes.
Ay, warn, exhort, console, rebuke,
Till spiritual hunger
Is just as common in the Duke
As in the costermonger.
C. L. GRAVES, *The Green above the Red: William's Mission, ll.* 129–36.

While all the Middle Classes should
With every vile Capitalist
Be clean reformed away for good
And vanish like a morning mist!
ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode: The New Millennium, st.* 8.

". . . do thou bide at home,
And let the King hear what may even come
To a King's ears; meddle thou not, nor make
With any such; still shall the brass pot break
The earthen pot—a lord is often thanked for what
A poor man often has in prison set."
WILLIAM MORRIS, *Earthly Paradise: Bellerophon in Argos, ll.* 1807–12.

"Well, that is our gospel too, that is our Ark,
Not to rise from our class, but to raise the class higher,
Not to take to the nice ways of lawyer or clerk,
Not to turn from the hammer, the file, and the fire;
But to stand by our order, and stick to our tools,
And still win our bread by the sweat of our brow
And to organize labour by Christian-like rules,
Not that some, but that all may be better than now."
WALTER C. SMITH, *Dick Dalgleish, st.* 17.

Clematis.

Blue clematis and gold canary clung
Round porch and casement modestly to make
The unheraldic blazons of the poor.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: A Tale of the Thames, ch. IV., ll.* 117–9.

Clerk.

"You know the type—it is amply rife;
Its standard of taste is the Monstrous Dance;
Its crown of glory and goal in life
Is to win a ballet girl's wink or glance.

Its h's are scant and its oaths are thick;
Its spirited garments are got on tick;
It seldom reads, and it never thinks,
And half of its salary goes on drinks."
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *Ballads and Legends: Sam Green's Love, st. 4.*

Oh! who would cast and balance at a desk,
Perch'd like a crow upon a three-legg'd stool,
Till all his juice is dried, and all his joints
Are full of chalk?
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Audley Court, ll. 43–6.*

Cliff.

"Here where the red cliff fronts the flats of sand,
And short salt grasses cease in mountain sedge."
LORD DE TABLEY, *Pandora, ll. 48–9* (Epimetheus).

The gray cliff-head, the burnished island spire
Tremble in lucid haze as veins of fire.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Pandora, ll. 397–8.*

Climb.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Birds of Passage: Ladder of St. Augustine, st. 7.*

Cloak.

Wear your old cloak when you come to woo;
Reason why—there's reason why!
And take no umbrella whatever you do,
But trust to your cloak and the friendly sky.
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *Ballads and Legends: Wear your old Cloak, st. 1.*

Clock.

Without regret for what is gone
You bid old customs change,
As year by year you travel on
To scenes and voices strange.
ALFRED COCHRANE, *The Eight-Day Clock, st. 2.*

A steady tick for fatal creeds,
For youth on folly bent,
A steady tick for worthy deeds,
And moments wisely spent.
ALFRED COCHRANE, *The Eight-Day Clock, st. 6.*

For each tick is a hope, each tack is a fear,
Each tick is a *Where*, each tack a *Not here*,
Each tick is a Kiss, each tack is a blow,
Each tick says *Why*, each tack *I don't know*.
Swing, swang, the pendulum.
G. MACDONALD, *The Clock of the Universe*, *ll.* 11–5.

. . . all that night I heard
The heavy clocks knolling the drowsy hours.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Gardener's Daughter*, *ll.* 179–80.

". . . when clocks
Throbb'd thunder thro' the palace floors, or call'd
On flying Time from all their silver tongues."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess*, *VII.*, *ll.* 88–90 (Florian).

Cloister.

"The cloister, when its weeds are rightly donned,
Is an anticipation of the grave."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola act IV.*, *sc. 2* (third Piagnone).

Cloth of Gold.

"That royal commonplace too, cloth of gold."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary*, *act III.*, *sc.* 1 (*Bagenhall*).

Cloud.

Bring a grey cloud from the east
Where the lark is singing.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *The House of Clouds*, *st.* 10.

Two pale thin clouds did stand upon
The meeting line of sea and sky
With aspect still and mystic.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Sabbath Morning at Sea*, *st.* 4.

Beautiful cloud! I would I were with thee
In thy calm way o'er land and sea;
To rest on thy unrolling skirts, and look
On Earth as on an open book.
W. C. BRYANT, *To a Cloud*, *ll.* 7–10.

The clouds on viewless columns bloomed
Like smouldering lilies unconsumed.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs: London*, *st.* 1.

The red rose clouds, without law or leader,
Gather and float in the airy plain.
ANDREW LANG, *Grass of Parnassus: A Song of Phæacia*, *st.* 2.

"'Tis the dark cloud that fertilizes earth."
CANON G. E. MASON, *Claudia*, *act I.*, *sc.* 2 (Victor).

The clouds themselves are children of the sun.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Ancient Sage*, *l.* 241.

Clover.

And thick with white bells the clover-hill swells.
High over the full-toned sea.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Sea-Fairies, ll.* 14–5.

Clown.

Better the clown who God doth love
  Than he that high can go
And name each little star above
  But sees not God below!
G. MACDONALD, *Roadside Poems: After Thomas Kempis, V., st.* 1.

Coast.

"She saw the rocky coast
Whereon the azured waves
Are laced in foam, or lost
In water-lighted caves."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Prometheus the Firegiver, ll.* 293–6 (semi-chorus).

A coast line stretched before them,
Misty, dim, and grey.
With here and there bluff headlands,
Where the breakers glimmered white.
F. ROBERTSON, *Torquil, etc.: The Prince, Pt. II., The Voyage, ll.* 39–42.

Coastguard.

And the coastguard in his garden with his glass against his eye.
R. L. STEVENSON, *Ballads: Christmas at Sea, st.* 4.

Coasting.

Ah, coasting in those days—those good old days—was fun indeed!
Sleds at that time I'd have you know were paragons of speed!
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse: Ashes on the Slide, st.* 2.

Coat.

Old coat, for some three or four seasons
  We've been jolly comrades, but now
We part, old companion, for ever;
  To fate, and the fashion I bow.
GEORGE BAKER, JUN., "*Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné,*" *st.* 1.

This old velvet coat has grown queer, I admit,
And changed is the colour and loose is the fit;
Though to beauty it certainly cannot aspire
'Tis a cosy old coat for a seat by the fire.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *My Old Coat, st.* 1.

Poor coat, well loved for many reasons,
  Since both of us grow old. Be true;
This hand has brushed you for ten seasons,
  E'en Socrates no more could do.

Whilst Time your thin and white-seamed stuff
  Keeps on attacking without end,
Wisely, like me, his blows rebuff;
  And never let us part, old friend.
SIR F. H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc.: To an old Coat (from Béranger), st.* 1.

Observe the High Church curate's coat.
ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode: Rondeaus of the Galleries, l.* 25.

Cockchafers.

Cockchafers, henchafers, cockioli-birds,
Cockroaches, henroaches, cuckoos in herds.
G. MACDONALD, *Little Boy Blue, st.* 24.

Cocktail.

"A cocktail's a tipple—America vaunts it—
So flavoured, so foamy, so spiced, and whirled,
That he who can get as much as he wants of it
Very soon drinks himself out of the world."
C. G. LELAND, *Songs of the Sea, etc.: An American Cocktail, st.* 12 (Bangs).

Cocoa.

The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Enoch Arden, l.* 569.

Cocoon.

For every worm beneath the moon
Draws different threads, and late and soon
Spins, toiling out his own cocoon.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Two Voices, st.* 60.

Coffee.

Coffee is good, and so no doubt is cocoa;
  Tea did for Johnson and the Chinamen.
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Complete Works: Beer, st.* 12.

But what is coffee, but a noxious berry,
  Born to keep used-up Londoners awake?
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Complete Works: Beer, st.* 13.

Cold.

"Cold is the true Saint's element—he thrives
Like Alpine gentians, where the frost is keenest."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act IV., sc.* 3 (Conrad)

A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold.
J. G. WHITTIER, *Snow-Bound, ll.* 9-11

College.

. . . a sort of temple,—perhaps a college,
—Like nothing I ever saw before
At home in England, to my knowledge.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day, XIV., ll.* 5-7.

Collie Dog.

His courtly ruff, snow pure 'mid golden tan,
His grandly feathered legs slenderly strong,
The broad and flowing billow of his breast,
His delicate ears and superfine long nose,
With that last triumph, his distinguished tail,
In their collective glory spoke his race
The flower of Collie aristocracy.
WILLIAM WATSON, *A Study in Contrasts, Pt. I., ll.* 6-12.

Colonel.

He long has found that war's romance
Is but the issue of occasion,
Since deathless fame requires the chance
Of deathless onset or invasion.
ALFRED COCHRANE, *The Colonel, st.* 8.

Columbus.

When shall the world forget
Thy glory and our debt,
Indomitable soul,
Immortal Genoese?
WILLIAM WATSON, *Columbus, st.* 4.

What treasure found he? Chains and pains and sorrow—
Yea, all the wealth those noble seekers find
Whose footfalls mark the music of mankind!
'Twas his to lend a life: 'twas Man's to borrow:
'Twas his to make, but not to share, the morrow
Who in Love's memory lives this morn enshrined.
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *The Coming of Love, etc.: Columbus, ll.* 9-14.

Comfort.

There's comfort in an air-balloon, a bucket, and a spade.
G. R. SIMS, *The Dagonet and other Poems: A Silly Old Man, l.* 20.

"Child, I salute thee with sad heart and tears,
And bid thee comfort, being a perfect man
In fight, and honourable in the house of peace."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon* (Æneus).

Comfort yourself for the heart of the father will care for his own.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Wreck, VII., l.* 14.

Comforter.

May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony.
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Legend of Jubal, etc.: "O May I join the Choir Invisible," ll.* 35–7.

Common sense.

"'Tis common sense! and human wit
Can claim no higher name than it."
A. H. CLOUGH, *Dipsychus Pt. II., sc.* 6 (Spirit).

Commonness.

"Commonness is its own security."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Legend of Jubal, etc.: Armgart, sc.* 2, *l.* 251 (Armgart).

Commonplace.

The commonplace well-balanced fool
Who speaks by rote and lives by rule,
What shall he of God's glories see?
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. II.: The Young Genius, st.* 27.

Communism.

There shall come a time when knowledge wide extended,
Sinks each man's pleasure in the general health,
And all shall hold irrevocably blended
The individual and the commonwealth.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. II.: The New Order, st.* 11.

Compassion.

"... I know, by what within me stirs,
That I shall teach compassion unto men
And be a speechless world's interpreter,
Abating this accursed flood of woe."
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. I* (Buddha)

That high compassion which can overbear
Reluctance for pure lovingkindness' sake.
THOMAS HARDY, *Poems of the Past and the Present: A Broken Appointment, st.* 1.

Wide and sweet and glorious as compassion.
A. C. SWINBURNE: *Dunwich, Pt. I., st.* 8.

Competition.

Yet faster, and faster's becoming the speed
In every sort and condition,
And if we for breathing time dare intercede,
We're choked off by the word "Competition."
COTSFORD DICK, *The Ways of the World: The Passion for Pace, st.* 3.

Complaint.

A perfect goose-yard cackle of complaint.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, bk. XI. : Guido, l.* 1197.

Compromise.

". . . there are but two ways, the right and the wrong, and no compromise is possible."
GEORGE MOORE, *The Bending of the Bough, act IV.* (Dean).

Is not compromise of old a god among you?
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday : A Word from the Psalmist, IV.*

Conceits.

. . . the innocent conceits
That like a needless eyeglass or black patch
Give them who wear them harmless happiness.
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Legend of Jubal, etc. : A Minor Prophet, ll.* 158–60.

Conclusions.

"Conclusions reached by salience, sir, are oft
Wiser than those we plod to."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Plays : Smith, act III.* (Graham).

Conduct.

What behaved well in the past or behaves well to-day is not such a wonder,
The wonder is always and always how there can be a mean man o an infidel.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass : Song of Myself, 22, ll.* 28–9.

Confidence.

So Confidence,
More blindly handkerchiefed than Justice is,
Lulls fools to faith in open villainies.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell : A Tale of the Thames, ch. XIII., ll.* 9–11.

"Yet—if lost confidence might be renewed'" (Guibert).
"Never in noble natures! With the base ones,—
Twist off the crab's claw, wait a smarting-while,
And something grows and grows and gets to be
A mimic of the lost joint, just so like
As keeps in mind it never, never will
Replace its predecessor!" (Gaucelme).
BOBERT BROWNING, *Colombe's Birthday, act IV.*

Confusion.

"Confusion, and illusion, and relation,
Elusion, and occasion, and evasion."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Gareth and Lynette, ll.* 281–2

Conscience.

When conscience sees clear, conscience need not budge.
But there are times it cannot clearly see
This way, or that, and then it strives to stand,
Holding an even balance in its hand.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act IV., st.* 117.

Not Hope alone but holds an anodyne
To blunt the tooth of conscience.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Harvest-Tide: A Georgian Romance, ll.* 373–4.

"A twilight conscience lighted thro' a chink."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Harold, act III., sc.* 1 (Stigand).

A little grain of conscience made him sour.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Vision of Sin, V., l.* 12.

Alas! that judge with his inviolate tongue,
Conscience, whose eye is clearest in the dark,
Whose voice is loudest in the silent night.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece: Pittacus, II., ll.* 87–9.

Conservative.

That man's the true Conservative
Who lops the moulder'd branch away.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Hands all Round, ll.* 7–8.

Conservatory.

"... the sarvatory, a place
Built on to the house, in a sort of a cess—
They're keepin' feerins there, and the lek of them.
And glass you know, and a sort of a frame— ...
... a house as big as a shop
And flowers goin' twistin' over the top
Inside and out."
T. E. BROWN, *The Doctor, para.* 42 (Tom Baynes).

Consistency.

"You understand my humour by this time? I help men to carry out their own principle: if they please to say two and two makes five I assent, if they will but go on and say, four and four make ten!"
ROBERT BROWNING, *A Soul's Tragedy, Pt. II.* (Ogniben).

Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man:
He's ben on all sides that give places or pelf;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—
He's been true to *one* party,—an' thet is himself.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. I., Letter* 3.

Consolation.

". . . we may suffer deeply, yet retain
Power to be moved and soothed, for all our pain,
By what of old pleased us, and will again."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Tristram and Iseult* (Iseult of Brittany).

Whence comes solace?—Not from seeing
What is doing, suffering, being,
Not from noting Life's conditions,
Not from heeding Time's monitions;
But in cleaving to the Dream,
And in gazing at the gleam
Whereby grey things golden seem.
THOMAS HARDY, *Poems of the Past and the Present: On a Fine Morning, st.* 1.

Conspiracy.

"Under long nights conspiracies can hide."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act II., sc.* 2 (Ridolfi).

Constancy, Fidelity.

"For this, O love, I pray:
That I may win thine heart so utterly and sweetly
That thou mayest never need, content in me completely,
To turn, e'en for one hour, thine eyes away."
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. II.: Prayer for the Future, st.* 5.

Because thou once hast loved me—wilt thou dare
Say to thy soul and Who may list beside,
"Therefore she is immortally my bride;
Chance cannot change my love, nor time impair."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: Any Wife to Any Husband, st.* 9.

'You cannot know the good and tender heart,
Its girl's trust and its woman's constancy,
How pure yet passionate, how calm yet kind,
How grave yet joyous, how reserved yet free
As light where friends are—how imbued with love
The world most prizes, yet the simplest."
ROBERT BROWNING, *A Blot on the 'Scutcheon, act II., sc.* 2 (Tresham).

You complain of the woman for roving from one to another:—
Where is the constant man whom she is trying to find?
A. H. CLOUGH, *Translations from Goethe.*

Constancy may be led of Hope, as well
As fellow Memory.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Daphne, etc.: Hesperides, Hesperia, VI, ll.* 180-1.

Constituents.

Constitoounts air hendy to help a man in,
But arterwards don't weigh the heft of a pin.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. I., Letter* 4.

Contempt.

"As yet men cannot do without contempt:
'Tis for their good, and therefore fit awhile
That they reject the weak, and scorn the false,
Rather than praise the strong and true."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus* V. (Paracelsus).

Contention.

Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *The Last Word, st.* 2.

Contentment.

Ten darweeshes upon one mat sleep well,
But in one kingdom two kings cannot dwell.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Tenth Muse: Contentment.*

Content sate spinning at my door,
And when I asked her where she was before—
"Here all the time," she said; "I never stirred;
Too eager in your search, you passed me o'er,
And, though I called, you neither saw nor heard."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Lyrical Poems: Content, ll.* 10–14.

Once more relapsing to that dumb content,
Which, when is nothing more to be desired
This side the grave, sits with its longings bent
Upon the other, and in patience waits
The tardy opening of death's grim-shut gates.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act II., st.* 160.

. . . let us be content in work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. VIII., ll.* 732–4.

The toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth-point goes,
The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to that toad.
RUDYARD KIPLING, *Pagett M.P., Motto.*

Contrariness.

There are three species of creatures who when they seem coming are going.
When they seem going they come: Diplomates, women, and crabs.
JOHN HAY, *Pike County Ballads: Distiches, II.*

Contrasts.

Here at the wine one birls,
There some one clanks a chain.
The flag that this man furls
That man to float is fain.
Pleasure gives place to pain:
These in a kennel crawl,
While others take the wall.
W. E. HENLEY, *Bric-à-Brac; Double Ballade of the Nothingness of Things, st.* 4.

The rich man deeit, an' they buried him gran',
In linen fine his body they wrap;
But the angels tuik up the beggar man,
An' layit him doun in Abraham's lap.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *This Side an' That, st.* 4.

Control.

"Men hate control; but for the fear of worse
They live content when they are well controlled."
J. S. BLACKIE, *The Wise Men of Greece: Pythagoras* (Pythagoras).

Controversy.

Dispute can blight the soul's eternal corn,
And choke its richness with the tares of thought.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. I., A Creed, st.* 4.

Convent.

Oh, comfortable convent laws,
That bury foolish nuns alive!
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs: A Ballad of a Nun, st.* 31.

"My cry is for a convent, where one feels
The pleasantness of death, and every day
Lives with him as a gentle monitor."
"MICHAEL FIELD" *The Tragic Mary, act III., sc.* 1 (Queen Mary).

Convention.

In every narrow huckster's eyes
Convention sways this planet still.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical: Regret, st.* 8.

Conversation.

". . . when evening strews
The quiet of long shadows on the grass,
And friendly converse satisfies like prayer."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act I., sc.* 4 (Franklin).

Convict.

O sight of pity, shame and dole!
O fearful thought—a convict soul.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: Autumn Rivulets: Singer in the Prison, stt.* 1, 3.

Convolvulus.

And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see
  Pale pink convolvulus in tendrils creep.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *The Scholar-Gipsy*, *st.* 3.

Blue belfries of convolvulus hung down from airy chains.
SIDNEY R. LYSAGHT, *Poems of the Unknown: The Undiscovered Shore; The Islands*, *st.* 3.

Copperhead.

Go seek him: he coils in the ooze and the deep
Like a thong idly flung from the slave-driver's whip.
BRET HARTE, *The Copperhead*, *st.* 2.

Coppice.

The blackthorn coppice was all ablaze,
  And shot and garlanded
With bronzed and wreathing bramble sprays,
  And bright leaves green and red.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *New Ballads: Winter Rain*, *st.* 2.

Coquette, Flirt.

Just a thing of puffs and patches,
Made for madrigals and catches,
Not for heart-wounds, but for scratches . . .
Just a pinky porcelain trifle.
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Old-World Idylls: Une Marquise*, *st.* 3.

You trifle, fair flowers, with the many, but one lord
  Woos you, and wins you, and conquers the throng—
Dews and winds cool you, for warmth you turn sunward;
  You know and I know to whom we belong.
LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, *At the Wind's Will: The Coquette's Defence*, *st.* 5.

"Women all are flirts you say, sir:
  'Tis their nature to be so.
Who are you to point the way, sir,
  That we women ought to go?
Think you that we hold so cheaply
  All to womankind most dear?
'Tis but that we see too deeply
  Much you wouldn't have appear."
C. C. R[HYS], *Up for the Season: A Fragment*, *st.* 1.

  For ah! the slight coquette, she cannot love,
And if you kiss'd her feet a thousand years,
  She still would take the praise, and care no more.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Early Sonnets, VIII.*, *ll.* 12–4.

The wounding cords that bind and strain
  The heart until it bleeds.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Miscellaneous Poems: To ——, st.* 1.

Corn-crake.

. . . The quaint notes
Of cuckoos died, but quainter in their place
Grated the strident corncrakes' rasping call
As some rough broken jest on harmony.
  HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: A Tale of the Thames, ch. XIX., ll.* 66–9.

Cosmopolite.

That man's the best cosmopolite
  Who loves his native country best.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Hands all Round, ll.* 3–4.

Cottage.

The cottage where she dwelt was long and low,
  With sloping red-tiled roof and gabled front,
  And timbered eaves that broke the weather's brunt.
Ask for its age and date? None cared to know,
Save 'twas that goodly time which men call Long-ago.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Love's Widowhood, st.* 20.

It is an utter calm!
The topmost ash-tree sprays have ceased to wave;
The wood-dove checks her sweet redoubled moan;
  And e'en the grey-wall'd cottages
Steep 'mid their crofts like things of Nature's own.
F. T. PALGRAVE, *The Vision of England: A Summer Sunset, st.* 4.

Counsel.

"Long counsel hinders consequence."
"MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act I., sc.* 2 (Morton).

. . . an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
  Of subtle-paced counsel in distress
Right to the heart and brain, tho' undescried,
  Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Thro' all the outworks of suspicious pride.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Isabel, st.* 2.

Country.

"Who loves his country never forfeits Heaven."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act IV., sc.* 4 (Candida).

How faith is kept and truth revered,
And man is loved and God is feared
  In woodland houses
And where the ocean border foams.
— W. C. BRYANT, *O Mother of a Mighty Race, st.* 5.

I lived, I loved, I lingered in the country, till
The great green woods became an awful agony,
The long still roads unutterable weariness.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Comedy of Dreams.*

A silent scene,—low line of level upland grey,
Some hedge-row elms fringing a cloudless eastern sky,
A slope of springing corn, and meadows closed for hay.
WALTER EARLE, *Home Poems: The Garden Graves, st.* 1.

The country is a poem writ
By God, and few decipher it.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. II.: Morning in the Orchard, st.* 6.

Country and Town. See **Town and Country.**

Country-Town.

In the dull undated life of a sleepy country town.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda; Among the Broken Gods: Luke Sprott, st.* 44.

Courage.

Beauty is queen, but Valour still is king,
Mere consort she, but he the lord confessed.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act I., st.* 32.

"Bravery I love, and there's no cause so poor
It cannot justify."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Palicio, act I., sc.* 1, *ll.* 215–6 (Margaret).

Oh, live and love worthily, bear and be bold!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae: James Lee's Wife, III., st.* 4.

Work, be unhappy, but bear life, my son!
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, X.: The Pope, l.* 1212.

"I think we all know well what courage is:
Not thews, not blood, not bulk, not bravery:
Its highest title, patience."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Plays by John Davidson: Bruce, act V., sc.* 4 (*Bruce*).

"Courage endures vexation and delay,
Biding its time while frantic cowardice
Leaps to unlooked-for ruin. Timid souls
Are always in a hurry."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Godfrida, act IV.* (Siward).

He feared his God, and bravely played the part he had to play.
CHARLES J. KICKHAM, *Myles O'Hea, st.* 1.

Stand upright, speak thy thought, declare
The truth thou hast that all may share;
Be bold, proclaim it everywhere:
They only live who dare.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. II.: Courage! st.* 4.

Not to the free alone, but to the slave
'Tis given to be brave.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Harvest-Tide : The Union of Hearts, ll.* 95–6.

And think not shame from the hearts ye tamed to learn,
When succour shall fail and the tide for a season turn
To fight with a joyful courage, a passionate pride,
To die at the last as the Guides at Cabul died.
HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race : The Guides at Cabul*, 1879, *st.* 1.

Courage to endure and to obey.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Isabel, st.* 2.

"Methinks most men are but poor-hearted, else
Should we so doat on courage, were it commoner?"
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act II., sc.* 2 (Bagenhall).

Court.

The Court's mean pomp or Senate's frothy strife.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act I., st.* 48.

"What lesson, sir?
That everybody, if he'd thrive at Court,
Should, first and last of all, look to himself?"
ROBERT BROWNING, *Colombe's Birthday, act I.* (Guibert).

Courtesy.

Nothing died in him
Save courtesy, good sense and proper trust,
Which, when they ebb from souls they should o'erflow,
Discover stud, weed, sludge and ugliness.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, IX. : Juris Doctor Johannes-Baptista Bottinius, ll.* 368–71.

The courtesy of Saints, their gentleness and scorn,
Lights on an earth more fair than shone from Plato's page;
The courtesy of knights, fair, calm and sacred rage;
The courtesy of love, sorrow for love's sake borne.
LIONEL JOHNSON, *The Age of a Dream, ll.* 3–6.

Covered with the glitter of steel and the glimmer of tears,
Princes of courtesy, merciful, proud and strong.
HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race : Craven, st.* 9.

"Man's courtesy keeps time with falsehood, though
Truth ring rebuke unheeded!"
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Marino Faliero, act I., sc.* 1 (Duchess).

The greater man, the greater courtesy.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : The Last Tournament, l.* 628.

Courtesy with a touch of traitor in it.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Lancelot and Elaine, l.* 635.

Cousin.

"She's my full cousin; he a highland one."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Plays: A Romantic Farce, act I.* (Amazon).

For cousinship will hardly grow to perfect wedded love;
There lacks the charm of wonder, and the mystery of fear;
It fits too easy on us, like a worn, familiar glove,
And we tend it not so nicely, though we hold it all as dear.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda: Among the Broken Gods: Claud Maxwell, st.* 19.

Covetousness.

It's human nature—very sad
We're all so desperately bad—
It's nature in the king or cad
His neighbour's goods to covet.
We all are envious each of each:
Prigged sermons parsons love to preach;
Tom's apple's better than my peach—
Tom's apple—so I love it.
C. C. R[HYS], *Up for the Season: Stolen Fruit, st.* 8.

Coward, Cowardice.

"Great courage goes to make an open coward."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Plays: Bruce, act V., sc.* 4 (Bruce).

And bitter memory cursed with idle rage
The greed that coveted gold above renown,
The feeble hearts that feared their heritage,
The hands that cast the sea-kings' sceptre down
And left to alien brows their famed ancestral crown.
HENRY NEWBOLT, *Admirals All: Væ Victis, st.* 6.

"... there grows
No herb of help to heal a coward heart."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Bothwell, act II., sc.* 13 (Queen Mary).

"Stone-hearted, ice-cold—no dash of daring in him."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act I., sc.* 5 (Noailles).

Sick art thou—a divided will
Still heaping on the fear of ill
The fear of men, a coward still.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Two Voices, st.* 36.

Cowslip.

They that can wander at will where the works of the Lord are revealed
Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of the field.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In the Children's Hospital, IV.*

Coyote.

A shade on the stubble, a ghost by the wall,
Now leaping, now limping, now risking a fall,
Lop-eared and large-jointed, but ever alway
A thoroughly vagabond outcast in gray.

BRET HARTE, *Coyote, st. 2.*

Crab-apple.

The crab that sets the mouth awry.

NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. II.: The Apology, st. 3.*

Craft.

Craft with a bunch of all-heal in her hand, follow'd up by her vassal legion of fools.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Demeter, etc.: Vastness, st. 6.*

Crane.

The crowned cranes stalked about the silent pool.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Voyage of Ithobal: The Fifth Day, l. 124.*

The faithful cranes sail back
To some old belfry in Teutonic skies.

LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical: Auguries of May, st. 5.*

The pilgrim cranes are moving to their south.

LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical: The Pilgrim Cranes, l. 1.*

Cranmer, Thomas.

". . . his heart was rich,
Of such fine mould, that if you sow'd therein
The seed of Hate, it blossom'd Charity."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act IV.* (Thirlby).

Crater.

We spy a nook
Cup-shaped, the crater of some fiery mount,
Which burned itself to stillness ages gone.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Voyage of Ithobal: The Seventh and Last Day, ll. 23–5.*

Creation.

"Let there be light and there was light: 'tis so:
For was, and is, and will be, are but is;
And all creation is one act at once,
The birth of light."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, III., ll. 6–9* (Princess).

Creditors.

My creditors beset me so
  And so environed my abode,
That I agreed, despite my need,
  To settle up the debts I owed.
  EUGENE FIELD, *A Little Book of Western Verse: Bérenger's "My Last Song Perhaps," st. 3.*

Creeds.

"How strong and green old legend clings
  Like ivy round the ruined creeds!"
    JOHN DAVIDSON, *Fleet Street Eclogues: Christmas Eve* (Sandy).

"lingering lies,
Remnants of creeds and tags of party cries."
    JOHN DAVIDSON, *Fleet Street Eclogues: St. Valentine's Day* (Menzies).

. . . even men of parts will pray
Against the wrong instead of smiting it,
Besotted with a creed.
    JOHN DAVIDSON, *The Last Ballad, etc.: The Ordeal, ll. 692–4.*

There's but one creed,—that's *Laissez faire*;
    AUSTIN DOBSON, *Vignettes in Rhyme: Laissez Faire, st. 6.*

He has no ears for Nature's voice
  Whose soul is the slave of a creed.
    JOHN HAY, *Pike County Ballads: The Monks of Basle, st. 18.*

. . . he knew
Behind all creeds the Spirit that is One.
ANDREW LANG, *Grass of Parnassus: Herodotus in Egypt, ll. 13–4.*

Will God reward if I die for a creed,
Or will He but pity, and sow more seed?
    SIR A. C. LYALL, *Theology in Extremis, st. 13.*

The world that our faith should unite with our creeds we divide.
  SIDNEY R. LYSAGHT, *Poems of the Unknown: A Ritual: A General Confession, st. 7.*

  Each for his own creed
  Prompt to die at need:
His side of England's shield each saw, and took for all.
  F. T. PALGRAVE, *The Visions of England: After Chalgrove Fight, st. 6.*

Men must change with the changing moon,
And life be sung to another tune,
  And shape itself to a larger creed.
    WALTER C. SMITH, *A Heretic, etc.: A Heretic, ll. 426–8.*

Neither mourn if human creeds be lower than the heart's desire!
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Faith*, *l.* 5.

I hate the rancour of their castes and creeds,
I let men worship as they will, I reap
No revenue from the field of unbelief.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Akbar's Dream*, *ll.* 62–4.

"They seem to me too narrow, all the faiths
Of this grown world of ours, whose baby eye
Saw them sufficient."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Harold, act III., sc. 2* (*Harold*).

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam: Dedication*, *st.* 5.

The knots that tangle human creeds.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *To* ——, *st.* 1.

Leave creeds to closet idlers.
J. G. WHITTIER, *To Rouge*, *l.* 11.

Cricket.

It was my best; no better one I crave
To bowl; it hurtled like an autumn gale,
And yet, withal, a crafty twist I gave,
Sufficing, as I fancied, to prevail.
ALFRED COCHRANE, *Ballade of the Corner Stroke*, *st.* 2.

Stupendous scores he never made,
But perished ever with despatch;
No bowling genius he displayed,
But once, in a forgotten match,
He made a catch.
ALFRED COCHRANE, *The Catch*, *st.* 1.

Friend, cricket is a fraud, I know,
Trading on legendary fame;
I find it very certain woe;
And yet it's an uncertain game.
ALFRED COCHRANE, *Monotonous Ballade of Ill-success* (envoy).

The cricket match, where rustics shout
Through the hot August afternoon.
ALFRED COCHRANE, *Collected Verses: To the Reader*, *st.* 11.

"Bowled by a beastly lob, confound it!
Jumped in too far and hit all round it!
Easy enough to now expound it—
Bowled by a beastly lob!"
NORMAN GALE, *Cricket Songs: Bambastes*, *st.* 3.

The team that can field well the team is that licks.
NORMAN GALE, *Cricket Songs: Buzz Her In*, st. 3.

God bless the grilling days of Cricket!
They're gone, but I shall bless them ever,
For good it is to guard a wicket
By sudden wrist and big endeavour.
NORMAN GALE, *Cricket Songs: Quinquaginta Annos Natus*, st. 2.

The burden of hard hitting: slog away!
Here shalt thou make a "five" and there a "four,"
And then upon thy bat shall lean, and say,
That thou art in for an uncommon score.
ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode: Ballade of Cricket*, st. 1.

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race: Vitaï Lampada*, st. 1.

Crime.

Weighted we are with others' sins,
With the whole long deathful past,
For who can tell where a crime begins
Or how long its results may last?
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Crucifixion of Man, Pt. II.: A Woman's Confession*, st. 30.

There's not a crime
But takes its proper change out still in crime
If once rung on the counter of this world:
Let sinners look to it.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh*, bk. II., ll. 870–3.

To me, dim shapes of ancient crime
Moan through the windy ways of time,
"Wail! wail!"
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Old-World Idylls: The Sick Man and the Birds*, st. 8.

You may prate of your prowess in lusty times,
But as years gnaw inward you blink your bays,
And see too well your crimes!
THOMAS HARDY, *Wessex Poems, etc.: San Sebastian*, st. 4.

Critics.

Bards make new poems,
Thinkers new schools,
Statesmen new systems,
Critics new rules!
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Bacchanalia; or The New Age, Pt. II.*, ll. 37–40.

But the critic leaves no air to poison;
Pumps out by a ruthless ingenuity
Atom by atom, and leaves you—vacuity.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day, XVI., ll.* 15–7.

"In naked speech, a sixpenny reviewer,
A hungry parasite of literature."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Fleet Street, Eclogues: St. Valentines' Day* (Menzies).

Nature fits all her children with something to do,
He who would write, and can't write, can surely review.
J. R. LOWELL, *A Fable for Critics, l.* 24 *from end.*

For the critical carping spirit abroad
Lies ever in wait for the Church's tripping,
If she miss but a turn of the changing road,
Or a chance wrong word from her mouth come slipping.
WALTER C. SMITH, *A Heretic, etc.: A Heretic, ll.* 308–11.

O you chorus of indolent reviewers,
Irresponsible, indolent reviewers.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Hendecasyllabics, ll.* 1–2.

Not ours to gauge the more or less,
The will's defect, the blood's excess,
The earthly humours that oppress
The radiant mind.
His greatness, not his littleness,
Concerns mankind.
WILLIAM WATSON, *The Tomb of Burns, st.* 17.

Crocodiles.

Here huge scaled crocodiles drowse in the sun.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Voyage of Ithobal: The Fourth Day, l.* 54

Crocus.

The groundflame of the crocus breaks the mould.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Progress of Spring, l.* 1.

Croquet.

"Most croquet is cheating,
Most roquet mere folly,
And yet we know
Some *belles* and *beaux*
Who fancy it's most jolly."
H. C. PENNELL, *Songs of Society: Croquet, st.* 1 (Adam.s.)

Crowd.

"Millions of people huddled out of sight,
The offal of the world."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *The Last Ballad, etc.: Eclogues, III.* (Artist).

The illumed unconscious faces of the crowd!
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Poems: Faces at a Fire, l.* 4.

Crown.

There's many a crown for who can reach.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Romances: The Last Ride Together st.* 6.

". . . she who sits enthroned may not prolong
The luxury of tears; nor may she waste
In lasting widowhood a people's hopes,
So hard is height, so cruel is a crown."
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Ulysses, act III., sc.* 24 (Eurymachus).

"A crown, and justice? night and day
Shall first be yoked together."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Marino Faliero, act III., sc.* 1 (Bertuccio).

Cruelty.

"Who misuses a dog would misuse a child—they cannot
Speak for themselves."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Becket, act I., sc.* 4 (Becket).

Crumpet.

There are cynics who say with invidious zest
That a crumpet's a thing that will never digest;
But I happen to *know* that a crumpet is prime
For digestion, if only you give it its time.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse: Crumpets and Tea, st.* 2.

Cry. See also **Lamentation.**

. . . a cry
Loud as the wind's when stormy spring
Makes all the woodland rage and ring.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *The Tale of Balen, VI., st.* 50.

. . . a sudden sharp and bitter cry,
As of a wild thing taken in the trap.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Geraint and Enid, II., ll.* 724–5.

Crystals.

See now these crystals: This is *celestine*,—
This, *amethyst*,—and this, yes, *cinnabar*.
S. WADDINGTON, *Sonnets, etc.: Before the Cabinet, ll.* 1–2.

Cuckoo.

As, in cool-tempered airs of April-time,
The Cuckoo's song sends through each sense a thrill
Of swift anticipation of the prime
That, ere it ceases, Summer shall fulfil,
ANON., *Songs of Lucilla: The Cuckoo, ll.* 1–4.

The cuckoo, sponsor of the Spring,
Breaks in, and strives, with loud acclaim,
To christen it with his own name.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *At the Gate of the Convent, ect. : Defence of English Spring, ll.* 92–4.

Yes, Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo still!
Do you not feel an impulse thrill
Your vernal blood to do the same,
And, boy-like, shout him back his name?
ALFRED AUSTIN, *A Defence of English Spring, ll.* 135–8.

With "daisies pied," and cowslips yellow,
Comes the voice that hath no fellow—
Wandering voice, soft, clear, and mellow,
'Tis the lone cuckoo.
JANET HAMILTON, *Poems: Memories, st.* 6.

The floating call of the cuckoo.
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, *Robert Louis Stephenson, etc. : An Impression, l.* 1.

I hear the cuckoo's last good-night float from the copse below the farm.
EARL OF LYTTON, *Good-Night in the Porch.*

Culture.

. . . there's a new tribunal now
Higher than God's—the educated man's!
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, X. : The Pope, ll.* 1976–7.

Shall it, then, be unavailing,
All this toil of human culture?
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Birds of Passage : Prometheus, st.* 6.

Cupid.

His thickly curling hair, his ruddy cheeks,
And pouting lips, his soft and dimpl'd chin,
The full and cushion'd eye, that idly speaks
Of self-content and vanity within,
The forward, froward ear, and smooth to touch
His body sleek, but rounded overmuch
For dignity of mind and pride akin.
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Eros and Psyche: July, st.* 21.

Cupid is a casuist
A mystic, and a cabalist,—
Can your lurking thought surprise,
And interpret your device.
R. W. EMERSON, *The Initial Love, ll.* 60–3.

Curate.

"We curates are—I learn it then—
A cheaply fatuous race of men
In garments cheaper;
Our staple food's a currant bun—
I almost think that every one
Should have a keeper!"
ANTHONY C. DEANE, *New Rhymes for Old: In the Looking Glass*, *st.* 4.

An' thou'll be 'is Curate 'ere, but, if iver tha meäns to git 'igher,
Tha mun tackle the sins o' the wo'ld, an' not the faults o' the Squire.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Churchwarden and the Curate*, *st.* 10.

Curfew.

The cufew chimes, the midnight bell.
"Sleep well, my child," it murmurs low;
"The guardian angels come and go,—
"O child, sleep well!"
EUGENE FIELD, *A Little Book of Western Verse: The Divine Lullaby*, *st.* 2.

Curiosity.

For curiosity has ever shown
A greedy-grasping avarice of its own,
And few there are in this world, high or low,
Who do not like to know what others know.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals: The Festival of Industry*, *V.*, *ll.* 19–22.

Curlew.

The curlew calls me where the salt winds blow;
His troubled note dwells mournfully and dies;
Then the long echo cries
Deep in my heart.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *New Ballads: Spring Song*, *ll.* 10–13.

Curling.

The curlers ply the "roarin' play,"
An' rinks are made, an' wagers ta'en;
An' loch an' muir are ringin' roun'
Wi' echoes o' the curlin' stane.
JANET HAMILTON, *Winter*, *st.* 6.

Curse.

. . . the primal curse
Which bids men love as well as make a lie.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book*, *I.*, *ll.* 643–4.

Curse not, but rather wait and pray" (Semi-chorus II.).
Echo the curse!" (Semi-chorus I.).
"O echo not
That which shameth human thought—
'Tis so easy and so vain
To curse, and all may curse again!" (Semi-chorus II.).
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *The Drama of Kings: Buonaparte, ll.* 1090–4.

The house accurst, with cursing sealed and signed,
Heeds not what storms about it burn and burst.
No fear more fearful than its own may find
The house accurst.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *In Guernsey, st.* 7.

Oh! one curse
Outweighs a thousand blessings, and one frown
Will gloom a long day's sunshine in the Past!
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Aeson, Pt. I.*, 8, *ll.* 39–41.

Custom. See also **Habit.**

Rude are our walls, our beds are rough,
But use is hardship's subtle friend.
He hath got all that hath enough;
And rough feels softest in the end.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *At the Gate of the Convent, st.* 28.

"Custom uprears athwart the source of shame
A fragile dam; but when another marks
The waves that beat behind, they swell and burst
The sandy sea-wall of hypocrisy,
Like a packed gulf delivered by the moon."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Plays: Bruce, act I., sc.* 2 (Bruce).

"Sirs, take note
That with men's wrongs and sufferings age on age
This blindworm custom have ye fed and made
A serpent fanged and flying, with eyes and wings,
To raven on men's hearts."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Marino Faliero, act V., sc.* 1 (Faliero).

For change of place, like growth of time,
Has broke the bond of dying use.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, CV., st.* 3.

Customs.

Old customs mayn't be void of ill,
But with their faults we love them still,
Like England's self.
C. C. R[HYS], *Up for the Season: China Leaves, ll.* 165–7.

Cuttlefish.

. . . lowly creatures of the deep,
Sea-flowers, sea-worms, sea-slugs, and cuttle-fish.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Voyage of Ithobal: Seventh and Last Day, ll.* 41–2.

"Fiend! with slimy supersubtle
  Feelers, I perceive your wish
My poor craft to catch and scuttle,
  You fallacious cuttle-fish!
So take that, you subtle, cuttle,
  Supersubtle cuttle-fish!"
C. L. GRAVES, *The Green above the Red: Napper Tandy and I*, st. 16 (1)

Cyclamen.

Proud cyclamens on long lithe stems that soar.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act II., st. 26.*

Yet I, who have all these things in ken,
Am struck to the heart by the chiselled white
  Of this handful of cyclamen.
"MICHAEL FIELD," *Underneath the Bough: The Fourth Book of Songs, song 20.*

Cyphering.

A hundred-and-sixty, says you—You're smart though, what?
And sure enough it is—aw this ciphrin and figgurin and recknin, aw grand! grand!
T. E. BROWN, *Old John, etc.: In the Coach, No. 1, Jus' the Shy, ll. 4-5.*

Daffodil.

Though many a flower in the wood is waking,
  The daffodil is our doorside queen.
W. C. BRYANT, *An Invitation to the Country, st. 4.*

The boys are up in the woods with day
To fetch the daffodils away,
And home at noonday from the hills
They bring no dearth of daffodils.
A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad: X., March, st. 3.*

And all the wood-way thrills
In new-born daffodils.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical: A Hymn to Astarte, st. 17.*

Daisy.

The daisy once was white
—Until it caught a sight
  Of angels in the air.
Such rapture flushed the flower
That, ever since that hour,
  Its glad pink blush is there!
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. V.: Chorus of Spirits of Light, st. 6.*

" The vanguards of the daisies come,
  Summer's crusaders sanguine-stained,
The only flowers that left their home
  When happiness in Eden reigned."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Fleet Street Eclogues: Good Friday* (Menzies).

Better a daisy's earthy root
Than a gorgeous, dying rose.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Roadside Poems: Better Things, st.* 2.

Slight as thou art, thou art enough to hide,
  Like all created things, secrets from me,
And stand a barrier to eternity.
ALICE MEYNELL, *Poems: Sonnet: To a Daisy, ll.* 1–3.

The daisy to the daffodil
  Cried, " Every dell I know,
  I bloom upon the barren hill,
  And in the vale below;—
By cottage-walls and moated halls,
  By road, and mere, and moor;
A home behind the church I find,
  And by the chapel-door.
SAMUEL WADDINGTON, *Sonnets and other Verse: A Millennium, st.* 1.

Damsel-fly.

. . . before him, aye aloof,
Flittered in the cool some azure damsel-fly,
Born of the simmering quiet, there to die.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Sordello, bk. I., ll.* 908–10.

Dancing.

Search the world all around, from the sky to the ground,
  No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing.
J. F. WALLER, *Kitty Neil, st.* 3.

Dandelion.

Now dandelions light the way
  Expecting summer's near approach.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs: Spring IV., st.* 3.

. . . the coloured plot
Where dandelions climb the thistle's knee.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. I.: A Creed, st.* 21.

Forth from its sunny nook of shelter'd grass—innocent, golden
  calm as dawn,
The spring's first dandelion shows its trustful face.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: Sands at Seventy: The First Dandelion, ll.* 3–4.

Danger.

". . . we know how every perilous feat
Of daring, easy as it seems when done,
Is easy at no moment but the right."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Merope* (Messenger).

"There's naught exists
That is not dangerous and holds not death
For souls or bodies."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. II.*, (Don Silva).

"Alas! the world is full of peril!
The path that runs through the fairest meeds,
On the sunniest side of the valley, leads
Into a region bleak and sterile!"
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Golden Legend, IV.* (Irmingard).

Dante.

He lived and loved; he suffered; he was poor . . .
He bowed to none; he kept his honour sure.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc.: Dante, ll.* 1 *and* 5.

Darkness.

Darkness which would daunt
Save that it shows—what Day concealed—the stars.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of the World: The Parables.*

Darkness, eternal darkness, darkness bare
Of warmth, of life, of thought.
SIR F. H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc.: At Sea, st.* 9.

Being wrapt in darkness deep as hell
And silence dark as shame.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *The Tale of Balen, VI., st.* 44.

Darkness (*metaphorically*).

"Even the Devil has his dark hours, though living
With power to laugh and injure is merry work."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act I., sc.* 3 (Abaddon).

But that from slow dissolving pomps of dawn
No verity of slowly strengthening light
Early or late hath issued; that the day
Scarce-shown, relapses rather, self-withdrawn,
Back to the gloom of ante-natal night,
For this,' O human beings, mourn we may.
A. H. CLOUGH, *Darkness.*

Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Enoch Arden, ll.* 77–8.

The doors of Night may be the gates of Light.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Ancient Sage, l.* 173.

So, darkness in the pathway of Man's life
Is but the shadow of God's providence,
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon;
And what is dark below is light in Heaven.
J. G. WHITTIER, *Tauler, ll. 79-82.*

Dates.

And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over with gold dust divine.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: Saul IX., l. 7.*

Daughter.

I patronize each déjeuner, each party on the water;
Yet still she hangs upon my arm,—This is my eldest daughter.
T. H. BAYLY, *This is my Eldest Daughter, st. 4.*

Again the mighty sun arose,
And on each mountain lawn
Began the million golden glows
That usher in the dawn.
Go, dear night. Come, purple light
Rise, love, and make the morning bright.
CHARLES, LORD BOWEN, *Good-Night, Good-Morning, st. 2.*

Dawn.

When the firmament quivers with daylight's young beam,
And the woodlands awaking burst into a hymn.
W. C. BRYANT, *When the Firmament quivers with Daylight's Young Beam, st. 1.*

Dawn, with flusht foot upon the mountain-tops,
Stands beckoning to the Sun-god's golden car.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Dawn, ll. 1–2.*

Long ere she left her cloudy bed,
Still dreaming in the Orient land,
On many a mountain's happy head
Dawn lightly laid her rosy hand.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs: A Ballad of a Nun, st. 5.*

A subtle air of dawning seems to stir
Before the dawn, as if its harbinger
To prisoned souls within,
Proclaiming the near coming of the day.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Britain: A Midsummer Night's Dream, ll. 104–7.*

. . . dawn, when dreams
Begin to feel the truth and stir of day.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Morte d'Arthur, ll. 290–1.*

When, in extravagant revel, the Dawn, a bacchante upleaping,
Spills, on the tresses of Night, vintages golden and red.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Hymn to the Sea, Pt. III., ll. 13–4.*

Day.

"Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
A mite of my twelve-hours' treasure,
Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me!"
ROBERT BROWNING, *Pippa Passes, Pt. I., ll.* 13–4, 20 (Pippa).

Day for folly, night for schooling!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Pippa Passes, Pt. IX., l.* 54.

"'Tis day, but day that falls like melody
Repeated on a string with graver tones—
Tones such as linger in a long farewell."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. I.* (Blasco).

"Day is dying! Float, O song,
Down the westward river,
Requiem chanting to the Day—
Day the mighty Giver."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. I.* (Juan).

A lavish day! One day, with life and heart,
Is more than time enough to find a world.
J. R. LOWELL, *Columbus, ll.* 274–5.

One mere day, we thought; the measure
Of such days the year fulfils.
ALICE MEYNELL, *Poems: An Unmarked Festival, st.* 5.

Eh? good daäy! good daäy! thaw it bean't not mooch of a daäy.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Churchwarden and the Curate, st.* 1.

"Madam, a day may sink or save a realm" (Philip).
"A day may save a heart from breaking too" (Mary).
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act III., sc.* 4.

When, as a token at parting, munificent Day, for remembrance,
Gives, unto men that forget; Ophirs of fabulous ore.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Hymn to the Sea, Pt. III., ll.* 15–6.

Dead, The.

Greater by far than thou are dead;
Strive not! die also thou!
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *In Memory of the Author of "Obermann," st.* 23.

For strict and close are the ties that bind
In death the children of human kind:
Yea, stricter and closer than those of life.
W. C. BRYANT, *The Two Graves, st.* 2.

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.
W. C. BRYANT, *Thanatopsis, ll.* 48–50.

". . . They sigh who wail the dead;
Not those who have sharp matter of reproach
Against the living."
"MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act III., sc.* 1 (Lethington).

Yet saw he something in the lives
Of those who'd ceased to live
That rounded them with majesty
Which living failed to give.
THOMAS HARDY, *Wessex Poems, etc.: The Casterbridge Captains. st.* 6.

The dead are glad in Heaven, the living 'tis that weep.
KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON, *Cuckoo Songs: The Widowed House, st.* 3.

"Consult the dead upon things that were,
But the living only on things that are."
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Golden Legend, I.* (Lucifer).

The dead never speak when the mournful dream,
They are too weak and sad.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Thankless Lady, st.* 5.

The living ofttimes vex us—
The wise old dead are best.
LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, *At the Wind's Will: In a Library.*

"The dead who frown I fear not: but I fear
The dead who smile!"
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Paolo and Francesca, act IV., sc.* 1 (Francesca).

Strong are alone the dead.
They need not bow the head,
Or reach one hand in ineffectual prayer.
Safe in their iron sleep
What wrong shall make them weep,
What sting of human anguish reach them there?
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical: An Ode, ll.* 57–62

. . . the secure
And measureless contentment of the dead.
ALEXANDER SMITH, *Edwin of Deira, etc.: Torquil and Oona, st.* 28.

If you be dead, then I am dead, who only live for you.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Happy, st.* 24.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum.

"The dead are dearest, be who will alive."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act III., sc.* 9 (Grosso).

All forgive the dead.

W. C. BRYANT, *Earth.*

The shroud is Forgiveness' token,
And Death makes saints of all.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals : The Festival of Memory, III., ll.* 15–6.

Death.

'Tis to feel the cold touch of decay,
'Tis to look back on the wake of one's way,
Fading and vanishing, day after day.
This is the bitterness none can be spared ;
This the oblivion the greatest have shared ;
This the true death for ambition prepared.
HENRY ALFORD, *Filiolae Dulcissimae, stt.* 7–8.

Death comes to no man
Sweet as to him who in fighting crushes his country's foeman.
WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, *The Ban-Shee, st.* 5.

O King ! do good ! fetch profit from breath !
Before they say : " 'Tis thine hour of death ! "
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Tenth Muse : Greatness.*

" Birth, wedding, dissolution, are but stops
In the one tune whose cadence still is death."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Prince Lucifer, act I., sc.* 1 (Adam).

" Omit death's certain sharpness, life would lack
The salt that lends it savour."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Prince Lucifer, act IV., sc.* 2 (Lucifer).

" Death is master of lord and clown.
Close the coffin, and hammer it down."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Prince Lucifer, act IV., sc.* 4 (Adam).

" . . . Hush ! Love should at least
Be silent in the corridors of death."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act I., sc.* 2 (Candida).

" Death is the looking-glass of life wherein
Each man may scan the aspect of his deeds."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act I., sc.* 4 (Savonarola).

Death can bring deep sorrow and dejection,
But it never quite dismays the heart.
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. II. : Old Letters, st.* 50.

Nothing can die. All things but shift and grow
With progress slow.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. IV. : Song of the Flowers, st.* 21.

Why be heavy of heart, my brother,
  Why be weary or weep?
For death ends all things, one with the other,
  And death is a dreamless sleep.
E. F. M. BENEKE, *The Cross beneath the Ring: All is Laughter and Dust and Ashes, st.* 4.

For life can cure the ills that love may make;
But for the harm of death is no repair.
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Eros and Psyche: August, st.* 11.

. . . Life, struck sharp on death,
Makes awful lightning.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. I., ll.* 210–11.

". . . strange secrets are let out by death
Who blabs so oft the follies of this world."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus, III.* (Paracelsus).

You never know what life means till you die:
Even throughout life, 'tis death that makes life live.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, XI.: Guido, ll.* 2375–6.

Dying in cold blood is the desperate thing.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, XI.: Guido, ll.* 465.

Have thou thy joy of living and be gay;
But know not less that there must come a day,—
Aye, and perchance e'en now it hasteneth,—
When thine own heart shall speak to thee and say,—
There is no king more terrible than death.
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Essays in Old French Forms: The Dance of Death* (envoy).

"Break thus, my heart!" rang forth the bitter cry;
  "Break, when thine hour is come; but now, oh soul,
Toil on—nor claim the privilege to die."
SIR F. H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc.: Gythia, st.* 37.

Death is the king who never did think scorn,
But rescues every meanest soul to sorrow born.
"GEORGE ELIOT," *Legend of Jubal, etc.: How Lisa loved the King, ll.* 212–3.

The ways of Death are soothing and serene,
And all the words of Death are grave and sweet.
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems: Bric-à-Brac, R. G. C. B., st.* 1.

Death with his well-worn, lean, professional smile.
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems: London Voluntaries, IV., ll.* 60.

Even bitter death must sweets to lovers give.
R. LE GALLIENNE, *English Poems: Cor Cordium: "Juliet and her Romeo," l.* 12.

Ah yes! the young may die, but the old must!
That is the difference."

H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Golden Legend, IV.* (Abbot).

Console if you will, I can bear it;
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made Death other than Death.

J. R. LOWELL, *After the Burial, st.* 10.

Somewhere is comfort, somewhere faith,
Though thou in outer dark remain;
One sweet sad voice ennobles death,
And still, for eighteen centuries saith
Softly, "Ye meet again!"

J. R. LOWELL, *Palinode, st.* 4.

Yes, there is one who makes us all lie down
Our mushroom vanities, our speculations,
Our well-set theories and calculations,
Our workman's jacket or our monarch's crown!

GEORGE MACDONALD, *Death, ll.* 1–4.

Life's best things gather round its close
To light it from the door.

GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Gospel Women, V., st.* 1.

In that dark Kingdom where Death reigns in state.

P. B. MARSTON, *A Last Harvest: Alas! st.* 5.

"I take all sorrows from the sorrowful,
And teach the joyful what it is to joy."

HERMAN MERIVALE, *The White Pilgrim* (Pilgrim).

Death! there is not any Death; only infinite change,
Only a place of life which is novel and strange.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life: The Ode of Change, ll.* 3–4.

For happy folk no time can pass too slow
Because they die; because at last they die
And are at rest, no time too fast can fly
For wretches.

WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise, Prologue—The Wanderers: The Wanderer, ll.* 364–7.

"Life in death,
But never death in life for me, O King!"

WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise, February: Bellerophon in Lycia, ll.* 2140–1 (Bellerophon).

"Think you the old would die?
At any cost they would prolong the light.
'Tis we, in whose pure blood the fever takes,
Newly innoculate with violent life,
'Tis we who are so mad to die."

STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Paolo and Francesca, act III., sc.* 1 (Paolo).

"O death, thou hast a beckon to the brave,
Thou last sea of the navigator, last
Plunge of the diver, and last hunter's leap."
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Ulysses, act I., sc. 2* (Ulysses).

Earth cannot bar flame from ascending,
Hell cannot bind light from descending,
Death cannot finish life never ending.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses: Some Feasts and Fasts: St. John, Apostle, st. 1.*

Dang it all, Jack, it's hard when it comes,
This 'ere Death, as we laughs at and jeers;
And I don't mind confessin', 'twixt chums,
As this last touch has give me the skeers.
G. R. SIMS, *Dagonet and other Poems: The Last Letter, st. 2.*

Know when to die!
Perform thy work and straight return to God.
ALEXANDER SMITH, *Poems: A Life-Drama, sc. 4.*

"Think of Life!" the broad winds say,
Through the old trees sighing;
But the whirling leaf-dance,—"Nay,
Think of dying!"
C. W. STUBBS, *The Conscience: Two Epitaphs, st. 4.*

"Surely some death is better than some life."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon* (Althaea).

"The sweet wise death ol old men honourable,
Who have lived out all the length of all their years
Blameless."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon* (Althaea).

For the steersman time sits hidden astern,
With the dark hand plying the rudder of doom,
And the surf-smoke under it flies like fume
As the blast sheers off and the oar-blades churn
The foam of our lives that to death return,
Blown back as they break to the gulfing gloom.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Storm and Battle (from Erechtheus).*

We die—does it matter when?
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Revenge, XI.*

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Crossing the Bar, st. 1.*

Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, CXX., st. 1.*

"This is more vile," he made reply,
"To breathe and loathe, to live and sigh,
Than once from dread of pain to die."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Two Voices*, *st.* 35.

Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly long'd for death.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Two Voices*, *st.* 132.

For death gives life's last word a power to live.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary*, *act IV.*, *sc.* 3 (Cranmer).

By chinks and crannies, Death,
Forbid the doorways, oft-times entereth.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Ode on the Day of the Coronation of King Edward VII* (26.6.02).

And I will show that there is no imperfection in the present, and can be none in the future,
And I will show that whatever happens to anybody it may be turned to beautiful results,
And I will show that nothing can happen more beautiful than death.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass : Starting from Paumanok*, 12, *ll.* 12–4.

Death the Portal of Life. See also **Immortality.**

Dead! nay, to lie so long breathing reluctant breath,
With fainting forces, is not Life but Death;
But at the last to 'scape Earth's toil and strife,
That is not Death but Life!
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Harvest-Tide : On an Old Statesman*, *ll.* 9–12.

Night of life means dawn of peace.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends : Cul-de-Sac*, *st.* 4.

. . . Lo! I am He, O man,
Whom thou hast dreaded all thy life-long days.
My name is Life, but they have called me Death.
And so misnamed. And, if I come for thee,
Be not discomforted, there is no fear;
Life cannot fail, Death is Immortal Life!
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Daphne, etc. : Aeson*, *Pt. II.*, 15, *ll.* 10–5.

Joy, shipmate, joy!
(Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry,)
Our life is closed, our life begins,
The long, long anchorage we leave,
The ship is clear at last, she leaps!
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass : Songs of Parting : Joy, Shipmate, Joy*, *ll.* 1–5.

Debt.

"We women hate a debt as men a gift."
ROBERT BROWNING, *In a Balcony* (Constance).

I beänt that sewer es the Lord, howsiver they praäy'd an' praäy'd,
Lets them inter 'eaven eäsy es leäves their debts to be paäid.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Village Wife; or, The Entail, st.* 15.

Decay.

. . . where pain is not,
But only, in the quiet summer light,
The gentleness of natural decay.
ALEXANDER SMITH, *Edwin of Deira, bk. III., ll.* 97-9.

The fate
Of all earthly things, bides its proper hour,
And, as the year dies, and the forest falls,
So cities crumble, and so nations craze.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Daphne, etc.: Aeson, Pt. I.*, 1, *ll.* 109–120.

December.

She has no natural grace,
But something comes to her from far away
Out of the Past, and on her old decay
The beauty of her childhood you can trace.
G. MACDONALD, *On a December Day, ll.* 3-6.

The hedgerows are set with the crystals of winter,
And ripe berries hiding from gay-feathered thieves,
The hand of December, the vigorous tinter,
Has browned and encarmined the exquisite leaves.
G. R. SIMS, *Dagonet and Other Poems: The Devonshire Lanes, st.* 2.

Deeds, Acts. See also **Right and Wrong.**

Once in a century springs forth a deed
From the dark bonds of forgetfulness freed,
Destined to shine, and to help, and to lead.
HENRY ALFORD, *Filiolae Dulcissimae, st.* 11.

Lo! as hid seed shoots after rainless years,
So good and evil, pains and pleasures, hates
And loves, and all dead deeds, come forth again
Bearing bright leaves or dark, sweet fruit or sour.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. II.*

"Courageous, faithful actions, nobly dared."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Merope* (Polyphontes).

". . . but deeds
Condemn'd by prudence have sometimes gone well."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Merope* (The Chorus).

Do what you have in hand, and God will show
What thing is next to do.
E. F. M. BENEKE, *The Cross beneath the Ring: Explicit, ll.* 89–90.

How to act
For right between one's birth and burying
Is and has been in all philosophies,
Religions, ethics, systems, schemes, ideas,
The peak-point of attainment.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: A Tale of the Thames, ch. XX., ll.* 176–80.

'Tis tiny acts
And little iterant faults swell up to make
The gross of some inveterate devilishness,
'Gainst which one blazing inconsiderate crime
May count as petty in the balancing.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: A Tale of the Thames, ch. XXIV., ll.* 57–61.

"A great Deed at this hour of day?
A great just Deed—and not for pay?
Absurd,—or insincere!"
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Tale of Villafranca, st.* 4.

So I said, "To do little is bad, to do nothing is worse."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies, 9: Cherries, Interlude, l.* 4.

In this world, who can do a thing, will not;
And who would do it, cannot, I perceive.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Men and Women: Andrea del Sarto, ll.* 137–8.

. . . it is better, if we doubt,
To say so, act up to our truth perceived
However feebly.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Men and Women: Bishop Blougram's Apology, ll.* 811–3.

"One doubtful act hides far too many sins."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Strafford, act II., sc.* 1 (Benjamin Rudyard).

"Because we can't do all we would,
Does it follow, to do nothing's good?"
A. H. CLOUGH, *Dipsychus, Pt. I., sc.* 4 (Spirit).

The cultivation of your souls
May warp you as you sit apart!
March out into the light and heal
(For all can heal) some broken heart.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. II.: Last Words, st.* 6.

For deeds undone
Rankle and snarl and hunger for their due,
Till there seems naught so despicable as you
In all the grin o' the sun.
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems: Rhymes and Rhythms, VII., st.* 2.

"What a man has done bores everybody, but what he is going to do is always delightful."
"JOHN OLIVER HOBBES," *The Wisdom of the Wise, act I* (Kate).

"Do what thou dost as if the stake were heaven,
And that thy last deed ere the judgment-day"
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act II., sc. 7* (Elizabeth).

We must do the thing we *must*
  Before the thing we *may*:
We are unfit for any trust
  Till we can and do obey.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Willie's Question, Pt. IV.*

It is not best to rot
In dull observance, while the bitter cry
Of weak and friendless sufferers rends the sky,
Wailing their hopeless lot.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life: Ode of Perfect Years, Pt. III., ll. 89–92.*

What is the sorriest thing that enters hell?
  None of the sins,—but this and that fair deed
  Which a soul's sin at length could supersede.
D. G. ROSSETTI, *The House of Life, Pt. II.: Sonnet LXXXV., ll. 1–3.*

Unto the man of yearning thought
And aspiration to do naught
Is in itself almost an act,— . . .
Yet woe to thee if once thou yield
Unto the act of doing naught!
D. G. ROSSETTI, *Soothsay, st. 10.*

Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do or die.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Charge of the Light Brigade, st. 2.*

"A loving little life of sweet small works."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Bothwell, act I., sc. 1* (Queen Mary).

But children die; and let me tell you, girl,
Howe'er you babble, great deeds cannot die.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, III., ll. 236–7* (Ida).

Let thy secret, unseen acts
Be such as if the men thou prizest most
Were witnesses around thee; the great Gods
Look'd down upon thee, and immortal ears
Hearken'd thine inmost thought!
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece, Alcaeus, VII., ll. 238–42.*

No specification is necessary, all that a male or a female does, that is vigorous, benevolent, clean, is so much profit to him or her,
In the unshaken order of the universe and through the whole scope of it forever.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: Autumn Rivulets: Song of Prudence, ll. 16–7.*

Deeds, not Creeds.

For by our deeds, and by our deeds alone,
  God judges us,—if righteous God there be.
Creeds are as thistle-down wind-tost and blown,
  But deeds abide throughout eternity.
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. II.: Post-Mortem Surprises, st.* 15, 16.

"A deed of love
Is stronger than a metaphysic truth."
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Within and Without, Pt. IV., sc.* 19 (Julian).

Deeds, not Dreams (Thoughts).

Let every deed of man be true:
There is no heaven in which to do
  The noble deeds we only planned.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. IV.: Chant of Positivists, st.* 22.

What act proved all its thought had been?
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Romances: The Last Ride Together, st.* 6.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long.
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *A Farewell, st.* 2.

To stretch the octave 'twixt the dream and deed,
Ah, that's the thrill!
R. LE GALLIENNE, *English Poems: Of Poets and Poetry, The Decadent to his Soul, st.* 7.

The moral question's ollus plain enough,—
It's jes' tho human natur' side thet's tough;
Wut's best to think mayn't puzzle me nor you,—
The pinch comes in decidin' wut to *du*;
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. II., Letter* 6.

His dream became a deed that woke the world.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *St. Telemachus, l.* 70.

Deeds, not Words.

Not all the noblest songs are worth
  One noble deed.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Lyrics: Off Mesolongi, st.* 18.

"Say thou thy say, and I will do my deed."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Gareth and Lynette, l.* 880 (Gareth).

"You said your say;
Mine answer was my deed."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Gareth and Lynette, ll.* 1146–7 (Gareth).

In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, XXXVI., st.* 3.

A deedful life, a silent voice.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *To* ——, *st.* 2.

But direr than all direst words are deeds.
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *Natura Benigna, Pt. II.: The Nature Worshipper, l.* 5.

Deep.

"Deep calls to deep":—man's depth would be despair
But for God's deeper depths: we sow to reap,
Have patience, wait, betake ourselves to prayer:
Deep answereth deep.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses: Songs for Strangers and Pilgrims, No.* 33, *st.* 4.

Deer.

And herds of strange deer, lily-white,
Stole forth among the branches grey.
ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode: Romance, st.* 2.

And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Song of Hiawatha, III.: Hiawatha's Childhood, ll.* 206–7.

Defeat.

Helmet and plume and sabre, banner and lance and shield,
Scattered in sad confusion over the trampled field;
And a band of broken soldiers, with a weary, hopeless air,
With heads in silence drooping, and eyes of grim despair.
A. E. J. LEGGE, *The Losing Side, st.* 1.

I would not
Sit tame beneath defeat, trimming my sails
To wait the breeze of Fortune.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades, bk. I.: Tartarus Sisyphus, ll.* 97–9.

"The stinging, vile disgrace of routed men,
And all the nameless horrors bred of war."
CHARLES W. WHYNNE, *David and Bathshua, act. III., sc.* 2 (David).

Defect.

Defect somewhere compensates for success,
Everyone knows that.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae: Mr. Sludge "The Medium," ll.* 1237–8.

Every one knows for what his excellence
Will serve, but no one ever will consider
For what his worst defect might serve: and yet
Have you not seen me range our coppice yonder
In search of a distorted ash?—I find
The wry spoilt branch a natural perfect bow.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Pippa Passes, Pt. VI., ll. 96–101.*

Defences.

Our national defences are stout old British hearts,
And come what will, they'll prove it still, true valour ne'er departs.
J. E. CARPENTER, *Our National Defences, st. 2.*

Delay.

To all delay there comes at length a close.
EDMUND GOSSE, *In Russet and Silver: Joost van Vondel, l. 5.*

Dell.

Oh! the bonny, bonny dell, whaur the primroses won,
Luikin oot o' their leaves like wee sons o' the sun;
Whaur the wild roses hing like flickers o' flame,
And fa' at the touch wi' a dainty shame.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Bonny, Bonny Dell, st. 2.*

Delusion.

"Whom God deludes is well deluded."
A. H. CLOUGH, *Dipsychus, Pt. II., sc. 2* (Spirit).

Democracy.

Democracy gives every man
The right to be his own oppressor.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. II., Letter 7.*

Demos.

. . . a thousand tricks and ways and traits
I noted as of Demos at their root,
And foreign to the staid, conservative,
Came-over-with-the-Conqueror type of mind.
WILLIAM WATSON, *A Study in Contrasts, Pt. I., ll. 40–3.*

Departure.

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: Boot and Saddle, st. 1.*

"Leave me now,
Will you, companion to myself, sir?" (Elizabeth).
"Will I?
With most exceeding willingness, I will" (Badingford).
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act III., sc. 5.*

Depression.

"Oh, there are hours,
When love, and faith, and dear domestic ties,
And converse with old friends, and pleasant walks,
Familiar faces and familiar books,
Study, and art, upliftings into prayer,
And admiration of the noblest things,
Seem all ignoble only."
A. C. CLOUGH, *Dipsychus, Pt. II., sc.* 5 (Dipsychus).

There was no water in my eyes, but my spirits were depressed,
And my heart lay like a sodden, soggy doughnut in my breast.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse : John Smith, ll.* 3–4.

Desert.

The desert wide
Lies round thee like a trackless tide,
In waves of sand forlornly multiplied.
F. W. FABER, *The Shadow of the Rock, st.* 2.

Desire.

Large desires, with most uncertain issues.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Voices of the Night : Flowers, st.* 7.

Sick with an empty ache of long desire.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends : The Depths of the Sea, l.* 13.

And round him all the bright rough shuddering sea
Kindled, as though the world were even as he,
Heart-stung with exultation of desire.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Sea and Sunrise (from Tristram of Lyonesse).*

Desk.

Dear Desk, farewell! I spoke you oft
In phrases neither sweet nor soft,
But at the end I come to see
That thou a friend hast been to me,
No flatterer, but very friend.
R. LE GALLIENNE, *English Poems : Of Poets and Poetry ; The Desk's Dry Wood, ll.* 1–5.

Despair.

" Because thou must not dream, thou need'st not then despair ! "
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Empedocles on Etna, act I., sc.* 2 (Empedocles).

And, in their hearts, an anguish of despair,
Too deep for utterance, and too dark for prayer.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act II., st.* 136.

However sad man's lot,
Despair should enter not
The suffering heart of man.

God by one single stroke
Can heal the heart he broke,
  So carrying out his plan.
  GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. V.: Chorus of Spirits of Light, st.* 1.

She knew from her own blasted youth,
What human hearts are born to bear,
And had been slowly taught, by truth,
The meaning of the word Despair.
  SIR F. H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc.: The Two Destinies, ll.* 144–7.

    Despair is Sorrow's wife.
  ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc.: Third Litany, Ad Te Clamavi, st.* 14.

To live, to do, to act, to dream, to hope,
To be a perfect woman with the full,
Sweet, wondrous, and consummate joy
Of womanhood fulfilled to all desire—
And then . . . oh then, to know the waning of the vision.
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream* [*Lyric Runes*]: *The Rune of the Passion of Women, ll.* 51–5.

  . . . vain longing and regret and fear,
Dull empty loneliness, and blank despair.
  WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise, February: The Hill of Venus,* 89.

In vain you tell me "Earth is fair"
  When all is dark as night.
    ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Ancient Sage, ll.* 168–9.

Despondency.

'Twixt the heavens and the earth *can* a poet despond?
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Rhapsody of Life's Progress, VI., l.* 30.

Days of uprooted hope—of fading flowers—
Of rainbows, waning into wintry showers—
When hidden languor follows secret strife,
And the heart sickens at the length of life.
SIR F. H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc.: The Poetaster's Plea, ll.* 128–31.

Despotism.

"My lords, it is with nations as with men:
One must be first. We are the mightiest,
The heirs of Rome; and with the power there lies
A ruthless obligation on our souls
To be despotic for the world's behoof."
    JOHN DAVIDSON, *Plays: Self's the Man, act III.* (Urban).

Despot.

How can a despot feel with the Free?
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Riflemen, Form!* st. 2.

Destruction.

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, LIV.*, st. 2.

Devil.

"The Devil is too well-bred,
Not to know all the Peerage."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act I., sc.* 3 (Abaddon).

"The Devil is an echo
Of search unsatisfied."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act I., sc.* 3 (Fortunatus).

God pays with heavenly cheques—
So fails with either sex,
For Satan pays in gold.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. V.: Chorus of Spirits of Darkness*, st. 33.

"It is by the Vicar's skirts that the devil climbs into the belfry."
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Spanish Student, act I., sc.* 2 (Chispa).

Yes, I have seen the old serpent, the Devil, the father of lies;
And he had not a hoof or a horn, or a tail to whisk at the flies.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda: Among the Broken Gods: Saint-Wife, ll.* 395–6.

Out with it plain, the Devil is in the town,
And what we can,
That, with God's help, we must to put him down.
WALTER C. SMITH, *North Country Folk: Miss Bella Japp*, st. 8.

The man sat dumb with choking throat.
"Who finds the Devil in his ferry-boat
Must row him," said his soul, "across the sound."
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *The Coming of Love, etc.: Prophetic Pictures, No.* 4, *ll.* 6–8.

Who ships the Devil is not always lost,
But lost is he who rows him home to Hell.
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *The Coming of Love, etc.: Prophetic Pictures, ll.* 13–4.

Devon.

For me there's nought I would not leave
For the good Devon land.
HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race: Laudabunt Alii*, st. 2.

Devotion.

. . . your eyes look into mine
With that deep mute brute devotion—not human, but half divine.
G. R. SIMS, *The Dagonet and Other Poems : A Sister's Story, st. 23.*

Dew.

Bring the dews the birds shake off
  Waking in the hedges,—
Those too, perfumed for a proof,
  From the lilies' edges :
From our England's field and moor,
  Bring them calm and white in,
Whence to form a mirror pure
  For Love's self-delighting.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *The House of Clouds, st. 9.*

Dewberries.

. . . an' the briars thrailed o'er many a stone
Dhroppin' dewberries, black-ripe and soft, fit to melt into juice in your hould.
JANE BARLOW, *Bog-Land Studies : By the Bog-Hole, III., ll. 12–3.*

Dial.

What clouds the sun must cloud the dial too.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Love's Widowhood, etc. : A Dialogue at Fiesole.*

Difference.

The only difference is this :
  The gilt is off the chain,
And what was once a golden bliss
  Is now an iron pain.
"OWEN MEREDITH" (LORD LYTTON), *Marah : The Only Difference, st. 2.*

For difference is the soul of life and love,
  And not the barren oneness weak souls prize :
Rest springs from strife, and dissonant chords beget
  Divinest harmonies.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. I., Love's Suicide, st. 7.*

Diggings.

For the atmosphere ain't over pure—
  At the diggin's it's easy to sin.
G. R. SIMS, *The Dagonet and Other Poems : The Last Letter, st. 4.*

Dinner.

"Fate cannot touch me: I have dined to-day."
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Beer, st. 15.*

Disappointment.

"Disappointments—like fate and love—will not bear to be too much talked about."

"JOHN OLIVER HOBBES," *The Ambassador, act I.* (*Gwendolen*).

Discipline.

"But discipline—that rock that bears the world,
Compactly built—a city on a cliff
Breaking disorder back like unknit waves."

JOHN DAVIDSON, *Plays: Bruce, act IV., sc.* 2 (*Bruce*).

Want of Discipline.

Indiscipline, the mongrel jade that kicks
Against the whip and to the bit is blunt.

ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act IV., st.* 10.

Discontent.

. . . one thing only has been lent
To youth and age in common—discontent.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Youth's Agitations, st.* 4.

When a man's busy, why, leisure
Strikes him as wonderful pleasure:
'Faith, and at leisure once is he?
Straightway he wants to be busy.

ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Romances: The Glove, ll.* 3–6.

To-morrow will the storm its force have spent;
But mine will be to-morrow and to-morrow
The same unutterable discontent,
Stung by the same intolerable sorrow.

"OWEN MEREDITH" (LORD LYTTON), *Marah: Nocturn, st.* 5.

Discord.

If that worm Discord gnaw the root
Of England's old and stately tree,
Graces and gifts, like blighted fruit
From wasting boughs, will fall and lie
On the rank earth—fore-doomed to die.

SIR F. H. DOYLE, *Return of the Guards, etc.: Robin Hood's Bay, canto* 1, *ll.* 15–9.

Discovery.

"How thin a thicket hides a dread discovery!"

JOHN DAVIDSON, *Plays: Bruce, act III., sc.* 1 (Beaumont).

Discretion is the better part of valour.

Where the serpent's tooth is,
Shun the tree. . . .
Where the apple reddens
Never pry—
Lest we lose our Edens,
Eve and I.

ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: A Woman's Last Word, st.* 4–5.

"Well, discretion generally means having a good
Memory for the lies you have told."
"JOHN OLIVER HOBBES," *The Wisdom of the Wise, act I.* (Appleford.

Dishonour.

Before a son's dishonour, a father's love stands dumb.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals : The Festival of Reunion, st.* 12.

Better be dead and forgotten than living in shame and dishonour!
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Courtship of Miles Standish, IV. : John Alden, l.* 46.

His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Lancelot and Elaine, ll.* 871–2.

No thing we grasp proves half the thing we crave.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses : Songs for Strangers and Pilgrims, No.* 70, *l.* 4.

Disillusionment.

. . . one does not like to own
That his dream is somewhat faded, and a little common-place.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda : Among the Broken Gods :* (Claud Maxwell) *st.* 44.

Dismissal.

Oh, sick I am to see you, will you never let me be?
You may be good for something, but you are not good for me.
Oh, go where you are wanted, for you are not wanted here.
A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad : XXXIV., The New Mistress, st.* 1.

Distance.

Distance all value enhances!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Romances : The Glove, l.* 2.

Far in distance trembling ether, faintly blue and misty grey.
HUME NISBET, *The Matador, etc. : A Forenoon Effect : Borderland, st.* 1.

District Visitor.

And the District Visitors need, I'm sure,
Quite as much visiting as the poor.
WALTER C. SMITH, *North Country Folk : Amory Hill, st.* 10.

Division of Labour.

What hand and brain went ever paired?
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Romances : The Last Ride Together, st.* 6.

What heart alike conceived and dared?
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Romances: The Last Ride Together, st. 6.*

Doctor, Physician, Surgeon.

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head, and give
The ill he cannot cure a name.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *A Wish, st. 5.*

When one's all right, he's prone to spite
The doctor's peaceful mission;
But when's he's sick, it's loud and quick
He bawls for a physician.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse: Doctors, st. 2.*

What restless forms to-day are lying, bound
On sick-beds, waiting till the hour come round
That brings thy foot upon the chamber stair,
Impatient, fevered, faint, till thou art there,
The one short smile of sunshine to make light
The long remembrance of another night.
HARRIET E. HAMILTON KING, *Ballads of the North, etc.: To a Great and Good Physician, ll. 40–5.*

Bland as a Jesuit, sober as a hymn;
Humorous, and yet without a touch of whim.
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems: In Hospital, XVI.; House-Surgeon, ll. 6–7*

"... none but a clever dialectician
Can hope to become a great physician;
That has been settled long ago."
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Golden Legend, V.I.* (First Scholar).

Doctors, they knaws nowt, fur a says what's naw-ways true:
Naw soort o' koind o' use to saäy the things that a do.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Northern Farmer, Old Style, st. 2.*

Dogs.

Though you might think that each surmised
That he had many a canine brother,
They all seem curiously surprised
Day after day to see each other.
In that pricked ear and eager eye
Astonishment may be detected,
And those spasmodic leaps imply
A flavour of the unexpected.
ALFRED COCHRANE, *My Terrier, st. 6.*

My little dog, who blessed you
With such white toothy-pegs?
And who was it that dressed you
In such a lot of legs?
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Dr. Doddridge's Dog, st. 1.*

Little dogs are highly treasured,
Petted, patted, pampered, pleasured;
But when ships go down in fogs,
No one thinks of little dogs.
Q[UILLER COUCH], *Poems and Ballads: Jetsom, ll.* 85–8.

Naäy, noä mander o' use to be callin' 'im Roä, Roä, Roä,
Fo' the dog's stoän-deaf, an' e's blind, e' can neither stan' nor goä.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Owd Roä, ll.* 1–2.

Every Dog his Day.

Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Songs from the Water Babies, II., st.* 1.

Donkey, Ass.

Æsop was great. That marvellous narrator
Made donkeys talk (since then they never cease!)
But in these days we need one even greater;
One who can make the donkeys hold their peace.
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. II.: Poetry and Science, st.* 35.

. . . a poplar-bordered road,
Where with a saddle and a load
A donkey, old and ashen-grey,
Reluctant works his dusty way.
A. H. CLOUGH, *Mari Magno: My Tale, ll.* 239–42.

'An ass may do more adventitious ill
Than twenty tigers."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Plays: Godfrida, act II.* (Isembert).

You need not whisk your stump, nor turn away your nose;
Poor donkeys ain't so stupid as rich horses may suppose!
I could feed in any manger just as well as you,
Though I don't despise a thistle—with sauce of dust and dew.
G. MACDONALD, *The Donkey to the Horse, st.* 3.

A jackass heehaws from the rick,
The passive oxen gaping.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Amphion, st.* 9.

Doubt.

"And he treats doubt the best who tries to see least ill."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Empedocles on Etna, act I., sc.* 2 (Empedocles)

But when Faith grows a sophist's theme,
And chancels ring with doubt and din,
I sometimes think that they who seem
The most without are most within.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *At the Gate of the Convent, etc.: Outside a Village Church, st.* 36.

"Who once has doubted never quite believes."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Prince Lucifer, act VI., sc.* 3 (Eve).

"Who once believed will never wholly doubt."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Prince Lucifer, act VI., sc.* 3 (Lucifer).

All we have gained then by our unbelief
Is a life of doubt diversified by faith,
For one of faith diversified by doubt.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Men and Women : Bishop Blougram's Apology, ll.* 210–2.

. . . You call for faith :
I show you doubt, to prove that faith exists,
The more of doubt, the stronger faith, I say,
If faith o'ercomes doubt.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Men and Women : Bishop Blougram's Apology, ll.* 601–4.

Look in your own heart, if your soul have eyes!
You shall see reason why, though faith were fled,
Unbelief still might work the wires and move
Man, the machine, to play a faithful part.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, XI. : Guido, ll.* 610–3.

Dry husks of logic,—old scraps of creed,—
And the cold grey dreams of doubt.
JOHN HAY, *Pike County Ballads : The Monks of Basle, st.* 5.

For doubt will come, will ever come,
Though signs be perfect good,
Till heart to heart strike doubting dumb,
And both are understood.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Disciple, XVIII,. st.* 5.

The man that feareth, Lord, to doubt,
In that fear doubteth thee.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Disciple, XXXII., st.* 15.

We doubt our doubts,
We hug our faiths, and fancy we are free
Who are shut fast of Time.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Gwen, act VI., sc.* 1.

It is the weak who doubt ; the strong who hold
The resolute Faith where new is one with old.
FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, *The Visions of England : Things Visible and Invisible, st.* 20.

And strove, in sorrow's passionate unbelief,
To kiss dead lips to life.
ALEXANDER SMITH, *Edwin of Deira, bk. II., ll.* 761–2.

What not to believe,
That now is the stage we are at;
And how shall we weave
Any faith to live on out of that?
WALTER C. SMITH, *A Heretic, etc.: Creeds, st.* 8.

But that is the way with most men:
They dare not much more than to doubt;
They dare not, one man out of ten,
To think their thought thoroughly out.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda: Among the Broken Gods: Winifred Urquhart, st.* 100.

I am not an unbeliever, love; only I cannot wink
At things I had rather not see, and thoughts I had rather not think.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda: Among the Broken Gods: Saint-Wife, ll.* 561–2.

Flattering myself that all my doubts were fools
Born of the fool this Age that doubts of all.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Sisters, ll.* 138–9.

Steel me with patience! soften me with grief!
Let blow the trumpet strongly while I pray,
Till this embattled wall of unbelief
My prison, not my fortress, fall away!
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Doubt and Prayer, ll.* 10–3.

So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, LIV., st.* 5.

Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, XCVI., st.* 3.

He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, XCVI., st.* 4.

. . . "who lights the faggot?
Not the full faith, no, but the lurking doubt."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act. III., sc.* 4. (Pole).

Dove.

Like a dove cooing never-ending notes
Of something sweet and secret in her wood
Unfolding leaf by leaf.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Voyage of Ithobal: The First Day, ll.* 263–5.

The stockdove meditated, all day through,
Its one deep note of perched felicity.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act I., st. 8.*

Where doves with lulling voices sent
Soft salutations to their loves.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse : Ser. II. : In the Glade, st. 4.*

The deep-toned consolation of the dove.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse. : Ser. II. : To a Whitethroat, st. 2.*

The gentle exclamation of the dove.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse : Ser. II. : To a Whitethroat, st. 4.*

But the wood-dove's soft moaning was heard in the distance,
And her song, all of love, came with dulcet persistence.
KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON, *Cuckoo Songs : The Wood-Dove, st. 1.*

My silent dove of the woods,
Thou fearest lest thy song reveal thy nest.
Thou tremblest as a dewdrop at my tread.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical : Daphne, ll. 48–50.*

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, VII., ll. 206–7.*

Dragon-flies.

Azure dragon-flies,
Silvered from the skies,
Chased and burnished, joints and rings,
Elfin magic wands on wings.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs : Summer, III, st. 3.*

And the dragon-flies that go burning by.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Lessons for a Child, l. 15.*

The dragon-fly hangs glittering on the reed.
MRS. NORTON, *The Lady of La Garaye.*

He dried his wings : like gauze they grew :
Thro' crofts and pastures wet with dew
A living flash of light he flew.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Two Voices, st. 5.*

Draughts.

"These draught-boards, ivory inlaid with silver."
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Ulysses, act III., st. 2.* (Ctesippus).

At frosty eventide for us the blazing hearth shall shine,
While, at our ease, we play at draughts, and drink the blood-red wine.
J. G. WHITTIER, *King Volmer and Elsie, st. 13.*

Dreams.

. . . I have had dreams, I have had dreams, my page,
Would take a score years from a strong man's age."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Tristram and Iseult* (Tristram).

But there's plenty o' thruth in a dhrame, if ye turn it the right side out.
JANE BARLOW, *Bog-Land Studies : Walled Out, XV., l. 2.*

A vague unmeaning melancholy dream.
E. F. M. BENEKE, *The Cross Beneath the Ring : Philosophy, st. 4.*

Like morning recollections of a dream,
A vanished ripple on fair fancy's stream.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell : A Tale of the Thames, ch. VIII., ll. 37–8.*

He dreamed that he played on a phantom links
Where nothing went ever wrong,
Where his putts were bold, but were always holed,
And his cleek shots wondrous long ;
Where he stood hole-high with a perfect lie
From a drive that was straight and strong.
ALFRED COCHRANE, *The Golfer's Dream, st. 4.*

" A woman's dream—who thinks by smiling well
To ripen figs in frost."
" GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. I.* (Zarca).

There are hopes which our burthen can lighten,
Tho' toilsome and steep be the way ;
And dreams that, like moonlight, can brighten
With a light that is clearer than day.
EDWARD FITZGERALD, *Good Night, st. 5.*

The shining, shifting Sovranties of Dream.
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems : Arabian Nights Entertainments, l. 378.*

Think on the shame of dreams for deeds,
The scandal of unnatural strife,
The slur upon immortal needs
The treason done to life.
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems : Rhymes and Rhythms, XII., st. 3.*

Some men sicken, with wine and food ;
I starved on dreams, and found them good.
AMY LEVY, *A London Plane Tree : Moods and Thoughts : The Last Judgment, st. 6.*

" Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go ;
Sure I dream ev'ry night that I'm hating you so ! "
" Oh ! " says Rory, " that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by contraries, my dear ! "
SAMUEL LOVER, *Rory O' More, st. 2.*

. . . my dream had grown
Half mixed with waking thoughts, as grows a dream
In summer mornings when the broader light
Dazzles the sleeper's eyes; and is most fair
Of all and best remembered, and becomes
Part of our waking life, when older dreams
Grow fainter, and are fled.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades, bk. II., Hades: Psyche ll.* 3–9.

The fair and fugitive fancies of a dream,
Which vanish ere we fix them.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades, bk. III.: Olympus, ll.* 14–5.

O dreamer, dream thy dream, and dream it true!

SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. III.: Ode to Free Rome, l.* 584.

All that youth's dreams are nourished by,
By that shall dreams in age be fed—
Thy noble dreams can never die
Until thyself shall wish them dead.

E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends, Ser. II.: Old Age, st.* 8.

Our dreams are thoughts which steal unfelt, while waking,
Into the passive mind and find a lair;
Until in sleep the soul starts up, and breaking
Its prison-bars, bids each guest come and share.

HUME NISBET, *The Matador, etc.: The Death of Cleopatra, st.* 2

Love to his soul gave eyes; he knew things are not as they seem;
The dream is his real life; the world around him the dream.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, *The Visions of England: Dream of Maxim Wledig, ll.* 51–2.

"It is the fault of dreamers to fear fate."

STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Herod, act I.*, (Gadias).

She drugged her brain against realities,
And lived in dreams, and was with music fed.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Poems: A. S. P., ll.* 9–10.

Within the branching shade of Reverie
Dreams even may spring till autumn; yet none be
Like woman's budding-day-dream spirit-fann'd.

D. G. ROSSETTI, *The Day-Dream, ll.* 9–11.

As the moon on the lake's face flashes,
So haply may gleam at whiles
A dream through the dear deep lashes
Whereunder a child's eye smiles.

A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Child's Sleep, st.* 6.

"Did not Heaven speak to men in dreams of old?"
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Harold, act I., sc. 2* (Edith).

Moreover, something is or seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams.
Of something felt, like something here;
Of something done; I know not where;
Such as no language may declare.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Two Voices, st. 127–8.*

If you be, what I think you, some sweet dream,
I would but ask you to fulfil yourself.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, VII., ll. 130–1* (Florian).

Yet dreams, however fair, are only dreams.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece: The Return, II., l. 17.*

While poets dream by lamplight of the morn;
Dream that they feel what they have never known.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece, Alcaeus, III., ll. 78–9.*

My kit is all untidy, and it's inches thick in dust;
An' my rifle's fouled an' filthy, an' my bay'nit's red with rust;
They've tried to find the reason—but I've seen 'em furder fust;
An' they never guess I'm dreamin', dear, of thee!
EDGAR WALLACE, *Writ in Barracks: T. A. in Love, st. 3.*

And mean as dust and dead as dreams.
WILLIAM WATSON, *The Things that are More Excellent, st. 1.*

Dreamland.

A mighty realm is the Land of Dreams,
With steeps that hang in the twilight sky,
And weltering oceans and trailing streams,
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.
W. C. BRYANT, *The Land of Dreams, st. 1.*

The far-away bugles of Dreamland are calling.
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream: The Bugles of Dreamland, st. 1.*

It is dark in the Land of Dream.
There is silence in all the Land.
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream: Dream Fantasy, st. 3.*

Dream-lore.

Only foreshadowing of outward things.
Great, and yet not the greatest, dream-lore brings.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *Earthly Paradise: Lovers of Gudrun: Prophecy of Guest the Wise, ll. 209–10.*

Dreariness. See also **Dulness.**

She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said.
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Mariana, st.* 1.

Dress.

For, so much folly to confess,
I chose you curiously, with care,—
Because I think much comeliness
Accrues from comely clothes we wear.
ANON., *Songs of Lucilla: To Her Gown, on Laying it by, st.* 2.

Its everywhere that women fair invite and please my eye,
And that on dress I lay much stress I can't and shan't deny.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse: Grandma's Bombazine, st.* 1.

My lady has a tea-gown
That is wondrous fair to see,—
It is flounced and ruffed and plaited and puffed,
As a tea-gown ought to be.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse: The Tea-Gown, st.* 1.

"Fair frocks hide foul hearts."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, Act III., sc.* 2 (Guta).

Let never maiden think, however fair,
She is not fairer in new clothes than old.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Geraint and Enid, I., ll.* 721-2 (Mother).

"a robe
Of samite without price, that more exprest
Than hid her, clung about her lissom limbs,
In colour like the satin-shining palm
On sallows in the windy gleams of March."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Merlin and Vivien, ll.* 79–83.

In teacup-times of hood and hoop,
Or while the patch was worn.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Talking Oak, st.* 16.

Drifting.

Drifting down on the dear old River,
O, the music that interweaves!
The ripples run and the sedges shiver,
O, the song of the lazy leaves!
And far-off sounds—for the night so clear is—
Awake the echoes of bygone times;
The muffled roar of the distant weir is
Cheered by the clang of the Marlow chimes.
J. ASHBY-STERRY, *The Lazy Minstrel: Drifting Down, st.* 2.

Drink. See also **Beer.**

Oh, the dreadfu' curse o' drinkin'!
Men are ill, but tae my thinkin,'
Leukin' through the drucken fock,
There's a Jenny for ilk Jock.
JANET HAMILTON, *Oor Location*, *ll.* 25–8.

The warst o' the ills that beset us, we think,
Is that curse o' the lan', the plague-sore o' drink;
It poisons the sources an' streams o' oor life,
In youth an' in manhood, in mither an' wife.
JANET HAMILTON, *Rhymes for the Times*, *V.*, *st.* 2.

Droonk wi' the Quoloty's wine, an' droonk wi' the farmer's aäle.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Village Wife; or, The Entail*, *st.* 12.

"A creature wholly given to brawls and wine,
Drunk even when he woo'd."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Geraint and Enid I.*, *ll.* 441–2 (Yniol).

Dripping.

I can hear a cistern leaking . . .
Dripping, dropping, in a rhythm,
Rough, unequal, half-melodious,
Like the measures sped from nature
In the infancy of music . . .
Like the buzzing of an insect,
Still, irrational, persistent
I must listen, listen, listen
In a passion of attention . . .
Till it taps upon my heartstrings,
And my very life goes dripping,
Dropping, dripping, drip-drip-dropping,
In the drip-drop of the cistern.
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems: In Hospital, XXVII. Nocturn*, *st.* 1, 2, 3, 4.

Drowning.

"They need not drown who still stand on the brink."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Plays: An Unhistorical Pastoral*, *act I*, *sc.* 1 (Sebastian).

A drowning man cares little to think
Of the lights on the waves where he soon must sink.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends: Spring Song*, *ll.* 17–8.

"The drowning man, they say, remembers all
The chances of his life, just ere he dies."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Becket*, *act V.*, *sc.* 2 (Becket).

Drudge.

Content thee, drudge.
Here is thy lot; fool not thy heart on dreams.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical: Jael, ll.* 236–7.

Dusting, darning, drudging, nothing is great or small,
Nothing is mean or irksome, love will hallow it all.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda: Among the broken Gods: Saint-Wife, ll.* 83–4.

Drugs.

Shun drugs and drinks which work the wit abuse;
Clear minds, clean bodies, need no Sôma juice.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. VIII.* (Five Rules of Buddha).

Drums.

And muffled drums, with melancholy sound,
Fill all the air with grief.
SIR F. H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc.: The Duke's Funeral, ll.* 168–9.

The drums of war, the drums of peace,
Roll through our cities without cease,
And all the iron halls of life
Ring with the unremitting strife.
R. L. STEVENSON, *Songs of Travel, etc.: The Woodman, ll.* 89–92.

Dry-rot.

Alas! the dry-rot of the heart spreads wide.
SIR F. H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards: Demosthenes, Sonnet VIII.*

Dublin.

Oh, Bay of Dublin! how my heart you're troublin',
Your beauty haunts me like a fever dream;
Like frozen fountains, that the sun sets bubblin'
My heart's blood warms when I but hear your name.
HELEN, LADY DUFFERIN, *Songs, Poems and Verses: The Bay of Dublin, ll.* 1–4.

Oh! Dublin is fine
  Wid her ships on the river,
And her iligant line
  Of bridges for ever.
But, Kitty, my dear,
  I'd exchange them this minute
For our small little pier
  And my boat, and you in it.
A. P. GRAVES, *Lonesome Lovers, st.* 6.

Dear dirty Dublin's scented lanes,
With houses honeycombed by drains,
From Hell might tempt the very devil—
For though in brimstone he may revel,
In Dublin even common men
Breathe sulphuretted hydrogen.
C. L. GRAVES, *The Blarney Ballads : The Corporation and the Cholera, ll.* 9–14.

Dullard.

"O they are dullards, kick because they're stung,
And bruise a friend to show they hate a wasp."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. I* (Juan).

Dulness. See also **Dreariness.**

"I bear the workday burden of dull life
About these footsore flags of a weary world."
A. H. CLOUGH, *Dipsychus, Pt. II., sc.* 5 (Dipsychus).

Dullest of dull-hued Days!
THOMAS HARDY, *Poems of the Past and the Present : A Commonplace Day, st.* 3.

Dumb.

Dumb as a ringdove that with fluttering wings
Watches an adder in the act to leap.
R. BUCHANAN, *Undertones, XV. : Pygmalion, 4, Death in Life. ll.* 71–2.

Dunce.

He meant well enough, but was still in the way,
As a dunce always is, let him be where he may.
J. R. LOWELL, *A Fable for Critics, ll.* 238–9.

Duty.

Which pays best,
We ask, where all pays badly,—till we learn
That unpaid duty is best paid of all.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *A Fragment, Pt. I., ll.* 223–5.

When pride that soars hath towered but to descend,
Then humble duty proves life's only lasting friend.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Love's Widowhood, st.* 65.

"Duties there are,
Imposed upon the Present by the Past,
And not to be foregone."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act III., sc.* 2. (Franklin).

" . . . I know that the Great,
For Pleasure born, should still be on the watch
To exclude Pleasure when a Duty offers :

Even as the Lowly too, for Duty born,
May ever snatch a Pleasure if in reach:
Both will have plenty of their birthright, sir!"
ROBERT BROWNING, *Colombe's Birthday, act I.* (Valence).

I looked beyond the world for truth and beauty:
Sought, found and did my duty.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies, XII.: A Bean-Stripe, Interlude, st. 2.*

"What matters happiness?
Duty! There's man's one moment: this is yours!"
ROBERT BROWNING, *King Victor and King Charles: Second Year, Pt. II.* (Polyxena).

But ever dwells the soft voice in my ear,
Whispering of what Time is, what Man might be,
Would he but "do the duty that lies near,"
And cut clubs, cards, champagne, balls, billiard-rooms, and beer.
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Isabel, st. 4.*

"Duty is always to the owner done;
And the immediate debtor wisely pays:
The heritage of duty unperformed
Increases out of sight of usury."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Bruce, act III., sc. 1.* (Wallace).

Allow no absurd estimations
Of duty to lead you astray,
And cast off your nearest relations,
If they happen to stand in your way.
COTSFORD DICK, *The Ways of the World: How to be a Hedonist st. 1.*

Men follow Duty, never overtake;
Duty nor lifts her veil nor looks behind.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Parting of the Ways, ll. 86–7.*

Although thou seest no beauty,
Though widowed thy heart yet cries,
With thy hands go and do thy duty,
And thy work will clear thine eyes.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *A Book of Dreams, Pt. II., 2, st. 7.*

You would not think any duty small
If you yourself were great.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Willie's Question, Pt. IV.*

For Knowledge is a steep which few may climb,
While Duty is a path which all may tread.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades, bk. III.: Olympus, Heré, ll. 27–8.*

For homely duty tuned and love's sweet sake.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Britain: On a Thrush singing in Autumn, l. 10.*

Back to your post—a charge you have to keep—
Freedom is bleeding while her soldiers sleep.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends : August, st. 7.*

"Duty, that grey ash of a burnt-out fire,
That lie between a woman and a man!"
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Ulysses, act I., sc. 2* (Calypso).

. . . no surer wreath
Than duty honoured can outlive the grave!
REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets Round the Coast: Ulverston, ll. 7–8.*

Be still, although thy heart may bleed,
Take up thy load of life and bear it.
WALTER C. SMITH, *A Heretic, etc. : Ruggles the Salvationist, st. 35.*

Thus Una sat by pauper beds, content
With duty, that strong spur of earnest souls.
C. W. STUBBS, *The Conscience : Una and her Paupers, ll. 32–3.*

I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Revenge, XIII.*

Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, VIII.*

"Sweet is it to have done the thing one ought,
When fall'n in darker days."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, V., ll. 64–5* (Florian).

I charge thee, hold before thine eyes for ever,
By night and day, in fiery letters scroll'd,
Not Glory—no! nor Honour—but this—Duty!
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece; Antimenidas, III., ll. 138–40.*

O word that all do utter, few can hear,
Fruit of sweet kernel, though of bitter rind!
O golden sunbeam wandering in the dark.
FREDERICK TENNYSON. *Isles of Greece : Antimenidas III., ll. 141–3.*

Filial Duty.

"Do we owe fathers nothing—mothers naught?
Is filial duty folly?"
A. H. CLOUGH, *Dipsychus, Pt. II., sc. 8.* (Dipsychus).

Eagle.

"The valley-level has its hawks, no doubt:
May not the rock-top have its eagles, too?"
ROBERT BROWNING, *Colombe's Birthday, act IV.* (Duchess).

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Eagle*, *ll.* 1–3.

"Shall eagles not be eagles? Wrens be wrens?
If all the world were falcons, what of that?
The wonder of the eagle were the less,
But be not less the eagle.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Golden Year*, *ll.* 37–40.

Ear.

That little ear—
(Like some pink fragile solitary shell
Cast from the boundless treasures of the sea) . . .
That little ear, unhelped by action, void
Of motion and expression's ceaseless change,
Held like the pole-star its fixed place amidst
A heaven of shifting charms, and like it still
Pointed my trembling fancy.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: A Tale of the Thames*, *ch. VI.*, *ll.* 76–8 and 83–7.

Her little ears are pink pearls caught
In glossy nets of falling hair.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse*, *Ser. I.*: *A Love Song*, *st.* 1.

Earth.

Heaven's promised? Very well; but earth is given;
And why should earth's use spoil one's chance of heaven?
E. F. M. BENEKE, *The Cross beneath the Ring*: *Explicit*, *ll.* 85–6.

'Twixt the mortal and immortal, Earth, our Mother, is the bond;
Striving upward wrought she man, but leaves to him the step beyond.
S. R. LYSAGHT, *Poems of the Unknown*: *A Ritual*, *A Confession of Hope*, *st.* 25.

What matter though sometimes the cup of tears
We drink, instead of the rich wine of mirth?
There are as many springs as there are years;
And, glad or sad, we love this dear old earth.
LOUISE C. MOULTON, *At the Wind's Will*: *The Birds and I*, *st.* 4.

"The earth
Was made in some celestial mirth,
Not for our pleasure."
ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil*: *The Dance of the Seven Sins* (The Soul).

For so the whole round earth is every way,
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls*: *The Passing of Arthur*, *ll.* 422–3.

Ease.

Whoever fears God, fears to sit at ease.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. VIII., ll. 716.*

Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labour for a worthy end.
J. G. WHITTIER, *The Voices, st.* 11.

Easter.

At Easter when the thorn beset
The bronzing wood with silver sprays,
And hyacinth and violet
Empurpled all the russet ways.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *The Last Ballad, etc.: The Last Ballad, st.* 36.

Eau de Cologne.

De best Cologne in all Cologne
I'll shwear for cerdain sure
Ish maket in de Jülichsplatz
Und dat at Numero Four.
Boot of dis Cologne in Jülichsplatz
Let dis pe undershtood,
Dat some of id ish foorst-rate pad,
Vhile some is foorst-rate good.
C. G. LELAND, *The Breitmann Ballads: Breitmann am Rhein, Cologne, st.* 10.

Echo.

What would it profit thee to be the first
Of Echoes, tho' thy tongue should live for ever;
A thing that answers, but hath not a thought
As lasting but as senseless as a stone?
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece: Apollo, ll.* 367–70.

Eclecticism.

I'm an eclectic; ez to choosin'
'Twixt this an' that, I'm plaguy lawth;
I leave a side that looks like losin',
But (wile there's doubt) I stick to both.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, sc. I., Letter 7.*

Eddy.

The anguished eddies darkly ebb and flow
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream: The Shepherd, st.* 1.

Eden.

The garden, O the garden, must it go,
Source of our hope and our most dear regret?
The ancient story, must it no more show
How man may win it yet?
JEAN INGELOW: *Honours, Pt. II., st.* 46.

Editor.

The Editor sat in his sanctum, his countenance furrowed with care.
His mind at the bottom of business, his feet at the top of a chair,
His chair-arm an elbow supporting, his right hand upholding his head.
His eyes on his dusty old table, with different documents spread.
WILL CARLETON, *The Editor's Guests*, *st.* 1.

Dey vent to see an edidor,
Who'd shanged his flag und doon,
Und crowed oopon der oder side,
Dat very afdernoon.
C. G. LELAND, *Breitmann Ballads : Breitmann about Town*, *st.* 4.

Education.

Of people he knew nothing, but of books
Written in centuries ago he knew
All that an ordinary man could learn—
And this it is that British common sense
Calls education, worth the best expense.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell : A Tale of the Thames*, *ch. II.*, *ll.* 120–4.

Effort, Endeavour.

The weary aching upward strife to heights we cannot reach.
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Undertones*, *Prologue : To David in Heaven*, *st.* 7.

When human power and failure
Are equalized for ever,
And the one great Light that haloes all is the passionate bright endeavour!
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Undertones*, *Prologue : To David in Heaven*, *st.* 22.

Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Village Blacksmith*, *st.* 7.

No endeavour is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Wind over the Chimney*, *st.* 10.

The joy of most glorious striving, which dieth in victory,.
WILLIAM WATSON, *The Dream of Man*, *l.* 131.

Thy work is to hew down. In God's name then
Put nerve into thy task.
J. G. WHITTIER, *To Ronge*, *ll.* 3–4.

Eft.

Or look for clammy efts that lie
  Under wet stones asprawl,
With arched neck and greed-glittering eye
  Marking their dull prey crawl.
  ANON., *Songs of Lucilla : Reminiscences of Childhood, st.* 5.

Eggs.

Butter an' heggs—yis—yis. I'll goā wi' tha back : all right ;
Butter I warrants be prime, an' I warrants the heggs be as well,
Hafe a pint o' milk runs out when ya breāks the shell.
  ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Village Wife, st.* 1.

Elephant.

. . . Elephants that went like moving hills
Through the affrighted thickets.
  SIR EDWIN ARNOLD *The Voyage of Ithobal ; The First Day, ll.* 307–8.

Elm-tree.

Our elmtree's ruddy-hearted blossom-flake
    Is fluttering down.
  ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *To Mary Boyle, st* 1.

Witch-elms that counterchange the floor
  Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright.
  ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, LXXXIX, st.* 1.

Elysium.

"To forget is Elysium ; regret is hell."
  JOHN DAVIDSON, *Plays : Scaramouch in Naxos, sc.* 1. (Silenus).

Emeu.

Oh, say, have you seen at the Willows so green,—
  So charming and rurally true,—
A singular bird, with a manner absurd,
  Which they call the Australian Emeu ?
    Have you
  Ever seen this Australian Emeu ?
    BRET HARTE, *The Ballad of the Emeu, st.* 1.

Emotion.

"O, in our passionless, reflective hours
  We lock emotion in a glass-walled jail
  Of crisp philosophy ; or give it scope
  As far as prudence may enlarge its steps !
But to some sense a small distraction comes—
Across the sight a butterfly, a flower—
  The fetters snap, the prison crumbles—off !"
    JOHN DAVIDSON, *Plays : Bruce, act I., sc.* 2. (Bruce).

To know is weaker than to feel.
  SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Britain : In a Country Church, st.* 29.

Empire.

" Empire ! what is Empire ? Where is Rome
That sat above the nations ? "
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Plays : Self's the Man, act III.* (Saturnia).

With a hero at head, and a nation
Well gagged and well drilled and well cowed,
And a gospel of war and damnation,
Has not Empire a right to be proud ?
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday : A Word for the Country, st.* 14.

Emptiness.

A hollow form with empty hands.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, III., st.* 3.

End.

There is so much that no one knows,
So much unreached that none suppose ;
What flaws ! what faults ! on every page,
When *Finis* comes.
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Essays in Old French Forms.*

. . . " but what end
How high soe'er and single-eyed, can bid
Spill innocent blood, and stand up spotless ? "
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Marino Faliero, act III., sc.* 1. (Bertuccio).

" God's own hand
Holds fast all issues of our deeds : with him
The end of all our ends is, but with us
Our ends are, just or unjust."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Marino Faliero, act III., sc.* 1. (Faliero).

End justifies the means.

Whosoe'er would reach the rose,
Treads the crocus underfoot.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Bertha in the Lane, st.* 26.

Endurance.

Fool ! all that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall ;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure :
What entered into thee
That was, is, and shall be :
Time's wheel runs back on stops : Potter and clay endure.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae : Rabbi Ben Ezra, st.* 27.

In the reward they share a part
Alone, who to the end endure.
WILLIAM HALL, *Renunciation, etc. : Presumption Rebuked, Pt. IV., st.* 1.

Endurance, that can suffer and grow strong—
Walk through the world with bleeding feet, and smile!—
GERALD MASSEY, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc.: Hood, ll.* 39–40.

And every heart that loves with truth is equal to endure.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Flight, st.* 26.

I read the lessons of the Past,
That firm endurance wins at last
More than the sword.
J. G. WHITTIER, *Stanzas for the Times, st.* 10.

Enemy, Foe.

"No enemy
Is half so fatal as a friend estranged."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Godfrida, act II.* (Ermengarde).

"I hold that man the worst of public foes
Who either for his own or children's sake,
To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife
Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Guinevere, ll.* 508–11 (Arthur).

"He makes no friend who never made a foe."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Lancelot and Elaine, l.* 1082 (Elaine).

England.

The sun of England has not set;
Our nation's story is not told.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. IV.: The Song of Abou Klea, st.* 2.

Rise thou, O England! Let thy great limbs sleep
No longer. Burn upon us with those eyes
That blenched not at Trafalgar's blood-red skies,—
Nor Waterloo,—nor Alma's thundering steep:—
Let not this crowd of mockers round thee leap,
While passionless thy giant sword-arm lies.
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. II.: England ll.* 9–14.

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: Home-Thoughts, from Abroad, ll.* 1–2.

Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?—say.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: Home-Thoughts, from the Sea, l.* 5.

O, all the long years through,
England for us! A little realm of peace
By the most joyous of its haunted meres
And rivers of romance.

MORTIMER COLLINS, *Home*, *ll.* 7–10.

I . . .
Think England's sunshine, windy rain, white mist,
Turf like the emerald, touched with crocus-fire,
Lovelier than that Greek Dream, whose calm would surely tire.

MORTIMER COLLINS, *A Poet's Philosophy*, *st.* 27.

England! thy strifes are written on thy fields
In grim old characters, which studious time
Wears down to beauty, while green nature yields
Soft ivy-veils to clothe grey holds of crime,
And hides war's prints with spring flowers that might wave
Their pale sweet selves upon a martyr's grave.

F. W. FABER, *Written in Conway Castle*, *ll.* 1–6.

Till now the name of names, England, the name of might
Flames from the austral bounds to the ends of the boreal night;
And the call of her morning drum goes in a girdle of sound,
Like the voice of the sun in song, the great globe round and round.

W. E. HENLEY, *Poems: Rhymes and Rhythms, II.: To R.F.B.* *sll.* 8 and 9.

Take and break us: we are yours,
England, my own!
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky:
Death is death; but we shall die
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
To the strain on your bugles blown.

W. E. HENLEY, *Poems: Rhymes and Rhythms, XXV., st.* 3.

While we find God's signet
Fresh on English ground,
Why go gallivanting
With the nations round?

CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Invitation*, *ll.* 77–80.

And what should they know of England who only England know?—
The poor little street-bred people that vapour and fume and brag,

RUDYARD KIPLING, *Barrack-room Ballads: The English Flag*, *st.* 1.

Never the lotus closes, never the wild-fowl wake,
But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for England's sake.

RUDYARD KIPLING, *Barrack Room Ballads: The English Flag*, *st.* 12.

I am sick of endless sunshine, sick of blossom-burdened bough.
Give me back the leafless woodlands where the winds of Spring-tide range—
Give me back one day in England, for it's Spring in England now!

RUDYARD KIPLING, *In Spring Time*, *ll.* 6–8.

Of all the sarse that I can call to mind,
England *doos* make the most onpleasant kind:
It's you're the sinner ollers, she's the saint,
Wut's good's all English, all thet isn't ain't,
Wut profits her is ollers right an' just,
An' ef you don't read Scriptur so, you must.

J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, sc. II., Letter 2.*

Our royal right on battle-ground
Was aye to bear the brunt.

GERALD MASSEY, *Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc.: England goes to Battle, st.* 1.

Let the storm burst, it will find the Old Land
Ready-ripe for a rough, red fray!
She will fight as she fought when she took her stand
For the Right in the olden day.

GERALD MASSEY, *Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc.: Old England, st.* 4.

Now, victory to our England!
And where'er she lifts her hand
In Freedom's fight, to rescue Right,
God bless the dear old Land.

GERALD MASSEY, *Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc.: England goes to Battle, st.* 5.

Our own embodied Britain, old yet young;
Not the rude Britain of her arrogant youth,
But loving peace, and filled with gentle ruth,
The Britain, her undying bards have sung.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Harvest-Tide: The Diamond Jubilee, ll.* 67–70.

So long as thou workest for Man
Through Freedom and Justice and Peace,
Let thy enemies strive as they can,
Still thou shalt increase.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Harvest-Tide: The Fortunes of Britain, ll.* 57–60.

"Let other hands fashion
The marvels of art;
To thee fate has given
A loftier part.
To rule the wide people's;
To bind them to thee.

By the sole bond of loving,
That bindeth the free."

SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. II. : The Organ Boy, ll.* 165–72

The guns that should have conquered us they rested on the shore,
The men that would have mastered us they drummed and marched no more,
For England was England, and a mighty brood she bore
When Hawke came swooping from the West.

HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race : Hawke, ll.* 21–4.

Proud England, can it be that thou,
Among lost Empire shadows in void space,
With a faint crown upon each frozen brow,
Art doomed at length to take thy Phantom place?

SIR F. H. DOYLE, *Return of the Guards, etc. : Robin Hood's Bay, c. I., ll.* 21–4.

—Land of the most law-loving,—the most free!
My dear, dear England! sweet and green as now,
The flower-illumined garden of the sea,
And Nature least impair'd by ape and plough!
A laughing land!

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, *The Visions of England : Prelude, st.* 13.

England, be tearless:
Rise, and with front serene
Answer, thou Spartan queen,
"Still God is good to me:
My sons are fearless."

Q[UILLER COUCH], *Poems, and Ballads : Victoria, st.* 7.

Our happy England, whole of heart to-day,
To-morrow may be England wounded sore.

REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets Round the Coast : Falmouth, ll.* 7–8.

It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The land, where girt with friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will.

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *"You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease," st.* 2–3.

O Statesman, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,

That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, VII.*

We saw a Roman Empire fall,
And fell; but falling, learned to rise.
We heard the voice of Progress call,
And in our folly we were wise:
When Briton, Saxon, Norman, Dane,
Bequeathed their progeny the main.
EDGAR WALLACE, *Writ in Barracks: The Sea-Nation, st.* 2.

The nations fade; but we shall be!
When Gaul and Teuton are a name!
For us the seven seas in one:
For landlocked hordes—oblivion.
EDGAR WALLACE, *Writ in Barracks: The Sea-Nation, st.* 8.

. . . live to be
Saluted in the hearts of men as she
Of high and singular election, set
Benignant on the mitigated sea;
That greatly loving freedom loved to free,
And was herself the bridal and embrace
Of strength and conquering grace.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Ode on the Day of the Coronation of King Edward VII.*

"O England, shouldst thou one day fall,
Shatter'd in ruins by some Titan foe,
Justice were thenceforth weaker throughout all
The world, and Truth less passionately free,
And God the poorer for thine overthrow!"
WILLIAM WATSON, *Restored Allegiance, ll.* 10–14.

"Wherever billows foam
The Britain fights at home:
His hearth is built of water—water blue and green;
There's never a wave of ocean
The wind can set in motion
That shall not own our England—own our England queen."
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *The Coming of Love, etc.: Christmas at the Mermaid* (Raleigh), *ll.* 1–6.

English, The.
She was an English maiden, unexiled
From that true Paradise, an English home,
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act I., st.* 13.

Nothing can match, where'er we roam,
An English wife in English home.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Lyrics: On Returning to England, ll.* 148–9.

The race is growing old, some say,
  And half worn out and past its prime;
But English rifles volley "Nay,"
  And English manhood conquers time.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. IV.: The Song of Abou Klea, st.* 1.

I love the English. They are so devout.
It cheers my heart to see them sallying out
  On Sunday, clothed in black.
They like to hear their preachers preach of hell,
But they forget its fierce fumes in the smell
  Of soup, when they get back.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. V.: Satan, st.* 31.

Then who is he who would deface
  The scutcheon of his country's fame?
Who calls each conquest a disgrace,
  Each victory the veriest shame?
One wretch alone on earth you'll meet,
  Though all the universe you scan,
So steeped in treason and deceit,—
  The Anti-English Englishman.
CHARLES L. GRAVES, *The Blarney Ballads: The Anti-English Englishman, st.* 2.

Tho' we earn our bread, Tom,
By the dirty pen,
What we can we will be,
Honest Englishmen.
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Invitation, ll.* 93–6.

'Tis the hard grey weather
  Breeds hard English men.
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Ode to the North-East Wind, ll.* 51–2.

We brook no doubt of our mastery,
  We rule until we die.
HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race: A Ballad of John Nicholson, st.* 15.

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart and in limb,
Strong with the strength of the race to command, to obey, to endure.
Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but on him.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Defence of Lucknow, IV., ll.* 1–3.

A great broad-shoulder'd genial Englishman,
A lord of fat prize-oxen and of sheep,
A raiser of huge melons and of pine,
A patron of some thirty charities,
A pamphleteer on guano and on grain,
A quarter-sessions chairman, abler none;
Fair-hair'd and redder than a windy morn.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, Conclusion, ll.* 85–91.

Time, and the ocean, and some fostering star
In high cabal have made us what we are,
Who stretch one hand to Huron's bearded pines,
And one on Kashmir's snowy shoulder lay,
And round the streaming of whose raiment shines
The iris of the Australasian spray.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Ode on the Day of the Coronation of King Edward VII.*

English Channel.

The turbid Channel with the wandering sails
Moans through the winter day.
ANDREW LANG, *Grass of Parnassus : Clevedon Church, ll.* 3–4.

But now there comes to me
A sign I know, the Channel's sign—
A sound most like the sleuth hound's whine
When slot is found : Drake knows that cry divine :
'Tis England's sea !
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *The Coming of Love, etc. : Christmas at the Mermaid, Song, st.* 10.

English Language.

I like the Anglo-Saxon speech
With its direct revealings ;
It takes a hold, and seems to reach
Way down into your feelings.
EUGENE FIELD, *A Little Book of Western Verse : Good-By—God Bless You, ll.* 1–4.

That subtle speech !
Apt for the need of all and each :
Strong to endure, yet prompt to bend
Wherever human feelings tend.
LORD HOUGHTON, *An Envoy to an American Lady, ll.* 9–12.

Enough.

It is enough to be, nor question why ;
It is enough to work our work and die ;
It is enough to feel and not to know.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Britain : A Midsummer Night's Dream, ll.* 120–2.

I have had enough of wisdom, and enough of mirth,
For the way's one and the end's one, and it's soon to the ends of the earth.
ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil : Wanderer's Song, st.* 3.

Entail.

Sa new Squire's coom'd wi' 'is taāil in 'is 'and, an' owd Squire's gone.
Fur 'staāte be i' taāil, my lass : tha dosn' knaw what that be ?
But I knaws the law, I does, for the lawyer ha towd it me.

'When theer's naw 'eād to a 'Ouse by the fault o' that ere maāle
The gells they counts fur nowt, and the next un he taākes the taāil.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Village Wife, or The Entail, st.2–5.*

Enthusiasm.

" Dearest, every man—even the most cynical—has one enthusiasm—he is earnest about some one thing; the all-round trifler does not exist. If there is a skeleton—there is also an *idol* in the cupboard!"

" JOHN OLIVER HOBBES," *The Ambassador, act II.* (St. Orbyn).

His was the true enthusiasm that burns long, . . .
The hidden force that makes a life-time strong
And not the short-lived fuel of a song.

J. R. LOWELL, *Under the Old Elm, V., 2, ll. 12, 15–16.*

" . . . when public enthusiasms are faded, men care for nothing but their private hatreds and their miserable private interests."

GEORGE MOORE, *The Bending of the Bough, act II.* (Dean).

Envy.

Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.

H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Evangeline, Pt. I., 1, l. 35.*

. . . high above the wrong
Of envy, or the littleness of hate.

LOUISE C. MOULTON, *At the Wind's Will: Summoned by the King, ll. 7–8.*

And envy, sick with sense of sin.

A. C. SWINBURNE, *The Tale of Balen, I., st. 9.*

Epigram.

" Life is not rounded in an epigram,
And saying aught, we leave a world unsaid."

" GEORGE ELIOT," *The Legend of Jubal, etc.: Armgart, sc. II., ll. 62–3* (Graf).

Fired with the thirst of Fame, thus honest Sam,
" I will arise and write an epigram."
An epic, Sam, more glorious still would be,
And much more easily achieved by thee.

Dr. RICHARD GARNETT, *Idylls and Epigrams, No. CXLVI.*

Epitaph.

Strew with violets dim the sod,
Leave her Epitaph with God.

MRS. EARL, *On the Death of Mrs. Holland, ll. 79–80.*

Equality.

Beg of me nothing thou may'st win thyself
By work, or waive with magnanimity,
Since we are peers acknowledged.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies*, 8: *Two Camels*, *ll.* 99–101.

"Make no more giants, God,
But elevate the race at once! We ask
To put forth just our strength, our human strength,
All starting fairly, all equipped alike,
Gifted alike, all eagle-eyed, true-hearted—
See if we cannot beat thine angels yet!"
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus*, *I.* (Paracelsus).

All service ranks the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last nor first.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Pippa Passes*, *Pt. IX.*, *ll.* 113–5.

In the fair City then
Shall walk white-robëd men,
Wash'd in the river of peace that watereth it;
Woman with man shall meet
Freely in mart and street—
At the great council-board woman with man shall sit.
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *The Drama of Kings: Epilude, Epode*, *st.* 3.

Jean Jacques, when entrapped in your sentiment-snare,
"All men should be equal!" I grimly declare;
But when Reason to Rousseau returns a reply,
That all men *are* equal, I gravely deny.
COTSFORD DICK, *The Ways of the World: Ballade of Equality*, *st.* 4.

"All men are equal. Nature taught us that.
And all men in the Church are doubly so:
Kinsmen and brothers, being akin to Christ."
CANON E. E. MASON, *Claudia*, *act I.*, *sc.* 1. (Lysander).

Hero and herdsmen in red earth are one.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical: An Ode*, *l.* 78.

I do not call one greater and one smaller,
That which fills its period and place is equal to any.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: Song of Myself*, 44, *ll.* 9–10.

Estrangement.

So, without overt breach, we fall apart,
Tacitly sunder—neither you nor I
Conscious of one intelligible Why,
And both, from severance, winning equal smart.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Estrangement*, *ll.* 1–4.

Etching.

Just an etching, and, so far, clever.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae : A Likeness, l.* 41.

Eternity.

" Eternity stands always fronting God ;
A stern colossal image, with blind eyes
And grand dim lips that murmur evermore
God, God, God ! "
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Drama of Exile* (Christ).

Forever ! What abysms of woe
The word reveals, what frenzy, what
Despair ! For ever (printed so)
Did not . . .
Forever ! 'Tis a single word !
And yet our fathers deem'd it two :
Nor am I confident they err'd ;
Are you ?
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Forever, stt.* 2 and 9.

The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—
" For ever—never,—
Never—for ever ! "
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Old Clock on the Stairs, st.* 9.

The clock indicates the moment—but what does eternity indicate ?
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass : Song of Myself,* 44, *l.* 4.

Europe.

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall, st.* 89.

Or sweet Europe's mantle blue unclasp'd,
From off her shoulder backward borne ;
From one hand droop'd a crocus : one hand grasp'd
The mild bull's golden horn.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Palace of Art, st.* 30.

Eve's-apple.

" This apple hovers in the air
Before the lips of all that live."
ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil : Dance of the Seven Sins* (Gluttony).

Evening.

Eve is a twofold mystery ;
The stillness Earth doth keep,
The motion wherewith human hearts
Do each to either leap

As if all souls between the poles,
  Felt 'Parting comes in sleep.'
    ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *The Poet's Vow*, *st.* 1.

Where the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles.
  ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics : Love Among the Ruins*, *st.* 1.

Yes, everybody that leaves life sees all
Softened and bettered : so with other sights :
To me at least was never evening yet
But seemed far beautifuller than its day,
For past is past.
  ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, VII. : Pompilia*, *ll.* 355–9.

While the dew fell in showers from the passion flowers
    And the blush-rose bent on her stalk.
      C. S. CALVERLEY, *Companions*, *st.* 1.

And not by eastern windows only,
  When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
  But westward, look, the land is bright.
    A. H. CLOUGH, *Say not the Struggle naught availeth*, *st.* 4.

It was evening,
When shadows lengthen from each westward thing,
When imminence of change makes sense more fine
And light seems holier in its grand decline.
  "GEORGE ELIOT," *The Legend of Jubal*, *ll.* 372–5.

And as he sinks through waves of amber light,
Down to the crystal halls of Amphitrite,
Hesper leads forth his starry legions bright
Into the violet fields of air—Good-night !
  FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE, *Evening*, *ll.* 7–10.

Dear, swift December evenings, homelier far,
Than are June's perfumed twilights, warm and still.
  SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Harvest-Tide : In Praise of December Evenings*, *st.* 2.

A summer eve it was, and everything
Was calm and fair, the tinkling bells did sound
From the fair chapel on the higher ground
Of the holy hill, the murmur of the sea
Came on the fitful south-west soothingly ;
The house-carles sang as homeward now they went
From out the home-field, and the hay's sweet scent
Floated around.
  WILLIAM MORRIS, *Earthly Paradise : Lovers of Gudrun : Gudrun's Deeming*, *ll.* 94–101.

The team is loosen'd from the wain,
The boat is drawn upon the shore;
Thou listenest to the closing door,
And life is darken'd in the brain.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, CXXI., st. 2.*

The shades of evening lengthen,—let us close
The latticed window, and draw down the blind.
S. WADDINGTON, *Sonnets and Other Verse: Night-Fall, ll. 1–2.*

Evening-primrose.

Wise evening-primroses, that shun strong light,
But kindle with the start and commerce with the night.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Love's Widowhood, st. 23.*

Evil. See also **Sin.**

Iniquity,
When it has been the playmate of our thoughts
And fouled imagination, writes out drafts
Which only want one second's signature.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: A Tale of the Thames, ch. XXV., ll. 298–301.*

"For many things there be upon this earth
Unblest and fallen from beauty, to mislead
Man's mind, and in a shadow justify
The evil thoughts and deeds that work his ill;
Fear, hatred, lust, and strife, which, if man question
The heaven-born spirit within him, are not there."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Prometheus the Firegiver, ll. 480–5* (Prometheus).

What's the worst
Of Evil but that, past, it overshades
The else-exempted present?
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies, 12: A Bean-Stripe, ll. 21–3.*

You were wrong, you see: that's well to see, though late:
That's all we may expect of man, this side
The grave: his good is—knowing he is bad.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, VI.: Giuseppe Caponsacchi, ll. 141–3.*

. . . why should ill keep echoing ill
And never let our ears have done with noise?
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, VII.: Pompilia, ll. 651–2.*

. . . "I would rather
Hear of the evil that I have not done,
Than do the evil of which naught is heard."
"MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act V., sc. 7* (Queen Mary).

The crooked paths of ill to goodness tend.
J. R. LOWELL, *A Legend of Brittany, Pt. II., 6, l. 4.*

Evil is Life,
The conflict of great laws pervading space;
Evil is strife,
Which keeps the creature in its ordered place.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life: The Ode of Evil, ll.* 14–7.

. . . "ill comes from ill,
And as a thing begins, so ends it still."
WILLIAM MORRIS, *Earthly Paradise: Lovers of Gudrun, Stealing of the Coif, ll.* 141–2 (Kiartan).

Much evil, if he live,
He needs must do, should fear forgive
When wrongs bid strike and strive.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *The Tale of Balen, VI., st.* 45.

Sorrowing for ill wrought unaware.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *The Tale of Balen, VII., st.* 2.

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, LIV., st.* 1.

Blind madness glories in an evil deed;
But waken'd conscience that it was not done.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece: Eumenides, IV., ll.* 52–3.

They who do the Devil's service wear their master's coat of mail.
J. G. WHITTIER, *The Garrison of Cape Ann, st.* 17.

Evolution.

. . . "if we look closely, the policy of God is ever directed toward amendment; one can discover in it nothing of a destructive cast."
"MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act II., sc.* 4 (Lethington).

Evolution ever climbing after some ideal good,
And Reversion ever dragging Evolution in the mud.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Sixty Years After, st.* 100.

Example.

Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbour's creed has lent.
R. W. EMERSON, *Each and All, ll.* 9–10.

Excellence.

Now learn, love, have, do, be the best
Each in one thing excel the rest:
Strive; and hold fast this truth of heaven—
To him that hath shall more be given.
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Shorter Poems, bk. V., No.* 14 *Founder's Day, Secular Ode on the Ninth Jubilee of Eton College, st.* 10.

Excess.

"Excess in any virtue is a vice
And disproportion is deformity."
CANON G. E. MASON, *Claudia, act I., sc.* 1 (Victor).

Exchange.

In some degree, exchange is hardly theft.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, II.: Half-Rome, l.* 553.

Excuses.

"... these old men
Are potent in excuses."
ROBERT BROWNING, *King Victor and King Charles: Second Year Pt. II.* (Charles).

Exercise.

"The exercise
Has stunned me with delight; my limbs are tired,
My head asleep."
"MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act II., sc.* 5 (Queen Mary).

Exhilaration.

"I'm exhilarated now; I'm not drunk. I seem to remember another man some time or other—several men, in fact, at various times—saying they were only exhilarated. It's a common thing to say in certain circumstances: it's a platitude. I'm not drunk. Do you think I'm drunk?"
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Plays: Scaramouch in Naxos, sc. I.* (Glaucus).

Exile.

"Exiled is not lost!"
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Drama of Exile* (Chorus).

"Not death, not bonds are bitterer than his day
On whom the sun looks forth of a strange sky,
Whose thirst drinks water from strange hands, whose lips
Eat stranger's bread for hunger."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Bothwell, act V., sc.* 13 (Herries).

Expediency.

"Hell is full
Of politic expedients, condoned
By Earth, to double their offence 'fore Heaven."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act I., sc.* 4 (Savonarola).

Experience.

Experience, like a pale musician, holds
A dulcimer of patience in his hand.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Perplexed Music, ll.* 1–2.

Experience is a dumb, dead thing;
The victory's in believing.
J. R. LOWELL, *To* ——, *st.* 8.

And others' follies teach us not,
Nor much their wisdom teaches;
And most, of sterling worth, is what
Our own experience preaches.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue, Pt. II., st.* 4.

Explosion.

"Mixed nothings make"—quoth he,
"Something!" So they did: a thunderclap, but louder.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies, VIII.: Two Camels, Interlude, st.* 1.

Eyes.

'Tis joy to believe in the truth that lies
Far down in the depths of those sweet brown eyes!
J. ASHBY-STERRY, *The Lazy Minstrel: Jennie, st.* 2.

The eyes of Love are those alone which see.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. V.: Christ, st.* 30.

. . . the eyes smiled too,
But 't was as if remembering they had wept,
And knowing they should, some day, weep again.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. II., ll.* 824–6.

Folded eyes see brighter colours than the open ever do.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Child Asleep, st.* 2.

"Thy right is wrong, eyes hast thou yet art blind,
Thine ears are stuffed and stopped, despite their length:
And, oh, the foolishness thou countest faith!"
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ring and the Book, XII.: The Book and the Ring, ll.* 846–8.

Those deep dark eyes where pride demurs
When pity would be softening through.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Romances: The Last Ride Together, st.* 2.

There is more meaning in the simple eyes
Than in the utterance of ten thousand words.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: A Tale of the Thames, ch. V., ll.* 164–5.

The full, soft lids, half-raised above
Those blue and dreamy eyes,
Within whose gaze of trusting love
No fear—no falsehood lies

Like lonely lakes of Heaven's pure rain,
Reflecting only Heaven again.
HELEN, LADY DUFFERIN, *Songs, Poems and Verses: On my Child's Picture, st. 2.*

. . . wondrous eyes,
Not afraid, but clear and tender,
Blue, and filled with prophecies.
JEAN INGELOW, *A Mother Showing the Portrait of her Child, st. 13.*

He needs no eyes who is a shining light!
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Book of Sonnets: To One Threatened with Blindness, II., l. 14.*

Such mystic lore was in her eyes,
And light of other worlds than ours,
She lookt as she had fed on flowers,
And drunk the dews of Paradise.
GERALD MASSEY, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, st. 52.*

Her great eyes, standing far apart,
Draw up some memory from her heart
And gaze out very mournfully;
—Beata mea domina!—
WILLIAM MORRIS, *Defence of Guinevere, etc.: Praise of my Lady, st. 7.*

No doubt I should love you as dearly
Were your hair like an apricot's down,
And your eyes like the grey of the morning;
But I'm glad, all the same, that they're brown.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends: A Brown Study, st. 5.*

. . . her eyelids drooping down,
Let fall their fringed curtains o'er her eyes of hazel brown.
GEORGE R. SIMS, *Dagonet and other Poems: The Earl's Daughter, st. 2,*

. . . swimming, dreamy eyes that seemed to gaze
Into a world of wonders far away.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Olrig Grange, bk. II.: Editorial, ll. 12–3.*

Keen as a sword and sharp—a black bright eye,
Deep sunk beneath an arch of jet.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Olrig Grange, bk. III.: Editorial, ll. 19–20.*

The angel eyes, that watch, and wait, and weep.
C. W. STUBBS, *The Conscience, etc.: Una and her Paupers, l. 37.*

The eyes that looked through life and gazed on God.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Lachrymae Musarum, l. 108.*

"The truest eyes that ever answer'd Heaven."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Geraint and Enid, II., l. 844 (Edyrr).*

. . . "behold her eyes
Beyond my knowing of them, beautiful,
Beyond all knowing of them, wonderful,
Beautiful in the light of holiness."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : The Holy Grail, ll.* 102–5 (Ambrosius).

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, XXXII., st.* 1.

Her melancholy eyes divine,
The home of woe without a tear.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Mariana in the South, st.* 2.

. . . eyes, whose light is sometimes veil'd in tears,
Win more than those that dazzle in their joy.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece : Anaktoria, IV., ll.* 43–4.

Face.

The quiet happy face that lighted up
As from a sunshine in the heart within,
Rejoicing whomsoever looked on it,
But far more whomsoever it looked on.
HARRIET E. HAMILTON KING, *The Disciples : Ugo Bassi, Pt. I.*

A face not pale, but fair and colourless,
Perfect in feature, and that sometimes smiled
Like the first burst of sunshine after rain.
HARRIET E. HAMILTON KING, *The Disciples : Ugo Bassi, Pt. II.*

Thy face remembered is from other worlds,
It has been died for, though I know not when,
It has been sung of, though I know not where.
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Marpessa, ll.* 145–7.

The round little flower of a face that exults in the sunshine of shadowless days.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday : After a Reading, st.* 3.

Passionless, pale, cold face, star-sweet on a gloom profound.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., III., l.* 4.

A face tho' seldom sad not ofttimes merry.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece : Phaon, III., l.* 57.

Still the rapt faces
Glow from the furnace :
Breath of the smithy
Scorches their brows.
WILLIAM WATSON, *England my Mother, Pt. I., st.* 6.

O sweet, calm face that seemed to wear
The look of sins forgiven !
J. G. WHITTIER, *The Friend's Burial, st.* 13.

The face that a child would climb to kiss!
J. G. WHITTIER, *The Prophecy of Samuel Sewall, l.* 18.

My face! Is this long strip of skin,
Which bears of worry many a trace,
Of sallow hue, of features thin,
This mass of seams and lines, my face?
EDMUND YATES, *Aged Forty, st.* 2 (Adams, *Songs of Society*).

Factions.

And jealous factions snatching at the helm,
And Out o'er-bidding In with graceless strife,
Selling the State for votes.
FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, *The Visions of England: At Bemerton, st.* 1.

Facts.

And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
Excepting when we've quarrelled, and told each other facts.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Ballads: Betsey and I are Out, st.* 18.

Faddist.

Shall I hotly oppose Vivisection?
Grow warm on the Drainage of Flats?
Or strive for the Better Protection
Of Commons, Cathedrals, or Cats?
ANTHONY C. DEANE, *New Rhymes for Old: A Certain Cure, st.* 3.

Failure.

Whatever fails
Does surely so from lack of due intent.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: A Tale of the Thames, ch.* 12, *ll.* 94–5.

For unsuccess, explain it how you will,
Disqualifies you, makes you doubt yourself.
—Much more, is found decisive by your friends.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, XI.: Guido, ll.* 1841–3.

Well, and if none of these good things came,
What did the failure prove?
The man was my whole world, all the same,
With his flowers to praise or his weeds to blame,
And, either or both, to love.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae: James Lee's Wife, IV., st.* 6.

Folks that's afeared to fail are sure o' failin'.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. II., Letter* 6.

I know
How far high failure overleaps the bound
Of low successes.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades, bk. III.: Hades: Marsyas, ll.* 179–81.

. . . there were some men there
Who drank in silence to the memory
Of those who failed on earth great men to be,
Though better than the men who won the crown.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise, July, ll.* 22–5.

He had his birth; a nature too complete,
Eager and doubtful, no man's soldier sworn,
And no man's chosen captain; born to fail,
A name without an echo.
HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race: The Non-Combatant, ll.* 3–6.

"Labour" I preach less than I practise.
Practice o'er preaching must prevail,
They told me. But the simple fact is
Whate'er I touch appears to fail.
I've failed as lawyer and lamplighter,
As soldier, sailor, sacristan,
And even as a sporting writer:
Most truly an unlucky man.
C. C. R[HYS], *Up for the Season: A Lay of Ill-Luck, st.* 2.

That is nothing that is quell'd by one or two failures, or any number of failures.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: Autumn Rivulets: To a Foil'd European Revolutionaire, l.* 3.

Flower fairies—have you found them,
When the summer's dusk is falling,
With the glow-worms watching round them,
Have you heard them softly calling?
P. B. MARSTON, *A Last Harvest: Flower Fairies, st.* 1.

Faith.

'Ware how you weaken force and faith alike,
Reason and reverence first must learn to kiss.
The centuried growth it is which props the walls.
Tear down the ivy, and the ruin falls.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act III., st.* 37.

Not mine presumptuous thought to cope
With sage's faith, with saint's belief,
Or proudly mock the humble hope
That solaced the Repentant Thief.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *At the Gate of the Convent, etc.: Outside the Village Church, st.* 33.

. . . the faith that Wordsworth had,
The faith of Hugo, Dante, and of all
Great deep-souled poets—a great faith in God
Apart from creeds and churches?
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. II.: A Poet's Letter to his Son, ll* 237–40.

First amend, my son,
Thy faulty nomenclature, call belief
Belief indeed, nor grace with such a name
The easy acquiescence of mankind
In matters nowise worth dispute;

ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies, III.: Shah Abbas, ll.* 37–41.

There is but one way to brow-beat this world,
Dumb-founder, doubt, and repay scorn in kind,—
To go on trusting, namely, till faith move
Mountains.

ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, III.: The Other Half-Rome, ll.* 485–8.

"The doubt that maddens and the faith that cheers."

ROBERT BUCHANAN, *The Drama of Kings: The Teuton against Paris* (Chorus).

Oh, let us lose no single link that our dear Church has bound,
To keep our hearts more close to Heaven, on earth's ungenial ground;
But trust in saint and martyr yet, and o'er their hallowed clay
Long after we have ceased to weep, kneel faithful down to pray.

ELLEN M. P. DOWNING, *The Old Church at Lismore, st.* 8.

When false things are brought low,
And swift things have grown slow,
Feigning like froth shall go,
Faith be for aye.

THOMAS HARDY, *Poems of the Past and the Present: Between us Now, st.* 3.

Faith, blighted once, is past retrieving.

J. R. LOWELL, *To* ——, *st.* 8.

And Love beholding Death, hides troubled eyes:
And Wisdom cries, "I know not anything":
And only Faith beholds that all is well.

S. R. LYSAGHT, *Poems of the Unknown: A Ritual, A Lesson, ll.* 101–3.

For it is one faith for man,
And one for the living world,
And no man is wiser than another—
And none knoweth much.

FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream: The Chant of Ardan, st.* 3.

. . . the high gods
Link Love with Faith, and he withdraws himself
From the full gaze of Knowledge.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades, bk. II., Hades: Psyche, ll.* 79–81.

Call no faith false which e'er has brought
Relief to any laden life,
Cessation from the pain of thought,
Refreshment 'mid the dust of life.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. II. : Tolerance, st.* 1.

These died
Believing in the sun when night was blackest,
And by our dawn their faith is justified!
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends : Until the Dawn, st.* 4.

Beautiful Faith surrendering to Time.
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Marpessa, l.* 62.

And Faith, my son, the substance is of things
Hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.
Q[UILLER COUCH], *Poems and Ballads : Columbus at Seville, ll.* 277–8.

. . . the breath
Of God in man that warranteth
The inmost utmost things of faith.
D. G. ROSSETTI, *World's Worth, st.* 3.

Mere crows may steer an even flight,
Man stalks by faith and not by sight.
" OWEN SEAMAN," *In Cap and Bells : Of the Stalking of the Stag, st.* 9.

O for the days of Faith! when patient thought
Brooded on things of God, and questioned not!
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda : among the Broken Gods : Rev. Elphinstone Bell, ll.* 105–6.

Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers :
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Merlin and Vivien, ll.* 246–7. (Vivien).

Believing where we cannot prove.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam : Dedication, st.* 1.

The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell
On doubts that drive the coward back.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, XCV., st.* 8.

Thou canst not prove the Nameless, O my son,
Nor canst thou prove the world thou movest in,
Thou canst not prove that thou art body alone,
Nor canst thou prove that thou art spirit alone,
Nor canst thou prove that thou art both in one :
Thou canst not prove thou art immortal, no,
Nor yet that thou art mortal—nay, my son,
Thou canst not prove that I, who speak with thee,
Am not thyself in converse with thyself,
For nothing worthy proving can be proven,

Nor yet disproven: wherefore thou be wise,
Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith!
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Ancient Sage, ll.* 57–69.

Faithfulness; Fidelity.

"... faithfulness can feed on suffering,
And knows no disappointment."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gipsy, bk. III.* (Fedalma).

"The deepest hunger of a faithful heart
Is faithfulness."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gipsy, bk. V.* (Fedalma).

No other maid with magic art
Shall break the links that bind me
For ever to the faithful heart
Of the girl I've left behind me.
A. P. GRAVES, *The Girl I Left Behind Me, st.* 3.

And, Erin, bid thy son as soon believe
Thy song expired, thy star of promise set,
As dream my darling's eyes could e'er deceive,
Her lips their low sweet answer all forget.
A. P. GRAVES, *When she Answered me her Voice was Low, st.* 3.

"True to a vision, steadfast to a dream."
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Ulysses, act I., sc.* 1 (Penelope).

Is it the work that makes life great and true?
Or the true soul that, working as it can,
Does faithfully the task it has to do,
And keepeth faith alike with God and man?
WALTER C. SMITH, *Work and Spirit, st.* 1.

Let us go up and look him in the face,
We are but as he made us.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical: Zeus, ll.* 109–10.

"Faäithful an' True"—them words be i' Scriptur—an' Faäithful an' True
Ull be fun' upo' four short legs ten times fur one up' two.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Owd Roä, ll.* 15–16.

"Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Guinevere, l.* 537 (Arthur).

Fakir.

Sad-eyed Fakirs swiftly say
Endless dirges to decay.
R. W. EMERSON, *Saadi, ll.* 49–50.

Falcon.

I know a falcon swift and peerless
As e'er was cradled in the pine.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Falcon, st.* 1.

False, Falsehood.

"False, I will never—rash I would not be!"
ROBERT BROWNING, *Colombe's Birthday, act III.* (Duchess).

All that is false in this world below
Betrays itself in a love of show.
BRET HARTE, *The Tale of a Pony, st.* 5.

With all his conscience and one eye askew,
So false, he partly took himself for true.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Sea Dreams, ll.* 180–1.

Falsehoods which we spurn to-day
Were the truths of long ago:
Let the dead boughs fall away,
Fresher shall the living grow.
J. G. WHITTIER, *Calef in Boston, st.* 4.

Fame.

"Men remember
When they're forgotten; when remembered, they
Themselves forget."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act. II., sc.* 8 (Abaddon).

The sweetest minister of Fame
Is she who broods upon one's name,
But calls it not aloud.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Lyrics: Wordsworth at Dove Cottage, st.* 9.

. . . "to leave a name
Untarnished and beloved, remembered long;—
That was my choice, my hope."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Palicio, act. II., sc.* 5, *ll.* 964–6 (Palicio).

And the highest fame was never reached except
By what was aimed above it.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. IV., ll.* 67–8.

Fame,—that bubble which, world-wide
Each blows and bids his neighbour lend a breath.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, XII.: The Book and the Ring, ll.* 639–40.

I drop the dream of high renown;
I ask but to possess my soul.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *New Ballads: A Ballad of a Workman, st.* 7.

. . . "fame is the breath of power:
What valid work was ever for itself
Wrought solely, be it war, art, statesmanship?"
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Smith, act. I.* (Hallowes).

Fame's a pearl that hides beneath a sea of tears.
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems : Echoes, II., l.* 6.

There was a morning when I longed for fame,
There was a noontide when I passed it by,
There is an evening when I think not shame
Its substance and its being to deny.
JEAN INGELOW, *The Star's Monument, st.* 81.

Men of the plain heroic breed,
That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.
J. R. LOWELL, *All Saints, st.* 1.

Fame, like Titania, stooping down
To set on asses' ears a crown.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Series II. : A Cynic's Day-Dream, ll.* 157–8.

He died, and in his place was set his son ;
He died, and in a few days every one
Went on their way as though he had not been.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise : April, ll.* 9–11.

And Fame, whose loud wings fan the ashen Past
To signal-fires, Oblivion's flight to scare.
D. G. ROSSETTI, *The House of Life, Pt. I. : Sonnet I., ll.* 4–5.

Make bare the poor dead secrets of his heart,
Strip the stark-naked soul, that all may peer,
Spy, smirk, sniff, snap, snort, snivel, snarl, and sneer :
Let none so sad, let none so sacred part,
Lie still for pity, rest unstirred for shame,
But all be scanned of all men. This is fame.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday : In Sepulcretis, II.*

" Fame of to-day is infamy to-morrow ;
Infamy of to-day is fame to-morrow ;
And round and round again. What matters ? "
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Becket, act. II., sc.* 1 (Henry).

Fame blowing out from her golden trumpet a jubilant challenge to Time and to Fate.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Vastness, st.* 11.

" Man dreams of Fame while woman wakes to love."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Merlin and Vivien,* 318 (Vivien).

" Fame with men,
Being but ampler means to serve mankind,
Should have small rest or pleasure in herself,
But work as vassal to the larger love,
That dwarfs the petty love of one to one."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Merlin and Vivien, ll.* 346–50 (Merlin).

"How many names in the long sweep of time
That so foreshortens greatness, may but hang
On the chance mention of some fool that once
Brake bread with us, perhaps."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act III., sc.* 5 (Elizabeth).

The loud impertinence of fame.
WILLIAM WATSON, *In Lalcham Churchyard, st.* 3.

Famine.

"Witless upon a pile of fleshless bones
Sits Famine, smiling with a hungry eye
At Pestilence, who at her dark feet heaps
The blotch'd and swollen faces of the dead
In silence."
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *The Drama of Kings : The Teuton against Paris* (Governor).

As long as there's plenty o' milk to churn,
An' plenty o' pyaties in ridge an' furrow,
By the winter fire we'll laugh to scorn
The frown o' famine an' scowl o' sorrow.
PATRICK JAMES COLEMAN, *Seed-Time, st.* 1.

O Christ, how have we sinned, that on our native plains
We perish houseless, naked, starved, with branded brow, like Cain's ?
Dying, dying wearily, with a torture sure and slow—
Dying as a dog would die, by the wayside as we go.
JANE F. ELGEE [LADY WILDE], *The Famine Year, st.* 4.

Famine the evil-visaged—that once faced
There is no terror left to scare a man.
ALEXANDER SMITH, *Edwin of Deira, bk. I., ll.* 165–6.

Fan.

Teach me to flirt a fan
As the Spanish ladies can.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics : A Lover's Quarrel, st.* 10.

"... and the busy fans
Among the gaily dressed and perfumed ladies
Fluttered like butterflies among the flowers."
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Spanish Student, act I., sc.* 1 (Lara).

Fanatic.

... earth's fanatics make
Too frequently heaven's saints.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. II., ll.* 449–50.

"... one must become
Fanatic—be a wedge—a thunder-bolt,
To smite a passage through the close-grained world."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Smith, act I.* (Smith).

Fancy.

Fancy with fact is just one fact the more;
To-wit, that fancy has informed, transpierced,
Thridded and so thrown fast the facts else free.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, I., ll.* 464–6.

Given a fancy, who betimes can read
What other unlike fancies it may breed?
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals: The Festival of Anecdote, V., ll.* 7–8.

"Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad: XIII., st.* 1 (Wise Man).

What is Fancy but the Past
Or Future, bathed in light which never shone,
Or shall, upon the earth, and yet which shows
Nearer than real Life, and clearer far.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Britain: The Curse of Pantannas, ll.* 370–3.

In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall, st.* 10.

Far-away.

The Golden Shore of Far-Away!
GEORGE SIGERSON, *Far-Away* (Refrain).

Farewell.

Farewell, be glad, forget;
There is no need to say "forget" I know,
For youth is youth, and time will have it so.
ANDREW LANG, *Grass of Parnassus: Good-bye, st.* 2.

Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still.
Farewell to the patthern, the hurlin' an' wake,
An' farewell to the girl that would die for your sake!
J. SHERIDAN LE FANU, *Shemus O'Brien, Pt. I., ll.* 56–9.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *By the Fireside: Resignation, st.* 2.

"Thy farewell had a sound of sorrow in it."
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Spanish Student, act I., sc.* 3 (Preciosa).

Farmer.

'Tis oft the hardy fishers a scanty harvest earn,
And gallant tars from glory on wooden legs return,
But a bursting crop for ever shall dance before my flail,
For I'll live and die a farmer all in the Golden Vale.
A. P. GRAVES, *Jack, the Jolly Ploughboy, st.* 4.

Fashion ; Mode.

And heresies called fashions
  Have modesty effaced,
And baleful, morbid passions
  Corrupt our native taste.
EUGENE FIELD, *A Little Book of Western Verse : Apple-Pie and Cheese, st.* 1.

The fashions change, for change is dear to men.
T. E. BROWN, *Old John and other Poems : Metaboah, l.* 1.

The little laws that lacqueys make,
  The futile decalogue of Mode.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Things that are more Excellent, st.* 6.

Fasting.

"Fasting is all very well for those
Who have to contend with invisible foes ;
But I am quite sure it does not agree
With a quiet, peaceable man like me."
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Golden Legend, IV.* (Friar Claus).

Fate ; Destiny. See also **Fortune.**

In their dark House of Cloud
The three weird sisters toil till time be sped ;
One unwinds life ; one ever weaves the shroud ;
  One waits to cut the thread.
T. B. ALDRICH, *XXXVI. Lyrics and XII. Sonnets : Lyric XXV., Quatrains, No.* 3.

Man hath no fate except past deeds,
No Hell but what he makes, no Heaven too high
For those to reach whose passions sleep subdued.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. VII.*

Within yourselves deliverance must be sought ;
  Each man his prison makes.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia : bk. VIII.*

Rage for the act reflection pardons not ;
The sting of playing slave to Destiny.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of the World : Mary Magdalene.*

What the high Gods will have falls at its hour ;
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Voyage of Ithobal : The First Day, l.* 339.

"The man who to untimely death is doom'd,
Vainly you hedge him from the assault of harm ;
He bears the seed of ruin in himself."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Merope* (Aepytus).

Yet they, believe me, who await
No gifts from chance, have conquer'd fate.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Resignation, ll.* 247–8.

For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall,
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,
We know not, and no search will make us know;
Only the event will teach us in its hour.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Sohrab and Rustum, ll.* 390–7.

Fight, to be found fighting: nor far away
Deem, nor strange thy doom.
Like this sorrow 'twill come,
And the day will be to-day.
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Shorter Poems, bk. V., No.* 19, *st.* 4.

". . . brooding souls that talk of fate,
And of their helpless, brute plasticity
In mighty, thoughtless hands, bring down the woes
They dread and should defy."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Plays: A Romantic Farce, act V.* (Edmund).

Time teaches us that oft One Higher,
Unasked, a happier lot bestows,
Than if each blighted dream-desire
Had blossomed as the rose.
SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE, *Return of the Guards and other Poems: Dedicatory Stanzas, st.* 8.

No man can change the common lot to rare.
THOMAS HARDY, *Poems of the Past and the Present: To an Unborn Pauper Child, st.* 5.

Lie down in the bed of dust;
Bear the fruit that bear you must;
Bring the eternal seed to light,
And morn is all the same as night.
A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad: XLIII., The Immortal Past, st.* 7.

Be still, fond man, nor ask thy fate to know.
Face bravely what each God-sent moment brings.
Above thee rules in love, through weal and woe,
Guiding thy kings and thee, the King of kings.
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *On the Death of Leopold, King of the Belgians, st.* 2.

I dare not ask; I know not what is best;
God hath already said what shall betide.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *To-Morrow, ll.* 13–4.

We call our sorrows Destiny, but ought
Rather to name our high successes so.
J. R. LOWELL, *A Glance behind the Curtains, ll.* 23–4.

The dim muffled whisper of blind empty fate.
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream : The Bugles of Dreamland, st.* 3.

Only a summer's fate of rain,
And a woman's fate of tears.
ALICE MEYNELL, *Poems : In Autumn, st.* 2.

. . . the finger of fate, unavoidable, pitiless, awful
Points with unfaltering aim, to the road which our footsteps shall tread.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Britain : The Physicians of Myddfai, ll.* 47–8.

Bethink thee of the irony of fate,
How great men die inglorious and alone ;
How Dives sits within upon his throne,
While good men crouch with Lazarus at the gate.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, First Series, The True Man, st.* 4.

Then let what will fall, fall !
WILLIAM MORRIS, *Life and Death of Jason, bk. VIII., l.* 26.

Alas ! forgotten or remembered, still
Midst joy or sorrow fate shall work its will.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise, The Lovers of Gudrun : Gudrun twice Wedded, ll.* 95–6.

In strange weird ways by Fate's big loom our web of fortune's spun.
G. R. SIMS, *The Dagonet and other Poems : The Earl's Daughter, st.* 3.

Follow Light, and do the Right—for man can half-control his doom.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Sixty Years After, st.* 139.

As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green ;
Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, LXIV., stt.* 1, 2.

The Fates are just ; they give us but our own ;
Nemesis ripens what our hands have sown.
J. G. WHITTIER, *To a Southern Statesman, ll.* 18–19.

Father ; Fatherhood.

Cares are thine, cares, and the unselfish mind
Which spends itself for others and can find
How blest it is without return to give.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life : The Ode of Perfect Years. Pt. I., ll.* 33–5.

Whate'er thy race or speech, thou art the same;
Before thy eyes Duty, a constant flame,
Shines always steadfast with unchanging light,
Through dark days and through bright.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life: The Ode of Perfect Years, Pt. I., ll.* 36–9.

Fault; Error.

I see the error; but above
The scope of error, see the love.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day, XI., ll.* 52–3.

But faults you ne'er suspected,
Nay, praised, no faults at all,—
Those would you had detected—
Crushed eggs whence snakes could crawl!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies, VII.: A Camel-Driver, Interlude, st.* 3.

A faultless nature in a flawless form.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, IX.: Juris Doctor Johannes-Baptista Bottinius, l.* 195.

. . . to me
He is all fault who hath no fault at all:
For who loves me must have a touch of earth.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Lancelot and Elaine, ll.* 131–3.

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., 2, l.* 6.

For they are blest that have not much to rue—
That have not oft mis-heard the prompter's cue,
Stammered and stumbled and the wrong parts played
And life a Tragedy of Errors made.
WILLIAM WATSON, *To a Friend, ll.* 7–10.

Fauns.

Goat-footed fauns and satyrs one by one,
With limbs upon the greensward thrown,
Gather'd, and darken'd round me in the sun,
Like shapes of stone.
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Undertones, IX.: Orpheus the Musician, st.* 9.

Fawn.

I saw a stirring in the fern and out there leapt a fawn.
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream: Eilidh, my Fawn, st.* 1.

Fear.

Loud braggart fear, that tempts then shirks the brunt.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act IV., st.* 10.

Why should I fear, when I can never know
If joy or grief, if life or death be best?
E. F. M. BENEKE, *The Cross beneath the Ring: Philosophy, st.* 3.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars.
A. H. CLOUGH, *Say not the Struggle nought availeth, st.* 2.

"Fear makes an enemy of truth itself."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Godfrida, act. III.* (Isembert).

That what man dreads he still should view—
Should do the thing he fears to do,
And storm the ghosts in ambuscade.
JEAN INGELOW, *Scholar and Carpenter, st.* 10.

Fear hath a startled eye that holds a fear.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: *Verses, Gifts and Graces.*

"Sure it is
That only dread of death is veriest death
And fear of hell blows hellfire seven times hot
For souls whose thought foretastes it."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Marino Faliero, act V., sc.* 2 (Faliero).

O God of Battles! Lord of Might!
A sentry, in the silent night,
I, 'oo 'ave never prayed,
Kneel on the dew-damp sands, to say,
O see me through the comin' day—
But, please remember, though I pray,
That I am not afraid!
EDGAR WALLACE, *Writ in Barracks: The Prayer, st.* 1.

Feast.

There's a feast undated yet:
Both our true lives hold it fast—
The first day we ever met.
What a great day came and passed!
Unknown then, but known at last,
ALICE MEYNELL, *Poems: An Unmarked Festival, st.* 1.

February.

Gay lucidity,
Not yet sunshine, in the air;
Tingling secrets hidden everywhere,
Each at watch for each;
Sap within the hillside beach,
Not a leaf to sea.
"MICHAEL FIELD," *Underneath the Bough: The Fourth Book of Songs,* Song 24.

Noon—and the north-west wind sweeps the empty road,
The rain-washed fields from hedge to hedge are bare;
Beneath the leafless elms some hind's abode

Looks small and void, and no smoke meets the air
From its poor hearth: one lonely rook doth dare
The gale, and beats above the unseen corn,
Then turns, and whirling down the wind is borne.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: February, st.* 1.

Felucca.

"The wind upon our quarter lies,
And on before the freshening gale,
That fills the snow-white lateen sail,
Swiftly our light felucca flies."
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Golden Legend*, V. (Il Padrone).

White-winged feluccas cleave their way
In paths of gorgeous blue.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Songs of the Days and Nights, Songs of the Summer Days, III., st.* 3.

Fennel.

. . . nothing stings
Fried liver out of its monotony
Of richness, like a root of fennel, chopped
Fine with the parsley: parsley-sprigs, I said—
Was there need I should say "and fennel too?"
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, VIII.: Dominus Hyacinthus de Archangelis, ll.* 543–7.

Fern.

Now the fragile frond of the fern uncurls.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Lyrics: The Passing of the Primroses, st.* 12.

As the slender fern
Draws in its feathery tresses underneath
Some fountain slab, and trembles half the day
At each vale whisper.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical: Daphne, ll.* 41–4.

Fringeing the stream, at every turn
Swung low the waving fronds of fern.
J. G. WHITTIER, *The Seeking of the Waterfall, st.* 8.

Feud. See also **Quarrel.**

And musing on the little lives of men,
And how they mar this little by their feuds.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Sea Dreams, ll.* 48–9.

Fields.

The pastoral fields burned by the setting sun.
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Marpessa, l.* 296.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
To the low last edge of the long lone land.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Forsaken Garden, st.* 2.

Field-mouse.

The small field-mouse with wide transparent ears
Comes softly forth, and softly disappears.
MRS. NORTON, *The Lady of La Garaye.*

Filbert.

Those swarthy hazel-clusters, seamed and chapped,
Or filberts russet-sheathed and velvet-capped.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Sordello, bk. I., ll. 869–70.*

Finery.

Nature disdains not braveries: why should we
The sombre foil of all her splendours be?
WILLIAM WATSON, *Ode on the Day of the Coronation of King Edward VII.*

Fire.

When the wind moans without and the day dies away,
And there's snow in the air and the sky's leaden grey,
When the town becomes dull and the country is drear,
And one feels somewhat sad at the end of the year,
What better fate then, could the Rhymer desire
Than to sit and do nothing and gaze at the fire?
J. ASHBY-STERRY, *The Lazy Minstrel: A Fire-Light Sonata* (motto.)

"There is much virtue in a good hot fire."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act III., sc. 9* (A Monk).

Flame of fire was the poet's desire:
The thinker found that life was fire.
ROBERT BRIDGES, *New Poems, No. 7.*

Fire is in the flint: true, once a spark escapes,
Fire forgets the kinship, soars till fancy shapes
Some befitting cradle where the babe had birth—
Wholly heaven's the product, unallied to earth.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies, V.: The Sun, Interlude, ll. 1–4.*

"Too much damp fuel quells the strongest fire."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *An Unhistorical Pastoral, act II., sc. 2* (Felice).

Fire, Jenny, quickest kindled
Is always soonest dwindled,
And thread the swiftest spindled
Snaps first.
A. P. GRAVES, *Jenny, I'm not Jesting, st. 2.*

In a hollow land
From which old fires have broken, men may fear
Fresh fire and ruin.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Geraint and Enid, II., ll. 823–5.*

" In unremorseful folds of rolling fire."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : The Holy Grail, l.* 260 (Percivale).

Fire-brigade.

Then let us bless our Gracious Queen and eke the Fire Brigade,
And bless no less the horrid mess they've been and gone and made ;
Remove the dirt they chose to squirt upon our best attire,
Bless all, but most the lucky chance that no one shouted " Fire ! "
Q[UILLER COUCH], *Green Bays : Fire! st. 6.*

Firefly.

O 'tis to-night a Fairy fête,
Peal out, O Elfin bells !
The Firefly's light is flashing bright
In all the haunted dells.
" ARISTO," *The Moon of Leaves : The Fairy Queen of the May, st.* 1.

Mysterious thing of celestial light,
That flittest around me the long lone night,
In what place of the air hadst thou thy birth ?
Mysterious thing, thou art not of earth !
" ARISTO," *The Moon of Leaves : To a Firefly, st.* 1.

Some think fireflies pretty, when they mix i' the corn and mingle,
Or thrid the stinking hemp till the stalks of it seem a-tingle.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics : Up at a Villa—Down in the City, st.* 8.

First Step, The.

" What if the powers permit
The doing of that deed which serves us now ;
Then of that very deed do make a spur
To drive us to some act that we abhor ?
The first step is with us ; then all the road
The long road is with Fate."
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Herod, act I.* (Herod).

Fish.

" Fish should swim twice," they used to say,—
Once in their native, vapid brine,
And then again, a better way—
You understand ; fetch on the wine !
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse : The Fisherman's Feast, st.* 2.

. . . Gleaming fishes, darting to and fro,
Make restless silver in the pools below.
MRS. NORTON, *The Lady of La Garaye.*

A ring of many locusts, horny-coated,
A round of chirping tree-frogs merry-throated,
And sly, fat fishes sailing, watching all.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical : Circe, ll.* 64-6.

Fish-wives.

Rough wives, that laugh'd and scream'd against the gulls,
Makers of nets, and living from the sea.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Pelleas and Ettarre, ll.* 85-6.

Fisherman. See also **Angling.**

Enthusiasts all of staid address,
They go their way from cast to cast,
Alike in failure or success,
Sanguine and serious to the last.
ALFRED COCHRANE, *The Fishermen, st.* 2.

The waves broke on the door-step ; fishermen
Cast their long nets, and drew, and cast again.
ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode : San Terenzo, ll.* 9-10.

Fitness.

All things are,
If true to instinct, well and wise.
The dewdrop hinders not the star ;
The waves do not rebuke the skies.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *At the Gate of the Convent, st.* 51.

God plants us where we grow.
It is not that because a bud is born
At a wild briar's end, full i' the wild beast's way,
We ought to pluck and put it out of reach
On the oak-tree top,—say "There the bud belongs!"
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, VII. : Pompilia,* 301-5.

Flag.

"For victory!—no, all hope is gone ; for life!—let that go too,
But for the Colours still work on—the chance is left with you."
SIR F. H. DOYLE, *Return of the Guards, etc. : Saving of the Colours, ll.* 1-2.

Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,
But over the scud and the palm-trees an English flag was flown.
RUDYARD KIPLING, *Barrack-Room Ballads : The English Flag, st.* 7.

Flames.

"The rootless flames that nimbly leap
Upon their ever-shifting field?"
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Prometheus the Firegiver, ll.* 790-1 (Semi-chorus).

"How the gay flames flicker,
Spurting, dancing, leaping
Quicker yet and quicker,
Higher yet and higher,
—Flaming, flaring, fuming,
Cracking, crackling, creeping,

Hissing and consuming:
Mighty is the fire."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Prometheus the Firegiver, ll.* 1353–60 (Semi-chorus).

Flask.

Thou water-flask, encased in felt
Art precious dear to me,
Whether thou hast some whisky cold,
Or e'en diluted tea.
CHARLES WILLIAMS, *Soldiers' Songs: The Waterflask, st.* 1.

Flattery.

"And men with adulation can be caught
As easily as flies with syrup are.
Thicker and coarser that the mixture be,
The more they stick."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act II., sc.* 6 (Anita).

. . . flattery
The incense that doth veil the world from us,
And from the glass of conscience hides ourselves.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *The Isles of Greece: Sappho, VII., ll.* 48–50.

With the tongue of flattery glowing deeds which God and Truth condemn.
J. G. WHITTIER, *Lines, st.* 6.

Fleet.

The fleet of England is her all-in-all.
Her fleet is in your hands,
And in her fleet her Fate.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Fleet, st.* 3.

Flesh.

Let us not always say
"Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae: Rabbi Ben Ezra, st.*12.

He that has lived for the lust of the minute, and died in the doing it, flesh without mind.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Demeter, etc.: Vastness, st.* 14.

Fleur-de-Lys.

Beautiful lily, dwelling by still rivers,
Or solitary mere,
Or where the sluggish meadow-brook delivers
Its waters to the weir!
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Flower-de-Luce, st.* 1.

Flies.

All species of resplendent flies,—
Some with green bodies, and green eyes
Pricking like pins' heads from their holes
Like tiny incandescent coals!
ANON., *Songs of Lucilla : Midsummer in the Meadow, stt.* 5, 6.

The kine were resting in the shade,
The flies a summer-murmur made.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Epilogue to Lessing's Laocoön, ll.* 40–1.

"Fly! Thy brisk unmeaning buzz
Would have roused the man of Uz;
And, besides thy buzzing, I
Fancy thou'rt a stinging fly.
Fly—who'rt peering, I am certain,
At me now from yonder curtain:
Busy, curious, thirsty fly
(As thou'rt clept, I well know why)—
Cease, if only for a single
Hour, to make my being tingle!
C. S. CALVERLEY, *The Poet and the Fly, ll.* 13–22.

Flight.

If your officer's dead and the sergeants look white
Remember it's ruin to run from a fight:
So take open order, lie down and sit tight,
And wait for supports like a soldier.
RUDYARD KIPLING, *Barrack-Room Ballads : The Young British Soldier, st.* 12.

And is there any peace for him whose doom is endless flight?
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream : In the Shadow, st.* 4.

Flock.

White ways, white gables, russet thatch
Fretted the green and purple plain;
The herd undid his woven latch;
The bleating flock went forth again.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *The Last Ballad, etc. : The Last Ballad, st.* 43.

Flood.

The broadening flood swells slowly o'er our cattle-dotted plains.
DR. RICHARD GARNETT, *The Ballad of the Boat, st.* 2.

Flowers.

From hearts of friends the sweet of love hath passed,
I know not why, or when:
But you—fair faithful Blossoms! to the last
Keep fragrance—now, as then.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Tenth Muse : The Faithful Flowers, [trans. from the Japanese of Ki Tsurayuki].*

There's not a flower of spring
That dies ere June, but vaunts itself allied
By issue and symbol, by significance
And correspondence, to that spirit-world
Outside the limits of our space and time,
Whereto we are bound.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. IV., ll.* 119–24.

Dog-violets, mere ghosts in scent and hue
Of their gone kin, brought blue to hedge and slope,
And daisies pied the meads like flakes of snow,
Where children loved to foot the nine of spring;
While lady-smocks in drifts upon the grass
Lay patched as things at bleach.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: A Tale of the Thames, Interlude, ll.* 324–9.

Blossoms and buds, purple or pale,
In saffron kerchiefs or watchet snoods,
Linger in ditches, crowd in the dale,
In passionate tempers, or languorous moods,
High on the hill, deep in the vale,
Over the fences and into the woods!
JOHN DAVIDSON, *New Ballads: A Highway Pimpernel, st.* 1.

A flower is a spot of painting,
A lifeless, loveless hue.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *A Book of Dreams, Pt. II., 2, st.* 5.

The flowers have hung their cups with gems of their own sweetness wrought,
And muse upon their stems, in smiling ecstasy of thought.
GERALD MASSEY, *Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc.: A Glimpse of Auld Lang-Syne, st.* 4.

"Red roses fair
To wreathe my love that wanders here.
Gold-hearted lilies for her hand!
And yet withal that she may stand
On something other folk think sweet,
March violets for her rosy feet.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: The Land East of the Sun, Pt. II., ll.* 697–702.

Flowers are not always, but we may
Cut thorns and thistles any day.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends: Quand Même, st.* 1.

Crimson dockens, snowy daisies, with their rounded breasts of gold;
Tangled tufts of purple heather, thistles, buttercups and bells;
HUME NISBET, *The Matador, etc.: A Forenoon Effect, Borderland, st.* 3.

Foam.

"Look thither,"
. . . "look forth from the flowers to the sea;
For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,
And men that love lightly may die—but we?"
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Forsaken Garden*, *st.* 6.

I heard the foam-gems seething in clear wine—
Amid the pebbles and the rose-hued shells,
Thrill like a lute with silver strings; and die
Like whispers of the Nereids at my feet.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece: Phaon I.*, *ll.* 47–50.

Fog.

And as the ochre wanes to dun,
Above the high roofs overhead—
Like a flayed orange the round sun
Rides through the choking air blood-red.
ANON., *Songs of Lucilla: London Fog*, *st.* 2.

The white fog creeps from bush to bush about.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Thyrsis*, *st.* 17.

A London fog when it arises,
All London soon demoralizes!
J. ASHBY-STERRY, *The Lazy Minstrel: Fallacies of the Fog* (motto).

It chokes our lungs, our heads feel queer,
We cannot see, can scarcely hear:
So when this murky pall drops down—
Though dearly loving London town—
We feel we cannot quite revere
A London Fog!
J. ASHBY-STERRY, *The Lazy Minstrel: November*, *st.* 3.

"A NOBLE fog! Though I
Were comfortably dead,
Shrouded and buried deep
In my last bed,
Tucked in for my long sleep,
Where generations lie,
I scarce were more at ease
Than now I feel beneath
This heavy-laden silent atmosphere."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Fleet Street Eclogues: Queen Elizabeth's Day* (Basil).

A grey fog in the early prime
A blue fog by the breakfast hour,
A saffron fog at luncheon time,
At dinner a persistent shower
Of smut, and then a dismal power

Of choking darkness and despair
Thickening and soddening all the air.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Olrig Grange, bk. III. : Loquitur Mater Domina, st.* 5.

Folly, Foolishness. See also **Fool.**

"The after-drip of folly damps as much
As doth the storm itself."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act IV., sc.* 5 (Corsini).

'Tis but the soul can pay the body's fee
To win the wisdom of a fool's delight.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc. : Anteros, st.* 6.

Life flitteth fast, and while it still abides,
Our folly many a good thing from us hides
That else would pierce our hearts with its delight
Unto the quick.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise, Bellerophon at Argos, ll.* 145–8.

Foolishness wiser than wisdom!
FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, *The Visions of England : Sidney at Zutphen, l.* 39.

Ay, but folly makes
More orphans than malevolence.
Q[UILLER COUCH], *Poems and Ballads : Columbus at Seville, ll.* 151–2.

"Whew—the folly of all follies
Is to be love-sick for a shadow."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act I., sc.* 5 (Renard).

Food.

"Cates from our hunter's pouch, Arcadian fare,
Sweet chestnuts, barley-cakes, and boar's-flesh dried."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Merope* (Aepytus).

. . . food bestowed is apt to be
Unshapely to the eye,
And something of a parody
On food that people buy.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals : The Festival of Praise, ll.* 225–8.

Food and Poison.

Where one the gate of Heaven may find,
Another shrikns in hopeless pain.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Britain : In a Country Church, st.* 27.

Fool. See also **Folly.**

"But we are all the same—the fools of our own woes!"
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Empedocles on Etna, act I., sc.* 2 (Empedocles).

Men have outgrown the shame of being fools.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Men and Women: Bishop Blougram's Apology, l.* 703.

"... Even the very grossest fools exist
Not all in vain, because once in their lives
They are made to serve some wise man's exigence,
If it were only by being easily
Kept out of the way."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Godfrida, act II.* (Isembert).

"He is surely the king of fools who seeks what, being found,
Will do him no good—namely, nothing."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *An Unhistorical Pastoral, act II., sc. 2* (Scipio).

"A fool is not so rare that one must miss him,
And mourn his loss, and give him wild farewells,
As 'twere impossible to find his like."
"MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act IV. sc. 2* (Lethington).

Here's one wise fool who will not budge!
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. II.: A Song, st. 2.*

I can't make out but jest one ginnle rule,—
No man need go an' *make* himself a fool,
Nor jedgment ain't like mutton, thet can't bear
Cookin' tu long, nor be took up tu rare.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. II., Letter* 11.

"Fear that makes faith may break faith; and a fool
Is but in folly stable."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Bothwell, act I., sc.* 3 (Queen Mary).

By the force of fear and folly fools have fed their pride.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday: Clear the Way! st.* 5.

Out into the road I started, and spoke I scarce knew how;
Ah, there's no fool like the old one—it makes me angry now.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Grandmother, st.* 11.

"... worse than being fool'd
Of others, is to fool one's self."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Idylls: Gareth and Lynette, ll.* 1243-4 (Lynette).

"I have had my day and my philosophies—
And thank the Lord I am King Arthur's fool."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Last Tournament, ll.* 319–20 (Dagonet).

"I have lighted on a fool,
Raw, yet so stale!"
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Pelleas and Ettarre, ll.* 108-9 (Ettarre).

"Fool to the midmost marrow of his bones."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Pelleas and Ettarre, l.* 250 (Ettarre).

Foot; Feet.

"To move on angels' wings were sweet;
But who would therefore scorn his feet?"
A. H. CLOUGH, *Dipsychus, Pt. II.; sc.* 5 (Dipsychus).

—the modest petticoat can only half conceal
The motion of the lightest foot that ever turned a wheel.
J. G. WHITTIER, *King Volmer and Elsie, st.* 6.

Football.

Here resounds
The foot-ball field with its discordant train,
The crowd that cheers but not discriminates,
As ever into touch the ball returns
And shrieks the whistle, while the game proceeds
With fine irregularity.
Q[UILLER COUCH], *Green Bays: Twilight* (after Cowper), *ll.* 22–7.

Fop.

Well dressed, well fed, lapped in luxurious ease,
His one anxiety—himself to please,
He asks what most in life is worth his care,
Looks in the glass, and finds the answer there.
COTSFORD DICK, *The Ways of the World: The New Narcissus, ll.* 19–22.

Force; Forces.

I reverence the force that was before the world began,
And which in me obtained the signal grace to be a man.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs: The Vengeance of the Duchess, st.* 34.

In the measureless music of things, in the fervour of forces that rest or that roam.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *In the Water, l.* 18.

Ford.

The ford where foxes drink,
The creek where otters play.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical: Hymn to Astarte, st.* 10.

Foresight.

The sov'reign foresight his to draw
From crude events the settled law,
To learn the soul, and turn the weight
Of human passions into powers.
T. C. IRWIN, *From Ceasar, st.* 4.

Forester.

The rough and bearded forester
Is better than the lord.

R. W. EMERSON, *Wood-Notes, II., ll.* 50.

Forgetfulness. See also **Oblivion.**

But each day brings its petty dust
Our soon-choked souls to fill,
And we forget because we must
And not because we will.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Absence, st.* 3.

We would not, if we could, forget.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Ode, l.* 105.

Forget me only if forgetting prove
Oblivion of low aims and earthly thought.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Gwen, act I., sc.* 2.

Forgotten.

You'll be forgotten—as old debts
  By persons who are used to borrow;
Forgotten as the sun that sets,
  When shines a new one on the morrow.

W. M. PRAED, *Portrait of a Lady, st.* 5.

Forgiveness.

"Take this from me: Learn to forgive yourself;
Though you were Judas, learn to forgive yourself."

JOHN DAVIDSON, *Plays: Self's the Man, act V.* (Urban).

O, since the end of life's to live
  And pay in pence the common debt,
What should it cost us to forgive
  Whose daily task is to forget?

W. E. HENLEY, *Poems: Rhymes and Rhythms, XV., st.* 1.

The gracious creed that knows how to forgive,
Not narrowing God to self.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, *The Visions of England: at Bemerton, st.* 5.

Set not thy will to die and not to live;
  Set not thy face as flint refusing heaven;
Thou fool, set not thy heart on hell: forgive
  And be forgiven.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses: Gifts and Graces, No.* 13, *ll.* 5–8.

"Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thy own soul the rest."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Guinevere, ll.* 540–1 (Arthur).

The little hearts that know not how to forgive.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. II., 1, st.* 2.

Forms, Formulæ.

What if the old forms change?
They were but forms, the things remain.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Gwen, Prologue, ll.* 9–10.

And what are forms?
Fair garments, plain or rich, and fitting close
Or flying looselier, warm'd but by the heart
Within them, moved but by the living limb,
And cast aside, when old, for newer,—Forms!
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Death of Oenone, ll.* 122–6.

For who would keep an ancient form
Thro' which the spirit breathes no more?
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, CV., st.* 5.

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule!
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall, st.* 31.

Only a formula easy to patter,
And, God Almighty, what can it matter?
SIR A. C. LYALL, *Theology in Extremis, st.* 8.

Fortitude.

The stately flower of female fortitude.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Isabel, st.* 1.

Fortune. See also **Fate.**

Better to lie among the dead
Than be to Fortune's favour blind.
WALTER EARLE, *Home Poems: The Turn in the Road, st.* 1.

Flee from the gods which from thee flee;
Seek nothing,—Fortune seeketh thee.
R. W. EMERSON, *Saadi, ll.* 143–4.

Fortune plays not twice the giver:
Leave it once and lose it ever.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical: Aurora, st.* 6.

But by remembering God, say some,
We keep our high imperial lot.
Fortune, I fear, hath oftenest come
When we forgot—when we forgot!
A lovelier faith their happier crown,
But history laughs and weeps it down!
WILLIAM WATSON, *The Unknown God, st.* 10.

Fossil.

That well-known ledge, where fossils never fail,
Hewn from the rock, or dropped upon the beach
Out of the crumbling share.
SIR F. H. DOYLE, *Return of the Guards, etc.: Robin Hood's Bay, bk. I., ll.* 10–12.

I will show thee the sinuous track
  By the slow-moving annelid made,
Or the trilobite, that, farther back,
  In the old Potsdam sandstone was laid.
BRET HARTE, *A Geological Madrigal*, *st.* 2.

You wished—I remember it well,
  And I loved you the more for that wish—
For a perfect cystedian shell
  And a *whole* holocephalic fish.
BRET HARTE, *A Geological Madrigal*, *st.* 3.

Fountain.

Still with a pensive murmur bland
  The ripple of the fountain sings.
R. C. LEHMANN, *Crumbs of Pity, and other Verses.*

Fowl.

For food, one wretched starveling fowl, no more—
Meat for one mouth, but mockery for three.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, IX.: Juris Doctor Johannes-Baptista Bottinius*, *ll.* 1055–6.

Fox.

The old fox takes the plain and velvet path,
The young hound's predilection,—prints the dew,
Don't he, to suit their pulpy pads of paw?
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, VIII.: Dominus Hyacinthus de Archangelis*, *ll.* 302–4.

Fox-hunting.

Put the saddle on the mare,
  For the wet winds blow;
There's winter in the air,
  And autumn all below.
For the red leaves are flying,
And the red bracken dying,
And the red fox lying
  Where the oziers grow.
SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, *Songs of Action: A Hunting Morning*, *st.* 1.

Foxglove.

. . . where mass the bright
And odoured chimes of foxglove bells.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. I.: Holy Ground*, *st.* 1.

. . . the foxglove bloom
  That rings a chime it never tells,
Round which the bees in concert boom
  And rumble in its bells,
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. I.: A Maid's Holiday*, *st.* 3.

Frailties.

And though with sadder, still with kinder eyes,
We shall behold all frailties, we shall haste
To pardon, and with mellowing minds to bless.
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Marpessa, ll.* 284-6.

France.

France, famed in all great arts, in none supreme.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *To a Republican Friend, st.* 5.

And so I am strong to love this noble France,
This poet of the nations, who dreams on
And wails on (while the household goes to wreck)
For ever, after some ideal good,
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. VI., ll.* 53-6.

She whose brave voice let loose the Conscience of the West.
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *The Drama of Kings : Dedication, st.* 7.

To try each crude desire
By her own soul's fierce fire,
To wait and watch with restless brain and heart,
To quench the fierce thirst never,
To feel supremely ever,
To rush where cowards crawl—this is her awful part.
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *The Drama of Kings : Dedication, st.* 17.

Freedom ; Liberty.

Take heed that no man, being 'scaped from bonds,
Vexeth bound souls with boasts of liberty.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. VII.*

" Note how the falcon starts at every sight
New from his hood, but what a quiet eye
Cometh of freedom."
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. III.* (King Sudhòdana).

" And who can say : I have been always free,
Lived ever in the light of my own soul ? "
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Empedocles on Etna, act II.* (Empedocles).

Autumn's worst ambush, winter's rage,
Are sweeter than the safest cage.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *At the Gate of the Convent : A Captive Throstle, ll.* 89-90.

" A King may win his freedom, like another."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Prince Lucifer, act I., sc.* 3 (Lucifer).

" Of all delights I think liberty
Is the prime element : nothing is pleasant
Joined with a must."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *The First Part of Nero, act V., sc.* 1. *ll.* 2773-5 (Fulvia).

"Liberty
No more a living shape supremely fair,
But a mere ghost unpleasant to the thoughts
Of foolish Kings at bedtime."
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *The Drama of Kings : Buonaparte, ll.* 149–52 (Jahn).

Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,
In union or in severance, free and strong.
SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON, *Lament for Thomas Davis, st.* 9.

For ever in thine eyes, O Liberty,
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved,
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee !
JOHN HAY, *Pike County Ballads : Liberty, ll.* 30–2.

O ! then 'twas never thought a shame or crime to love the land,
For freedom was the watchword, nerving every heart and hand.
C. J. KICKHAM, *Myles O'Hea, st.* 5.

I do not claim life's sweetness, but I claim
Life's liberty, the birthright of a man.
HARRIET E. HAMILTON KING, *The Disciples : Ugo Bassi, Pt. V.*

The mass ough' to labour an' we lay on soffies,
Thet's the reason I want to spread Freedom's aree ;
It puts all the cunninest on us in office,
An' reelises our Maker's original idee.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers : Ser. I., Letter* 5.

His death redeem'd his life. He chose to die
Rather than get his freedom with a lie.
THOMAS D'ARCY MACGEE, *Infelix Felix, st.* 5.

While one true man speaks out against injustice,
While through men's chorused " Right ! " clear rings his " Wrong ! "
Freedom still lives.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends : Until the Dawn, st.* 3.

Free voice, free aid, free counsel :—a free throne
By freemen circled, each respecting each ;
A realm self-centred, yet with arm to reach
Where earth's oppress'd ones groan.
FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, *Visions of England : El Dorado, st.* 47.

" We desire
For all men who desire not wrong to man
Freedom : but save for love's sake and the right's
Freedom to serve hath no man."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Marino Faliero, act III., sc.* 8 (Faliero).

"Liberty
Is no mere flower that feeds on light and air
And sweetens life and soothes it, but herself
Air, light, and life, which being withdrawn or quenched
Or choked with rank infection till it rot
Gives only place to death and darkness."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Marino Faliero, act V., sc. 2* (Faliero).

A love of freedom rarely felt,
Of freedom in her regal seat
Of England; not the schoolboy heat,
The blind hysterics of the Celt.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, CIX., st. 4.*

To serve the noblest is true liberty!
S. WADDINGTON, *Sonnets, etc.: Sweet-Heart, l. 14.*

Then Iron Might took Right to wife;
And lo! our liberty was born!
EDGAR WALLACE, *Writ in Barracks: The Sea-Nation, st. 4.*

The stars of heaven are free because
In amplitude of liberty
Their joy is to obey the laws.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Things that are More Excellent, st. 4.*

When liberty goes out of a place it is not the first to go, nor the second or third to go,
It waits for all the rest to go: it is the last.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: Autumn Rivulets: To a Foil'd European Revolutionaire, ll. 22–3.*

We heard the clash of breaking chains
And felt the heart-throb of the free,
The first, strong pulse of liberty
Which thrilled along the bondman's veins.
J. G. WHITTIER, *Lines, st. 2.*

"To thy duty now and ever!
Dream no more of rest or stay;
Give to Freedom's great endeavour
All thou art and hast to-day."
J. G. WHITTIER, *Lines, st. 17.*

French and English.

By treaty and fair promise
Our states are well allied.
But this the nation's compact
At Inkermann was tied.
French blood was given for English;
They mingled on the field;
And holy be the alliance
So for our children sealed.
HENRY LUSHINGTON, *Inkermann, ll. 193–200.*

Frenchman.

" But Frenchmen are as wild things scarcely tamed,
Brute-like yet fierce, mad too with some few hours
Of rushing freely with an angry roar."
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Napoleon Fallen* (Napoleon).

. . . did,—as well-bred Frenchmen do :
Raised his shoulders above his crown,
Joined his thumbs, with the fingers down.
BRET HARTE, *The Tale of a Pony, st.* 4.

Freshmen

See the freshers in the street,
The *élite !*
Their apparel how unquestionably neat !
How delighted at a distance
Inexpensively attired,
I have wondered with persistence
At their butterfly existence !
How admired !
Q[UILLER COUCH], *Green Bays : Willaloo, st.* 3 [after E. A. Poe].

Friend.

Somewhere by seeking I may find a friend
Perhaps, and something in this world be true.
LAURENCE BINYON, *Second Book of London Visions : Trafalgar Square, st.* 11.

Choose judiciously thy friends ; for to discard them is undesirable,
Yet it is better to drop thy friends, O my daughter, than to drop thy " H's."
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Verses and Translations : Proverbial Philosophy : Of Friendship, ll.* 1–2.

And though a coat may a button lack,
And though a face be sooty and black,
And though the words be heavy of flow,
And new-called thoughts come tardy and slow,
And though rough words in a speech may blend,
A heart's a heart, and a friend's a friend !
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals : The Festival of Industry : The Labouring Men, ll.* 57–62.

Some friend, unknown, who thinks with me,
One who aspires where I aspire,
One who agrees where I agree,
One who admires what I admire,
ALFRED COCHRANE, *Collected Verses : To the Reader, st.* 6.

" O friend ! O best of friends ! Thy absence more
Than the impending night darkens the landscape o'er ! "
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Golden Legend I.* (Walter).

Better to have a loving friend
Than ten admiring foes ;
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Roadside Poems : Better Things, st.* 2.

" God gives us friends that we may learn to love
And, having taught the lesson how to love,
Takes them away that we may love Himself,
Who made them, gave them, loved them, took them from us."
CANON G. E. MASON, *Claudia, act IV., sc.* 2 (Victor).

My friend, the brother of my love.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, IX., st.* 4.

Strange friend, past, present, and to be;
Loved deeplier, darklier understood;
Behold, I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, CXXIX., st.* 3.

But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Break, Break, Break, st.* 3.

. . . he that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent court of justice in his breast,
Himself the judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemn'd.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Sea Dreams, ll.* 168–72.

Friendship.

" Friendship craves
The commerce of the mind, not the exchange
Of emulous feasts that foster sycophants."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act I., sc.* 1 (Lorenzo).

" Friendship, 'tis said, is love without his wings,
And friendship, sir, is sweet enough for me."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act I., sc.* 2 (Candida).

You're my friend—
What a thing friendship is, world without end!
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Flight of the Duchess, XVII., ll.* 1–2.

Change, Care, nor Time, while life endure,
Shall spoil our ancient friendship sure.
ANDREW LANG, *Grass of Parnassus: Dedication to E. M. S., ll.* 13–4.

Beautiful friendship tried by sun and wind,
Durable from the daily dust of life.
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Marpessa, ll.* 312–3.

Let thy soul strive that still the same
Be early friendship's sacred flame.
The affinities have strongest part
In youth, and draw men heart to heart.
D. G. ROSSETTI, *Soothsay, st.* 6.

" This is sure,
That faith or friendship shall have no long life
Where friendship is engraffed on breach of faith."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Bothwell, act II., sc.* 3 (Ruthven).

" The blood of kindred or affinity
So much not binds us as the friendship pledged
To them that are not of our blood."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Mary Stuart, act IV., sc.* 1 (Walsingham).

So vanish friendships only made in wine.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Geraint and Enid, II., l.* 480.

Frogs.

For greenish-grizzled furtive frogs
And lizards lithe and brown.
EDMUND GOSSE, *In Russet and Silver : On Yes Tor, st.* 1.

Frost. See also **Hoar-Frost.**

. . . thou many-finger'd Frost,
Coming and going like a ghost
In leafless woods forsaken.
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Undertones, VI. : Venus on the Sun-Car, st.* 1.

It is the cold
That strikes with glory
Of crimson hoary
The peaches' mould.
"MICHAEL FIELD," *Underneath the Bough : The Second Book of Songs* (Song 18).

There's not a flower on all the hills : the frost is on the pane.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The May Queen, Pt. II., New-Year's Eve, st.* 4.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes !—on the rushing Northern blast,
And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his fearful breath went past.
J. G. WHITTIER, *The Frost Spirit, st.* 3.

Froude, J. A.

We act no critic's part, and when
They rate him less than lesser men,
We feel the golden thread that goes
To link the periods of his prose.
ALFRED COCHRANE, *In Memoriam, st.* 3.

Frown.

One faint frown of distant coldness.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *The New Sirens, st.* 20.

Fruit (*figurative*).

Since by its fruit a tree is judged,
Show me thy fruit, the latest act of thine!
For in the last is summed the first and all,—
What thy life last put heart and soul into,
There shall I taste thy product.

ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, X., The Pope, ll.* 341–5.

"A little fruit a little while is ours,
And the worm finds it soon."

A. C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon* (Chorus).

You see the specks, we only heed the fruit
Of a great life, whose truth—men hate truth so—
No lukewarm age of compromise could suit.

LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical: Misrepresentation, st.* 3.

Stolen Fruit.

Of proverbs all may read who run,
Wisdom of many, wit of one,
This hath, methinks, the rest outdone,
In truth by far completest:—
Or sex or dispositions scan,
It's true of woman and of man,
Deny it, masters, if you can,
That stolen fruit is sweetest.

C. C. R[HYS], *Up for the Season: Stolen Fruit, st.* 1.

Fruitlessness.

Ah yes, some of us strive
Not without action to die
Fruitless, but something to snatch
From dull oblivion, nor all
Glut the devouring grave!

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Rugby Chapel, ll.* 79–83.

Fry.

The smoking dish? Fry suits a tender tooth!

ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, VIII.: Dominus Hyacinthus de Archangelis, l.* 1102.

Funeral. See also **Burial, Bier.**

The black-plumed funeral's creeping train.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *The Soul's Tragedy, l.* 45.

Fungus.

"Dry as an old wood-fungus on a dead tree."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Harold, act III., sc.* 1 (Stigand).

Future.

The Future I may face now I have proved the Past.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personæ : Rabbi Ben Ezra, st. 17.*

Care for the future all you can,
Then let it do its worst!
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals : The Festival of Praise, ll. 143–4.*

The past is past, but your own hearts the future must beget.
SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc. : Catus Manlius Capitolinus, l. 76.*

"The future only is unbearable!
We quail before the rising thunderstorm
Which thrills and whispers in the stifled air,
Yet blench not, when it falls."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saints' Tragedy, Act V., sc. 21* (Conrad).

The Future may devour
The facts of earth, but not its phantasies,
And not the dreams we dream from hour to hour.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc. : Ninth Litany, Lilium Inter Spinas, st. 7.*

For of the unseen future what man knows?
WILLIAM MORRIS, *Life and Death of Jason, bk. VIII., l. 370.*

So let what will be rest with what has been!
Let the bright Hours their daily dance renew,
While dreamers chose the Eternal and the True.
FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, *The Visions of England : Things Visible and Invisible, st. 9.*

Gabble.

Nothing but idiot gabble!
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. II., V., st. 4.*

Gain.

Gain is not in added years.
Nor in death is loss.
J. G. WHITTIER, *Andrew Rykman's Prayer, st. 2.*

Gait.

The gait of men by birthright free.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Lyrics : On Returning to England, l. 29.*

"A woman's walk is perfect test of ladyhood."
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Comedy of Dreams* (Astrologos).

Galleons.

And on the rippling tide
Sail-crowded galléons ride.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical : Auguries of May, st. 5.*

Gallop.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," st.* 1.

Game.

Face your game and play it!

CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Alton Locke's Song, st.* 3.

The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and Honour a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race: Vitaï Lampada, st.* 2.

Garden.

A Garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace.

T. E. BROWN, *Old John, etc.: My Garden, ll.* 1–6.

Sweet is the garden, white with bloom,
Heavy with honey, drenched with scent.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON, *A Lover's Breast-Knot: Love Content, st.* 3.

. . . this well-trimmed garden-plot,
With small bright borders set thick with stocks,
Where the red bean runs, and the larkspur rocks.

LAURENCE HOUSEMAN, *Green Arras: The Queen's Bees, st.* 1.

Along the borders fringéd
With broad thin edges of box
Stood foxgloves and gorgeous poppies
And great-eyed hollyhocks.

GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Old Garden, st.* 6.

There was a garden on Giudecca set
As dewy meadow in a turquoise sea,
Where rose, narcissus, thyme and violet
Offered their incense to the loitering bee.

PERCY E. PINKERTON, *Galeazzo, etc.: Galeazzo, st.* 29.

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Gardener's Daughter, ll.* 33–4.

Garrulity.

In general those who nothing have to say
Contrive to spend the longest time in doing it.
J. R. LOWELL, *An Oriental Apologue, st.* 15.

Garter.

"... and round his knee, misplaced,
Our English garter, studded with great emeralds,
Rubies, I know not what."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act III., sc.* 1 (Bagenhall).

Gateway.

A quaint old gateway, flanked on either side
By grim, heraldic beasts with beak and claw
And scaly coating—yet four-footed beasts.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Olrig Grange, bk. I.: Editorial ll.* 16–8.

Gavotte.

Willowy, billowy now they're bending,
Low they're bending
Down-dropt eyes;
Stately measure and stately ending,
Music sobbing, and a dream that dies.
HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race: Gavotte, st.* 4.

Geese.

When to their meals the gobblers strut,
In gastronomic mood,
And little dream that they are but
A food-devouring food.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals: The Festival of Praise, ll.* 25–8.

Gems.

"Some shone with blood-streaked glow of green
Like jasper; the carnation sheen
Of sardonyx beamed bright and pale;
And like a maiden's finger-nail
The hue of chalcedony gleamed;
And some pale blue like jacinth seemed;
And there were flames like chrysolites,
And rubies—gems that love delights
Beside the well-loved lips to shame;
And there was many an emerald flame;
And topazes and sapphires came,
And smouldering amethystine hues,
Like purple grapes where lights infuse
A glow of garden violets,
And woman's eyes love's sweet dew wets."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Fleet Street Eclogues: Michaelmas* (Basil).

I come from the elfin king's demesne
With chrysolite, hyacinth, tourmaline;
I have emeralds here of living green;
I have rubies, each like a cup of wine:
And diamonds, diamonds that never have been
Outshone by eyes the most divine!

JOHN DAVIDSON, *The Last Ballad, etc.: Eclogues, I. The Merchantman.*

Generation.

Lo! all grow old and die, but see again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them.

W. C. BRYANT, *A Forest Hymn, ll. 75–80.*

A strong generation, who drank, fought, and kissed,
Whose hands never trembled, whose shots never missed,
Who lived a quick life, for their pulses beat high.

MORTIMER COLLINS, *My Old Coat, st. 7.*

Genesis.

If most of Genesis be hopeless fiction,
Yet hath that fiction more poetic worth
(This one may say, defying contradiction)
Than any scientific "truth" on earth.

GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. II.: Poetry and Science, st. 31.*

Genius. See also **Talent.**

Yet genius is a deathless light,
That still burns on through thickest night;
It fires a steady lamp whose rays
Descend through time, like stars through space.

MRS. ARCHER CLIVE, *The Queen's Ball.*

"The disillusioned geniuses
Who fain would make the world sit up, by Heaven!
And dig God in the ribs."

JOHN DAVIDSON, *The Last Ballad, etc.: Eclogues III.* (Votary).

For revolutions, by the world unsought
Through single-handed genius are wrought.

MAY EARLE, *Failure, ll. 13–4.*

The genius which clothed deep truths in fanciful vestures and fair!

SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Britain: The Physicians of Myddfai, l. 362.*

The Somewhat which we name but cannot know,
  Ev'n as we name a star and only see
His quenchless flashings forth, which ever show
  And ever hide him, and which are not he.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Wordsworth's Grave, Pt. I., st.* 6.

Genoa.

I see pale Genoa's marble crescent rise
Between the water and the Apennine.
F. W. FABER, *Genoa, st.* 1.

O Genoa, thou art a marvellous birth—
A clasp which joins the mountains and the sea:
And the two powers do homage unto thee
As to a matchless wonder of the earth.
F. W. FABER, *Genoa, st.* 7.

Gentian.

On this mild bank above the stream,
(You crush them!) the blue gentians gleam.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Resignation, ll.* 102–3.

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And coloured with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.
W. C. BRYANT, *To The Fringed Gentian, st.* 1.

And the gentian of the snow, whose single stem
Gleams through the circling grass with sapphire diadem.
J. W. COURTHOPE, *The Chancellor's Garden.*

Gentle; Gentleness.

God gave her power to soothe and bless,
And the calm strength of gentleness,
SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc.: The Two Destinies, ll.* 965–6.

"The gentle are tame birds that feed the hawk."
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Herod, act I.* (Gadias).

. . . "that gentleness,
Which, when it weds with manhood, makes a man."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Geraint and Enid, II. ll.* 869–70 (Edyrn).

But gentle words are always gain:
Regard the weakness of thy peers.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Love thou thy Land, etc., st.* 6.

Gentleman.

. . . "That goodliest thing
Matured by time, an English gentleman."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus, the Pessimist, act I., sc.* 4 (Fortunatus).

When the rear becomes the van,
Rich idleness makes the gentleman.
Gentleman! What is a gentleman now?
A swordless hand and a helmless brow.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *At the Gate of the Convent, etc.: The Last Night*, st. 10.

Reynolds has painted him,—a face
Filled with a fine, old-fashioned grace,
Fresh-coloured, frank, with ne'er a trace
Of trouble shaded.
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Old-World Idylls: A Gentleman of the Old School*, st. 2.

"You misspelled copy of a gentleman
With all the meaning lost!"
C. G. LELAND, *Songs of the Sea and Lays of the Land: Est Modus in Rebus* (Waiter), st. 6.

Right homely too the pleasant face,
The pleasant voice that gives you greeting,
They speak the gentleman—a race
That from our ranks is fast retreating.
C. C. R[HYS], *At a Country House*, st. 2 [in *Songs of Society*, ed. W. Davenport Adams].

"And there are gentlemen and gentlemen in the world, especially in these latitudes. Which sort of gentleman is he?"
BERNARD SHAW, *Three Plays for Puritans: Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, act I. (Rankin).

"O selfless man and stainless gentleman,
Who wouldst against thine own eye-witness fain
Have all men true and leal, all women pure."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Merlin and Vivien*, ll. 650–2 (Merlin).

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, CXI., st. 6.

German

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
Denn set it on your card,
Dat all de nouns have shenders
Und de shenders all are hard.
Dere ish also dings called pronoms,
Vitch id's shoost ash vell to know!
Boot ach! de verbs or time-words—
Dey'll work you bitter woe.
C. G. LELAND, *The Breitmann Ballads: To a Friend Studying German*, st. 1.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
  Brepare dein soul to shtand
Soosh sendences ash ne'er vas heardt
  In any oder land.
Till dou canst make parentheses
  Intwisted—ohne zahl—
Dann wirst du erst Deutschfertig seyn,
  For a languashe idéal.
C. G. LELAND, *The Breitmann Ballads: To a Friend Studying German*, st. 4.

Ghosts.

The ghosts, that walk at midnight, shrink
  Ere cock-crow to their graves again,
The things that, in the night, men think
  Are brushed, at morning, from the brain.
ANON., *Songs of Lucilla: Daybreak*, st. 3.

"Men are like moles, sir; when they go below,
They do disturb the earth; though whether they
Come up for air sometimes when no one looks,
What man shall say?"
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Prince Lucifer, act I.*, sc. 1 (Adam).

It's a conceit of yours that ghosts may be.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae: Mr. Sludge, "The Medium,"* l. 139.

No Christmas ghosts can make us chill,
Save *those* that troop in mournful row,
The ghosts we all can raise at will!
ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode: Ballade of Christmas Ghosts*, st. 1.

"I am too far off to feel the cold,
  Too cold to feel the fire;
It cannot get through the heap of mould
  That soaks in the drip from the spire."
GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Homeless Ghost*, st. 13.

No one walks there now;
  Except in the white moonlight
The white ghosts walk in a row;
  If one could see it, an awful sight.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Defence of Guinevere, etc.: The Tune of Seven Towers*, st. 2.

Water-Ghosts.

Broad pools of light from yon large moon
  Lie on the hollows and the bends
  Of their great bodies, and the ends
  Of the dark limbs are licked with light.
LAURENCE HOUSMAN, *Green Arras: The Water-Ghosts*, st. 2.

Gifts.

Give freely and receive, but take from none
By greed, or force, or fraud, what is his own.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. VIII. : Five Rules of Buddha.*

Their least gift, which they left to my childhood, far off in the long-ago years,
Is now turned from a toy to a relic, and seen through the crystals of tears.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Confession, st. 7.*

"The Holy Supper is kept indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and me."
J. R. LOWELL, *The Vision of Sir Launfal, Pt. II., 8.*

And the giver giveth not, lest any blame him,
And the taker may not take, lest taking shame him.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. II., The New Order, st. 7.*

"To loyal hearts the value of all gifts
Must vary as the givers."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Lancelot and Elaine, ll.* 1207-8 (Guinevere).

Behold, I do not give lectures or a little charity,
When I give I give myself.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass : Song of Myself,* 40, *ll.* 8-9.

Gin.

Stan' 'im theer i' the winder, an' let ma looŏk at 'im then,
'E seeāms naw moor nor watter, na' 'e's the Divil's oān sen'.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Ballads, etc. : The Northern Cobbler, XIII.*

Gin-palace.

The gin-door's oath that hollowly chinks
Guilt upon grief and wrong upon hate.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *The Soul's Travelling, ll.* 29-30.

Gipsy.

Where most the gipsies by the turf-edged way
Pitch their smoked tents, and every bush you see
With scarlet patches tagg'd and shreds of grey.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *The Scholar-Gipsy, st.* 12.

"A race that lives on prey as foxes do
With stealthy, petty rapine."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. I.* (Fedalma).

" Yes : wanderers whom no God took knowledge of
To give them laws, to fight for them, or blight
Another race to make them ampler room ;
Who have no Whence or Whither in their souls,
No dimmest lore of glorious ancestors
To make a common hearth of piety."
" GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. I.* (Zarca).

Wild, dark-eyed daughter of a wandering race,
Won by the working of a woodland spell,
I watch, unseen, the vision of your face.
SAMUEL WADDINGTON, *Sonnets, etc. : A Gipsy Girl, ll.* 2–4.

Giraffe.

. . . sea-cows
And river-horses, and a beast that fed
With spotted muzzle mid the topmost boughs.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Voyage of Ithobal : The First Day, ll.* 303–5.

Girl ; Girlhood. See also **Maid ; Maidenhood.**

" If only I were a girl," he said,
How pleasant this life might be ;
Lovely dresses of Indian red !
Beautiful bonnets and caps on my head !
Beautiful men to tea !
How I would flirt at dinner, dessert
(Head-dress of ruby and pearl !)—
That would be brave. What a time I would have,
If only I were a girl ! "
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. I. : The Compact, st.* 2.

A girl of fifteen summers, pure and free,
Aeolian, vocal to the lightest touch
Of fancy's winnowed breath—ah, happy such
Whose life is music of the eternal sea.
T. E. BROWN, *Old John, etc. : The Laugh, ll.* 9–12.

. . . " are they queens these girls ?
They must have mantles, stitched with twenty silks,
Spread out upon the ground, before they'll step
One footstep for the noblest lover born."
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. II., ll.* 576–9.

O English girl, divine, demure,
To YOU I sing.
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Old-World Idylls. Introduction.*

Oh, girls are girls, and boys are boys,
And have been so since Abel's birth,
And shall be so 'til dolls and toys
Are with the children swept from earth.
EUGENE FIELD, *A Little Book of Western Verse : Hi-Spy, st.* 2.

A Girl,
Her soul a deep-wave pearl
Dim, lucent of all lovely mysteries.
"MICHAEL FIELD," *Underneath the Bough: The Third Book of Songs, Song* 4.

Girl of the low voice,
Love me! Love me!
Girl of the sweet voice,
Love me!
Like the echo of the bell,—
Like the bubbling of a well—
Sweeter! Love within doth dwell,—
Oh, the girl of the low voice, love me!
MARTIN MACDERMOTT, *Girl of the Red Mouth, st.* 4.

. . . a young girl eighteen summers old—
A simple girl, half peasant, lithe and tall,
With deep-blue eyes and hair of gold.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Gwen, act I., sc.* 2.

I wish some girls that I could name
Were half as silent as their pictures!
W. M. PRAED, *Portrait of a Lady, st.* 14.

Girlhood has its aspirations;
And they soar, sir, far above
All your puny protestations,
And your poor pretence of love.
Girls have read in tale and poem
How true hearts are truly earned.
Let man prove his worth; they'll show him
All he gives can be returned.
C. C. R[HYS], *Up for the Season: A Fragment, st.* 4.

Your Japanese-Rossetti girl
Is not a thing to be desired.
"OWEN SEAMAN," *The Battle of the Bays: Ars Postera, st.* 1.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., XXII., st.* 9.

. . . a group of girls
In circle waited, whom the electric shock
Dislink'd with shrieks and laughter.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess: Prologue, ll.* 68–70.

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess: Prologue; ll.* 153–4.

A beautiful and happy girl,
With step as light as summer air.
J. G. WHITTIER, *Memories, st.* 1.

Girl-Graduates.

She boasts the academic air
  That speaks an Oxford education
And takes for her especial care
  The woes of our unhappy nation . . .
But she is fair and she is wise,
  A fascinating politician,
And has withal the sunniest eyes
  That ever dazzled a logician.
ALFRED COCHRANE, *My Cousin Mabel, stt.* 2, 4.

Pretty were the sight
If our old halls could change their sex, and flaunt
With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, Prologue, ll.* 139–42.

Girl-Wind.

A HURLY-BURLY, hurl-wind
Is hurrying o'er the waves;
Before it runs the Girl-wind
Fresh up from the Ocean caves.
She's the little puff who goes before
To tell of the blow that's coming,
She sounds like a hive when winter's o'er
And you hear the bees a-humming.
C. G. LELAND, *Songs of the Sea and Lays of the Land: The Girl-Wind, st.* 1.

Glades.

The deep withdrawing glades of evergreen,
Lit up far off with oleander pyres.
HARRIET E. HAMILTON KING, *The Disciples: Ugo Bassi, Pt. II.*

Gladness.

And yet beyond the days of pain and sadness,
  Beyond time's seasons full of clouds and grief,
There must be somewhere everlasting gladness,—
  A heaven that sees no red-stained autumn leaf.
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. I.: The Land Everlasting, st.* 3.

Some folks seem glad even to draw their breath.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise, Bellerophon at Argos: Argument, l.* 472.

Glad with the gladness of a bird,
  That sang to the air around.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *The Tale of Balen, VII., st.* 34.

. . . "he is broad and honest,
Breathing an easy gladness."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Harold, act I., sc.* 2 (Aldwyth).

Gladstone.

. . . who hath found
Another man so shod with fire, so crowned
With thunder, and so armed with wrath divine?
WILLIAM WATSON, *Collected Poems: The Tired Lion, ll.* 6–8.

Glass-Makers.

Commend me to Gypsy glass-makers and potters!
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Flight of the Duchess, XIII., l.* 25.

Gloaming.

When the Gloaming is, I never made the ghost of an endeavour
To discover—but whatever were the hour, it would be sweet.
C. S. CALVERLEY, *In the Gloaming, ll.* 3–4.

Gloom.

A gloomy stillness broodeth ever
Upon the face of that lone river;
A gloomy twilight sheds around
Pale shadows o'er the barren ground.
SAMUEL WADDINGTON, *Sonnets, etc.: Twin-Rock Gorge, st.* 2.

Glory.

Glory to those who conquer Fate and peace to those who fail!
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs: The Vengeance of the Duchess, st.* 38.

Hast thou counted up the cost,
What to foeman, what to friend?
Glory sought is Honour lost,
How should this be knighthood's end?
HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race: The Vigil, st.* 3.

That quenchless thirst of glory, which is hate
Hid in a painted mask!
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece: Chios, XI., ll.* 6–7.

Glow-worm.

The glow-worm's lustrous spark,
That in the day none mark
That burneth in the dark!
ANON., *Songs of Lucilla: To V., st.* 9.

Gnat.

The gnats beneath the gloom
Have failed in song.
"MICHAEL FIELD," *Underneath the Bough: The Fourth Book of Songs, Song* 18.

And the myriad gnats that dance like a wall,
Or a moving column that will not fall.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Lessons for a Child, ll.* 13–4.

The thin-winged gnats their transient time employ
Reeling through sunbeams in a dance of joy.
MRS. NORTON, *The Lady of La Garaye.*

Gnomes.

And gnomes have come from underground,
From palaces of gold,
Where, far below, bright jewels glow
In splendours still untold.
"ARISTO," *The Moon of Leaves : The Fairy Queen of the May, st.* 3.

Goal.

The waves are a joy to the seamew, the meads to the herd,
And a joy to the heart is a goal that it may not reach.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday : The Seaboard, ll.* 21–2.

In all things sought to see the Whole ;
Brooked no disguise ;
And set his heart upon the goal,
Not on the prize.
WILLIAM WATSON, *In Lalcham Churchyard, st.* 11.

Oh Captain ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass : Memories of President Lincoln : Oh Captain ! My Captain, st.* 1.

Goats.

And in the rough and bosky clefts between,
Browsed shaggy goats, clambering where all was sheer.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act II., st.* 90.

God ; Gods.

"He is unknown to those who think they know ;
And known to whoso know they know Him not."
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of the World : The Parables* (Sage).

When Gods give
They give with both hands filled.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Voyage of Ithobal ; The Sixth Day, ll.* 227–8.

Is God the less a strong God unto me
Because my soul would have him very near,
And would be crowned with wild air of the sea—
Would in no stifling church his message hear,
But where his stars shine and his winds are free ?
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. I. : God's Message, ll.* 9–14.

. . . "we judge not God
Evil because our wishes please Him not."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Prometheus the Firegiver, ll.* 398–9 (Inachus).

As man behaves,
So God apportions, doing what is best
For you, and for the rest.
T. E. BROWN, *Old John, etc.: Aber Stations; Station Quinta, ll.* 17–9.

God seeketh us, and yet He would be sought.
T. E. BROWN, *Old John, etc.: In a Fair Garden, l.* 34.

God's work, be sure,
No more spreads wasted, than falls scant:
He filled, did not exceed, Man's want
Of beauty in this life.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Christmas Eve and Easter Day: Christmas Eve, XXVI., ll.* 38–41.

"I sometimes feel almost that God may be."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Fleet Street Eclogues: St. Valentine's Day* (Percy).

God may prize
Much on this earth, which blinded men despise.
SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc.: The Pamphylian, st.* 49.

Dear Janet ever found you talked too
smartly of God. (Elspeth.)
I speak of Him familiarly as my Friend—with
Kindly criticism. (Lethington.)
"MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act II., sc.* 2.

I am content to know that God is great,
And Lord of fish and fowl, of air and sea—
Some little points are misty. Let them wait.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. I.: A Creed, st.* 5.

"He passed alone th' untrodden awful way;
He understood not, but we understand—
God hid his face, but held him by the hand."
HARRIET E. HAMILTON KING, *The Disciples: Jacopo Ruffini* (closing lines).

"There's parties as sneers and tells you
There's nothing but clouds up there;
I answers 'em so, 'There's a God, I *know*,
And a Father that heareth pray'r.'"
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *Sent back by the Angels, st.* 24.

God, and not woman, is the heart of all.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *A Hidden Life, l.* 199.

Slaves, cry unto God! but be our God reveal'd
In our lives, in our works, in our warfare for man;
And bearing—or borne upon—Victory's shield,
Let us fight battle-harness'd and fall in the van.
GERALD MASSEY, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc.: A Welcome to Louis Kossuth, st.* 3.

More is it than ease,
Palace and pomp, honours and luxuries,
To have seen white Presences upon the hills
To have heard the voices of the Eternal Gods.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades, bk. II., Hades: Marsyas, ll.* 204–7.

. . . there were not a heaven
Were there no earth, nor gods, had men not been,
But each the complement of each and grown
The other's creature, is and has its being,
A double essence, Human and Divine.
So that the God is hidden in the man.
And something Human bounds and forms the God;
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades, bk. III.: Olympus, Artemis, ll.* 17–23.

The Gods are kind, and hope to men they give
That they their little span on earth may live,
Nor yet faint utterly; the Gods are kind,
And will not suffer men all things to find
They search for, nor the depth of all to know
They fain would learn.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: Bellerophon at Argos, ll.* 1617–22.

The gods at least remember what is done.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: The Love of Alcestis* (last line).

Would God I knew there were a God to thank
When thanks rise in me!
D. G. ROSSETTI, *Versicles and Fragments.*

. . . "the gods are not always good to their poor relations."
BERNARD SHAW, *Three Plays for Puritans: Caesar and Cleopatra, act I.* (Persian).

They are men who die for glory,
'Twas a god who died for love.
GEORGE R. SIMS, *The Dagonet and Other Poems: A Legend of Love, st.* 15.

God is not found by the tests that detect you an acid of salt.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda: Among the Broken Gods: Saint-Wife, l.* 663.

And the face of God is a rock, but the face of the rock is fair.
R. L. STEVENSON, *Songs of Travel, etc.: Tropic Rain, st.* 3.

Law is God, say some: no God at all, says the fool;
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Higher Pantheism, st.* 8.

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam: Conclusion*, *st.* 36.

Stronger than Hell is God, though Hell is strong.
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *The Coming of Love, etc.: Christmas at the Mermaid: David Gwynne's Story*, *l.* 90.

I have often feared lest God, the All-just,
Should bend from heaven and sweep earth clean—
Should sweep us all into corners and holes,
Like dust of the house-floor, both bodies and souls
AUBREY DE VERE, *The Bard Ethell*, *st.* 13.

Going.

'An' there,' sez I to meself, 'we're goin' wherever we go,
But where we'll be win we git there it's never a know I know.'
JAMES BARLOW, *Bog-Land Studies: Walled Out, III.*, *ll.* 7–8.

Gold.

"Gold goeth in at any gate but heaven's."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Palicio, act III.*, *sc.* 4 (Palicio), *l.* 1811.

Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead of the fool!
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, *st.* 31.

Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, *st.* 50.

Golden-mean.

For he pursued a lonely road,
His eyes on Nature's plan;
Neither made man too much a God,
Nor God too much a man.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *In Memory of the Author of "Obermann"* *st.* 15.

What could they be but happy?—balanced so,
Nor low i' the scale nor yet too high,
Nor poor nor richer than comports with ease,
Nor bright and envied, nor obscured and scorned,
Nor so young that their pleasures fell too thick,
Nor old past catching pleasure when it fell,
Nothing above, below the just degree,
All at the mean where joy's components mix.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book III.: The Other Half-Rome*, *ll.* 119–26.

Nor mount, nor dive; all good things keep
The midway of the eternal deep.
R. W. EMERSON, *Saadi*, *ll.* 145–6.

Golden-rod.

Heavy with sunshine droops the golden-rod,
And the red pennons of the cardinal-flowers
Hang motionless upon their upright staves.
J. G. WHITTIER, *Among the Hills, Prelude, ll.* 3–5.

Golden-rule.

Love for Love
And Blood for Blood—the simple golden rule
Taught by the elder gods.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades, bk. I. : Tartarus : Clytemnestra, ll.* 125–7.

Golf.

'Tis very far from tee to tee,
And weary work to flog the sand;
When all my longest drives are stopped
In hopeless rabbit-scrape or cup,
When each approach is duly topped,
And never nearly takes me "up."
ALFRED COCHRANE, *The Novice's Remonstrance at Golf, st.* 1.

It's up and away from our work to-day,
For the breeze sweeps over the down;
And it's hey for a game where the gorse blossoms flame,
And the bracken is bronzing to brown.
SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, *Songs of Action : A Lay of the Links, st.* 1.

Nerves at full stretch, with cool considerate hand,
The golfers' strikes, away the white ball flies,
And lost to sight, for all but practised eyes,
Scatters the dew, or runs along the sand.
REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets Round the Coast : On the Links, Saint Andrews, ll.* 1–4.

Golgotha.

"Ah, never since tears rolled—since human hearts
Beat quick with hope, to break in black despair,
Lay Love so wingless, Faith so quite forlorn
As that dread day, on guilty Golgotha!"
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of the World : The Great Consummation* (Mary Magdalene).

Goloshes.

Then come into the garden-mud;
To stop in-doors all bosh is;
There is, 'tis true,
A heavyish dew,
But we've got on goloshes.
H. C. PENNELL, *Croquet, st.* 2. [In *Songs of Society*, ed. W. Davenport Adams.]

Gondola.

"Afloat; we move. Delicious! Ah,
What else is like the gondola?
This level floor of liquid glass
Begins beneath us swift to pass.
It goes as if it went alone
By some impulsion of its own."
A. H. CLOUGH, *Dipsychus, Pt. II., sc.* 2 (Dipsychus).

Good; Goodness. See also **Virtue.**

"Goodness I praise, not might,
Nor more will I speak of wrong,
But of lovingkindness and right."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Prometheus the Firegiver, ll.* 1434–6 (Semichorus).

There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae: Abt Vogler, st.* 9.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae: Abt Vogler, st.* 10.

"Why ever make man's good distinct from God's,
Or, finding they are one, why dare mistrust?"
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus I.* (Paracelsus).

"No good is certain, but the steadfast mind,
The undivided will to seek the good."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. I.* (Zarca).

There's no blameless life
Save for the passionless, no sanctities,
But have the self-same roof and props with crime,
Or have their roots close interlaced with wrong.
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. IV.*

The art of arts, the art of being good,
Not saintly sad.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. I.: To a Nest of Young Thrushes, st.* 18.

Yet fair are days in summer; and more fair
The growths of human goodness here and there.
AMY LEVY, *A London Plane-Tree: To Clementina Black, ll.* 14.

She is good and old like the autumn corn.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Defence of Guinevere, etc.: Father John's War-Song, l.* 23.

Can good be, yet no Giver? Can
The stream flow on, yet own no source?
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Gwen, act II., sc.* 2.

. . . "never yet
Could all of true and noble in knight and man
Twine round one sin, whatever it might be,
With such a closeness, but apart there grew . . .
Some root of knighthood and pure nobleness."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Holy Grail, ll.* 876–988 (Arthur).

It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. III., st.* 5.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Lady Clara Vere de Vere, st.* 7.

Good is a beam straight from the unchanging sun;
Evil the cloud that intercepts the light,
But cannot quench it; and thy vexed heart
Sunn'd once again by blessed rays of peace,
Will bless the hours of sorrow, for the sake
Of that they leave behind them, strength and calm;
And purer love for all things loved before,
When bliss comes back, like sunshine through the cloud.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Hesperides, Hesperia, II., ll.* 162–9.

Good-bye.

Good-bye, good-bye! ah, easy little word
When two fond, foolish lovers say it o'er,
And make it but the plausible excuse
To meet once more to say it once again!
VIOLET FANE, *Poems: "Good-Bye," ll.* 1–4.

Kiss me, and say good-bye;
Good-bye, there is no word to say but this.
ANDREW LANG, *Grass of Parnassus: Good-bye, st.* 1.

Good-name.

Hard to be silent and have no credit
From man in this world, or reward in the next;
None to bear witness, and reckon the cost
Of the name that is saved by the life that is lost.
SIR A. LYALL, *Theology in Extremis, st.* 20.

Good-night.

Good-night! I have to say good-night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good-night unto that fragile hand
All queenly with its weight of rings;
Good-night to fond, uplifted eyes,
Good-night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good-night unto the perfect mouth,
And all the sweetness nestled there—
The snowy hand detains me, then
I'll have to say good-night again!
T. B. ALDRICH, *XXXVI. Lyrics and XII. Sonnets, Lyric VI., ll.* 1–10.

Good night to thee, Lady! 'tis over—
The waltz, the quadrille, and the song—
The whisper'd farewell of the lover,
The heartless adieu of the throng.
EDWARD FITZGERALD, *Good-Night*: [in *Songs of Society*, ed. Davenport Adams,] *st.* 2.

Goose.

Only a goose would ever make attempt
To settle a dispute when foxes fight.
C. G. LELAND, *Songs of the Sea and Lays of the Land: Ballad of the Foxes* (1st Fox), *st.* 6.

Gordons.

But the Gordons know what the Gordons dare
When they hear the pipers playing!
HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race: The Gay Gordons, st.* 1.

Gorilla.

Lord of the gloom, there dwells a monstrous ape,
Ugly and dreadful, in his strength most fierce,
But man-like, fashioned wholly as a man,
A wide flat face, small ears, a hairy crown,
Nostrils of blackamoor and human ways:
Short-legged with mighty loins and arms that reach
To touch his shin as he doth walk erect.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Voyage of Ithobal: The Seventh and Last Day, ll.* 95–101.

Gospel.

"We all know, Gospel preached in the mother tongue
Sounds too like common sense."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saints' Tragedy, act III. sc.* 3 (Bishop).

"It's a gospel of Dirt and Nothing
They preach in these thinking days;
But the lessons I got as a tiny tot—
Well, somehow, they sticks and stays."
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *Job Sanderson's Mind, st.* 12.

I couldn't—I won't believe it!
Old feller, my soul would bust—
What, hold in my heart, as my friends depart,
That they ends in the churchyard dust?
Believe that the one as in yearning love
First taught me to pray to the God above,
Instead of watching, from yonder skies,
Is gone into gases!—Get out! it's lies.
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *Job Sanderson's Mind, st.* 13.

Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel!
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Courtship of Miles Standish: The Sailing of the Mayflower, ll.* 115–6.

Gossamer.

And all the air full of the silver threads
Of gossamer, hung thickly on the wet,
Wild, myrtle bushes.
HARRIET E. HAMILTON KING, *The Disciples : Ugo Bassi, Pt. I.*.

Gossip.

Hail, Gossip ! goddess of the giddy throng
That cluster(s) at the shrines of Idleness,
Where Tittle's strophes in a scandal-song
With Tattle's antistrophes acquiesce.
COTSFORD DICK, *The Ways of the World : To the Glory of Gossip, st.* 1.

"Of all sins, avoid that same gossiping."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saints' Tragedy, act V., sc.* 1 (2nd Monk).

A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Isabel, st.* 2.

Gown.

A rosy blond, and in a college gown,
That clad her like an April daffodilly.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, II., ll.* 302–3.

Grace.

And what but gentleness untired,
And what but noble feeling warm,
Wherever shown, howe'er inspired,
Is grace, is charm ?
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *A Southern Night, st.* 33.

Rich in the grace all women desire.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., l.* 13.

Grail.

"The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord
Drank at the last sad supper with His own."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : The Holy Grail, ll.* 46–7 (Percivale).

A gentle sound, an awful light !
Three angels bear the holy Grail :
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Sir Galahad, st.* 4.

Grapes.

Let there be thistles, there are grapes ;
If old things, there are new.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue, Pt. I., st.* 8.

Grasp all lose all.

. . . he that aims at all things, like a child,
Who strives to catch fair flowers beyond his reach,
Falls wounded back, and misses even that
Which lies within his grasp.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece: Alcaeus V., ll.* 64–7.

Grasshopper, Cicala.

Late August or early September, the stunning cicala is shrill.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: Up at a Villa—Down in the City, st.* 8.

The hot cicala's sultry cry,
The murmurous dream of bees.
JOHN HAY, *Pike County Ballads: The Prairie, st.* 2.

That grasshopper was chirping shrill—
No other living sound
Accompanied the tiny rill
That gurgled underground.
JOHN O'HAGAN, *The Old Story, st.* 4.

High-elbow'd grigs that leap in summer grass.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Brook, l.* 30.

The grasshopper is silent in the grass.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Oenone, l.* 25.

Gratitude.

And why should men be grateful for a fine potato crop,
Or sunshine for the oats, or rain to make the turnips grow,
And thankless for the wholesome books that fruitful authors drop,
Or a publisher's good season up in Paternoster Row?
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda: Among the Broken Gods: Luke Sprott, st.* 53.

Thank Heaven that once thou couldst be glad,
Be silent, if thou canst not praise.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical: Retrospect, st.* 13.

"O, no more thanks than might a goat have given
With no more sign of reverence than a beard."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Merlin and Vivien, ll.* 136–7 (Vivien).

Grave.

Since down in the grave, where all creeds unite,
Even Epicureans are changed to Stoics.
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Undertones, XVII.: Fine Weather on the Digentia, st.* 9.

"The grave itself is but a covered bridge,
Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness!"
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Golden Legend, V.* (Elsie).

But graves are cells of truth and love,
And men may talk no treason there.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc. : Sylvia in the West, st.* 15.

. . . how shall I know
That I myself may not, by sorrow taught,
Accept the perfect stillness of the ground ?
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Marpessa, ll.* 215–6.

The saddest grave
That ever tears kept green must sink at last
Unto the common level of the world.
ALEXANDER SMITH, *Edwin of Deira, bk. III., ll.* 347–9.

Graves where hope and prayer and sorrow brooded
Gape and slide and perish, ranks on ranks.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Dunwich, Pt. I., st.* 14.

When weary pulses flicker with disease,
And Pain draws Reason tortured from his seat :
To anguish and an age of maladies
Is not the grave a rest supremely sweet ?
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical : The Defeat of Glory, st.* 16.

Graveyard.

A little, lonely, green graveyard,
The old churchyard its solemn guard,
The gates with naught but sunbeams barred . . .
Each crowded street and thoroughfare
Was echoing round it—yet in there
The peace of Heaven was everywhere !
ROSE KAVANAGH, *St. Michan's Churchyard, stt.* 3, 9.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's Acre ! It is just ;
It consecrates each grave within its walls.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *God's Acre, st.* 1.

Grayling.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Brook (Song), st.* 7.

Great ; Greatness. See also **Man, Public.**

The man that hath great griefs I pity not ;
'Tis something to be great
In any wise, and hint the larger state,
Though but in shadow of a shade, God wot !
T. E. BROWN, *Old John, etc. : Pain, st.* 1.

"All great works in this world spring from the ruins
Of greater projects."
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Return of the Druses, act IV.* (Djabal).

Some men were born for great things,
Some were born for small;
Some—it is not recorded
Why they were born at all.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Ballads: Uncle Sammy, st.* 1.

"Could if he would?" True greatness ever wills—
It lives in wholeness if it live at all,
And all its strength is knit with constancy.
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Legend of Jubal, etc.: Armgart, sc.* 2, *ll.* 12–4 (Armgart).

Now some folks are born to greatness, some achieve it, as you've read;
And some justly stand and take it as it dollops on their head.
C. G. LELAND, *Songs of the Sea and Lays of the Land: Story of Mr. Scroper, Architect, st.* 2.

To those who walk beside them, great men seem
Mere common earth; but distance makes them stars.
GERALD MASSEY, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc.: Hood, ll.* 11–12.

There's a Divinity within
That makes men great, where'er they will it.
GERALD MASSEY, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc.: The People's Advent, st.* 4.

(For 'tis the curse of greatness, to outgrow
All friends and from the lone height long for friends,
And falling, find the friends it left all gone).
Q[UILLER COUCH], *Poems and Ballads: Columbus at Seville, ll.* 403–5.

"Things gained are gone, but great things done endure."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon* (Meleager).

"For me, I thank the saints, I am not great.
For if there ever come a grief to me
I cry my cry in silence, and have done:
None knows it, and my tears have brought me good."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Guinevere, ll.* 196–9 (Novice).

. . . "in me there dwells
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
Of greatness to know well I am not great."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Lancelot and Elaine, ll.* 447–9 (Lancelot).

Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the state.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, VIII.*

Pray God our greatness may not fail
  Thro' craven fears of being great.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Hands all Round, ll. st.* 3.

Great is the facile conqueror;
Yet happy he, who, wounded sore,
Breathless, unhorsed, all covered o'er
  With blood and sweat,
Sinks foiled, but fighting evermore,
  Is greater yet.
WILLIAM WATSON, *In Lalcham Churchyard, st.* 14.

Nothing is great save the death on the Cross.
AUBREY DE VERE, *From The Bard Ethell, st. XIII.*

Greed.

All day long they ate with the resolute greed of brutes,
And turned from the pigs to the fish, and again from the fish to the fruits.
R. L. STEVENSON, *Ballads: The Song of Rahéro, Pt. II.: The Venging of Tamatea, ll.* 176–7.

Greeks.

All places where their presence was,
  Upon the fruitful earth,
By kindly law were clasped within
  The circle of their mirth,
And in their spirits had a new
  And consecrated birth.
F. W. FABER, *Therapia, st.* 8.

Greenhouse.

No pampered bloom of the greenhouse chamber
  Has half the charm of the lawn's first flower.
W. C. BRYANT, *An Invitation to the Country, st.* 5.

Grief.

The grief which all hearts share grows less for one.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. V.*

"The proud exclusive privilege of grief."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act I. sc.* 4 (Franklin).

"Grief in young hearts is like the nightingale,
Whose note is almost sweeter than 'tis sad,
And stays but briefly."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola act I. sc.* 2 (Valori).

For if grief's to befall ye, I'd liefer 'twould lape on ye suddint when laste
Ye expect, an' grip hould o' your heart like some nathural sort o' wild baste
Than come slitherin' by like a snake, an' be prickin' your feet wid its sting.
JANE BARLOW, *Bog-Land Studies: Th' Ould Master, V., ll.* 7–9.

"Nay, it doth ease affliction to be busy;
And grief, that cannot reckon with a mystery,
Is comforted by trifles."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *The First Part of Nero, act IV., sc. 3, ll.* 1849–51 (Attendant).

Grief should be checked, with crafty plan,
But ne'er by dreading nursed.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals: The Festival of Praise, ll.* 141–2.

. . . now no more
They spoke, for they had come beyond all words.
They spoke not, stirred not, but together leaned,
Grand in the marble gesture of a grief
Becalmed for ever in the certitude
Of this last hour that over them stood still.
LAURENCE BINYON, *The Death of Adam, ll.* 603–8.

Know you what it is when anguish, with apocalyptic NEVER,
To a Pythian height dilates you, and despair sublimes to power?
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Lady Geraldine's Courtship, st.* 6.

"Our lives, however short,
And full of toil, have time enough for grief."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *An Unhistorical Pastoral, act. I., sc.* 1 (Alardo).

Grief suages grief, and joy doth joy enhance;
Nature is generous to her children so.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *A Book of Sonnets, to S.F.S., ll.*

I weep and wait, contented all day long
To be the proud possessor of a grief.
It comforts me. It gives me more relief
Than pleasures give; and, spirit-like in air,
It re-invokes the peace that was so brief.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc.: Third Litany, Ad Te Clamavi, st.* 1.

"There is no teacher for a noble soul
Half so persistent and so kind as grief."
CANON G. E. MASON, *Claudia, act* III., *sc.* 2 (Claudia).

We have had sorrows, love! and wept the tears
That run the rose-hue from the cheeks of Life;
But Grief hath jewels as Night her stars,
And she revealeth what we ne'er had known,
With joy's wreath tumbled o'er our blinded eyes.
GERALD MASSEY, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc.: Wedded Love, Pt. II., ll.* 78–82.

For grief once told brings somewhat back of peace.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: Prologue—The Wanderer's Argument, l.* 72.

Shalt thou not hope for joy new born again,
Since no grief ever born can ever die
Through changeless change of seasons passing by?
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: February, st. 3.*

Strange it is how the grieved heart bears
Long hours and days and months of woe,
As dull and leaden as they go,
And makes no sign, yea, and knows not
How great a burden it hath got
Upon it, till all suddenly
Some thought scarce heeded shall flit by,
That tears the veil as by it goes
With seeming careless hand, and shows
The shrinking soul that deep abyss
Of days to come all bare of bliss.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: The Land East of the Sun, Pt. II., ll. 760–70.*

"And time remembered is grief forgotten."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon* (Chorus).

". . . yet is grief
Surely less bearable than death, which comes
As sure as sleep on all."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Marina Faliero, act V., sc. 2* (Faliero).

"I have griefs enough:
Pray you be gentle, pray you let me be."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Geraint and Enid, II., ll. 709–10* (Enid).

". . . this grief
Is added to the griefs the great must bear,
That howsoever much they may desire
Silence, they cannot weep behind a cloud."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Guinevere, ll. 201–4* (Novice).

The lesser griefs that may be said,
That breathe a thousand tender vows,
Are but as servants in a house
Where lies the master newly dead.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, XX., st. 1.*

Let Grief be her own mistress still.
She loveth her own anguish deep
More than much pleasure. Let her will
Be done—to weep or not to weep.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *To J.S., st. 11.*

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow.
AUBREY DE VERE, *Sorrow, ll. 1–3.*

Small leisure have the poor for grief.
J. G. WHITTIER, *The Witch's Daughter, st.* 30.

Grouse.

The red-grouse, springing at our sound,
Skims, now and then, the shining ground;
No life, save his and ours, intrudes
Upon these breathless solitudes.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Resignation, ll.* 70–3.

Growling.

Each growling like a dog, when his good bone
Seems to be pluck'd at by the village boys.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Geraint and Enid, II. ll.*, 560–1

Growth.

Why stay we on the earth unless we grow?
ROBERT BROWNING, *Men and Women : Cleon, l.* 114.

Guelder-Rose.

The guelder-rose dips in the stream,
And golden flags are hung,
Out of whose midst the water-hen
Awakens with her young.
HARRIET E. HAMILTON KING, *Ballads of the North : The First of June, st.* 1.

Guess.

Guess-work *they* guess'd it, but ,the golden guess
Is morning-star to the full round of truth.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Columbus, ll.* 42–3.

Guide.

" You'll grant," he said, " the very beast
A more unerring guide,
—In very many ways at least—
Than man's untutored pride.
To pigs, in absolute despair,
He must appeal to show
If fresh or unaccustomed fare
Is poisonous or no."
CHARLES L. GRAVES, *The Green above the Red : William's Mission, ll.* 73–80.

Guilt.

. . . there's a recompense in guilt;
One must be venturous and fortunate.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Pippa Passes, Pt. II., ll.* 131–2.

God hath yoked to guilt
Her pale tormentor misery.
W. C, BRYANT, *Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood, ll.* 13–4.

"Not all who pine in prison, are not good,
Nor innocent who go free."
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Gycia, act IV., sc.* 1 (Irene).

Gulls.

Gulls in an aëry morrice
Gleam and vanish and gleam.
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems: Rhymes and Rhythms, XI., st.* 1.

Moveless of wing, as if by spell suspended.
REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets Round the Coast: Sea-Gulls at St. Bees, l.* 1.

The gray gull flaps the written stones,
The ox-birds chase the tide.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical: The Churchyard on the Sands, st.* 2.

H's.

Choose judiciously thy friends; for to discard them is undesirable. Yet it is better to drop thy friends, O my daughter, than to drop thy H's.
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Of Friendship, ll.* 1–2.

Habit. See also **Custom.**

"Little by little break habit, Don,
Become necessity to feeble flesh!"
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, IX.: Juris Doctor Johannes Baptista-Bottinius, ll.* 1274–5.

The Age comes on! To Habit we
Affix ourselves and are not free.
ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode: Man and the Ascidian, ll.* 30–1.

Hair.

Hair, such a wonder of flix and floss,
Freshness and fragrance—floods of it, too!
Gold, did I say? Nay, gold's mere dross:
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae: Gold Hair, st.* 4.

Shake down your hair, its shade is deep,
And sweet as night's;
'Tis like a purple sea—asleep
In shadowed lights.
MAY EARLE, *Two in Palermo, st.* 28.

". . . golden
Maiden growth of unbound hair."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon* (Chorus).

Hall.

The dusky-rafter'd many cobweb'd hall.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Geraint and Enid, I., l.* 362.

Hand.

If haply I might reproduce
One motive of the mechanism,
Flesh and bone and nerve that make
The poorest, coarsest human hand
An object worthy to be scanned
A whole life long for their sole sake.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae : James Lee's Wife, VIII.*, 3.

A hand as pure as milk and cold as snow.
A small white hand, a little lady hand.
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Undertones, XV. : Pygmalion the Sculptor ; or, The Marble Life, ll.* 29–30.

. . . those oft-clasping hands
Which had a memory of their own, and went
Widowed of one dear touch for evermore.
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. V.*

Hand, said I, since now we part
From fields and men we know by heart,
For strangers' faces, strangers' lands,—
Hand, you have held true fellows' hands.
Be clean then ; rot before you do
A thing they'd not believe of you.
A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad, XXXVII., ll.* 11–16.

O leave your hand where it lies cool
Upon the eyes whose lids are hot :
Its rosy shade is bountiful
Of silence, and assuages thought.
D. G. ROSSETTI, *Song and Music, st.* 1.

The whiteness of this hand should ne'er receive
A poorer greeting than the kiss of Kings.
ALEXANDER SMITH, *A Life-Dream, sc.* 4.

Hangman.

Ne'er ask a hangman how to tie a noose.
C. G. LELAND, *Songs of the Sea and Lays of the Land : The Story of a Lie, st.* 4.

Hansom-cab.

Through street and square, through square and street,
Each with his home-grown quality of dark
And violated silence, loud and fleet,
Waylaid by a merry ghost at every lamp,
The hansom wheels and plunges.
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems : London Voluntaries, II., ll.* 21–5.

Like dragonflies, the hansoms hover,
With jewelled eyes.
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, *Robert Louis Stevenson, etc. : A Ballad of London, st.* 3.

Happiness ; Joy. See also **Bliss.**

Well hath he done who hath seized happiness!
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Fragment of an "Antigone"* (Chorus).

Once thou seest the sun, once only,—
Nothing twice is quite the same:
Life's supremest joys are lonely,
Like the God from whom they came.
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. II.: God's Sermon, st. 7.*

The Greeks said grandly in their tragic phrase,
"Let no one be called happy till his death."
To which I add,—Let no one till his death
Be called unhappy.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. IV., ll. 73–6.*

Choose a joy!
Bettered it was by sorrow gone before,
And sobered somewhat by the shadowy sense
Of sorrow which came after or might come.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies, XII.: A Bean-Stripe: also Apple-Eating, ll. 66–9.*

Fool, does thy folly think my foolishness
Dwells rather on the fact that God appoints
A day of woe to the unworthy one,
Than that the unworthy one, by God's award,
Tasted joy twelve years long?
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies, II.: Melon-Seller, ll. 27–31.*

What else but happy could we be,
While Hope stood smiling on the hill
And in the valley, Memory?
C. J. KICKHAM, *St. John's Eve, st. 9.*

Joy that is clothed with shadow
Is the joy that is not dead:
For the joy that is clothed with the rainbow
Shall with the bow be sped:
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream: The Sorrow of Delight, st. 3.*

Thoughts of pure joys which but in memory live,
More joy than lower present joys can give.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. I.: On a Young Poet, st. 2.*

That thoughtless sense of joy bewildering
That kisses youthful hearts amidst of spring.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: Ogier the Dane: Argument, ll. 97–8.*

Never happy any more!
Put the light out, shut the door,
Sweep the wet leaves from the floor.
D. G. ROSSETTI, *The Lady's Lament, st. 5.*

Come, now, I'll cure your case, and ask no fee :—
  Make others' happiness this once your own ;
All else may pass ; that joy can never be
            Outgrown !
  "Owen Seaman," *In Cap and Bells : To an old Fogey, who contends that Christmas is played out*, st. 12.

Passionate sense of enjoyment,
  Absolute lull of delight.
  William Sawyer, *At the Opera "Faust,"* st. 5 [in *Songs of Society*, ed. W. Davenport Adams].

Household happiness, gracious children, debtless competence, golden mean.
  Alfred, Lord Tennyson, *Vastness*, st. 12.

And what delights can equal those
  That stir the spirit's inner deeps,
  When one that loves but knows not, reaps
A truth from one that loves and knows.
  Alfred, Lord Tennyson, *In Memoriam, XLII.*, st. 3.

"What is the strange thing happiness ?"
  Alfred, Lord Tennyson, *Queen Mary, act V., sc.* 5 (Mary).

—tender Nature, who transforms the dust
Of Death to living flowers, had wrought for me,
Out of my darkest hour, a dawn of Joy.
  Frederick Tennyson, *Isles of Greece : Eumenides, V., ll.* 73–5.

Death only and doom are sure : they come, they rend,
  But still the fight we make can crown us great :
  Life hath no joy like his who fights with Fate
Shoulder to shoulder with a stricken friend.
  Theodore Watts-Dunton, *The Coming of Love, etc. : Midshipman Lanyon, ll.* 9–12.

"Life's one joy is this,
To love, to taste the soul's divine delight
Of loving some most lovely soul or sight—
To worship still, though never an answering sign
Should come from Love asleep within the shrine."
  Theodore Watts-Dunton, *The Coming of Love, etc. : Natura Benigna, Pt. II. : The First Dukkeripen of the Stars, ll.* 12–6.

Yet O my soul supreme !
Knowest thou the joys of pensive thought ?
Joys of the free and lonesome heart, the tender, gloomy heart ?
Joys of the solitary walk, the spirit bow'd yet proud, the suffering and the struggle ?
  Walt Whitman, *Leaves of Grass : A Song of Joys, ll.* 126–9.

Hardihood.

Heroes, it seems to me that hardihead
Helps mortal men but little, if thereto
They join not wisdom.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *Life and Death of Jason, bk. V., ll.* 132–4.

Harebells.

Blue bells, on blue hills, where the sky is blue,
Here's a little blue-gowned maid come to look at you;
Here's a little child would fain, at the vesper time,
Catch the music of your hearts, hear the harebells chime,
"Little hares, little hares," softly prayeth she,
"Come, come across the hills, and ring the bells for me."
EMILY M. P. HICKEY, *Harebells, ll.* 1–6.

The statelier flowers may keep their pride,
We fear no footsteps, we do not hide;
On the trodden turf of the waste roadside
We are blown and beaten in breaths of blue;
The wings of the gnat are not so thin;
But we smile in singing the wild days through,
We are here for any who care to win.
HARRIET E. HAMILTON KING, *Ballads of the North, etc.: Harebells, st.* 3.

The harebells in the mountain-pass
Flutter their blue about.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *A Book of Dreams, Pt. II., 6, st.* 4.

Harlech.

Above the waves shine out the milk-white sands,
High o'er the sands a headland rock, o'ergrown
With ivy, bears a castle for its crown,
And gold with soft sea-lichen, Harlech stands.
REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets Round the Coast: Harlech, ll.* 1–4.

Harp.

I may not wake my harp again,
He said, to glory, love, and gladness;
Oh, hear ye not each joyous strain
Dies in a wail of funeral sadness?
JANET HAMILTON, *The Warning Wail, st.* 4.

Haste.

Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Love Thou thy Land, st.* 24.

Wait! they but stumble who would step too fast.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act III., st.* 35.

. . . Sometimes when my chance was come
To speak a helpful word and kind,
My hasty tongue too often served
The early promptings of my mind.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. II.: Last Words, st.* 4.

Hat. See also **Bonnet**

The milliner officious pours,
Of hats and caps her ready stores,
  The unbought elegance of spring:
Some wide, disclose the full round face,
Some shadowy, lend a modest grace
  And stretch their sheltering wing.
CATHERINE M. FANSHAWE, *Ode, ll.* 40–5 [in *Songs of Society*, ed. W. Davenport Adams].

Hate.

"There's nothing in this world so sweet as love,
And next to love the sweetest thing is hate!"
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Spanish Student, act II., sc.* 4 (Lara).

"Son, hate far abroad will walk
E'en when new-born, although we nurse it not."
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: The Lovers of Gudrun: The Sword comes back without the Scabbard, ll.* 203–4 (Olaf).

It is not Love but Hate that weds a bride against her will.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Flight, st.* 8.

'Tis good when the man loves the land,
  'Tis good when he falls for his creed,
But woe to the hate that is fanned
  By folly begotten of greed.
EDGAR WALLACE, *Writ in Barracks: At the Brink, st.* 3.

"A woman ignored is far more to be fear'd
Than twenty men; men know not how to hate,
Their hates disperse like mists before the sun;
But woman, when she hates, hates once for all."
CHARLES WHITWORTH WYNNE, *David and Bathshua, act I., sc.* 3 (Merab).

"It is not good for human hearts to hate,
However bruised: there is no healing in it—
Bear with the injury and it will heal,
Bear with the injurer and he'll repent."
CHARLES WHITWORTH WYNNE, *David and Bathshua, act I., sc.* 3 (Saul).

Haunted.

All houses wherein men have lived and died
  Are haunted houses.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Birds of Passage: Haunted Houses, st.* 1.

Hush! there is nothing to see or hear,
Only a silent something is near;
No knock, no footsteps three or four,
Only a presence outside the door!
GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Haunted House, ll.* 54–7.

Haves and Have-nots.

That these two parties still divide the world—
Of those that want, and those that have.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Walking to the Mail, ll. 71–2.*

Hawk.

Above the tumult of the cañon lifted,
The gray hawk breathless hung.
BRET HARTE, *The Hawk's Nest, st. 2.*

The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Poet's Song, st. 2.*

Hawthorn.

Upon its verge a growth of hawthorn hung,
The friendly tree—and Nature's favourite:
For now that all its own unhoarded bloom
Was withered, and its incense sacrificed,
The honeysuckle lit the matted boughs
With cressets burning odour, and the briar
Enwreathed and overhung them lovingly,
Its pallid rose like elfin faces sweet
Peering from out the swart-green thicket-side.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *The Last Ballad, etc.: The Ordeal, ll. 117–25.*

Where wanton winds are flowing
Among the gladdening grass;
Where hawthorn brakes are blowing,
And meadow perfumes pass.
W. E HENLEY, *Poems: Echoes, XXVIII., st. 4.*

The hawthorns, white and rosy, bent with bloom.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Britain: An English Idyll, l. 9.*

Hay while sun shines, Make.

Be not triumphant, little flower,
When on her haughty heart you lie,
But modestly enjoy your hour:
She'll weary of you by and by.
T. B. ALDRICH, *XXXVI. Lyrics and XII. Sonnets, Lyric XV., Rococo, st. 3.*

Of youths gorgeous as to raiment, and regardless as to payment—
Sires will what's by "making hay" meant, "while their sons shine," learn ere long.
C. C. R[HYS], *Up for the Season: Commemoration at Oxford.*

Haze.

Inland on the horizon beat
And flickered, drooping heavily,
A fervid haze, a vaporous heat,
The dusky eyelid of the sky.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *The Last Ballad, etc.: The Last Ballad, st. 42.*

Where sunlight looks like moonlight, and the days
  Like evenings, and things present like things past,
And near things like things distant, thro' the haze
    Round all things cast.
"OWEN MEREDITH" [LORD LYTTON], *Marah : Diminuendo, st. 2.*

A scented haze was in the air ;
So soft it was, it seemed as spring
Had come once more her arms to fling
About the dying year, and kiss
The lost world into dreams of bliss.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise : Acontius and Cydippe, ll. 712–6.*

  Above, a waft of pearly haze
Lies on the sapphire field of air,
    So radiant and so still
As though a star-cloud took its station there.
FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, *The Visions of England : A Dorset Idyll, st. 2.*

Hazel.

Last of the floral sisterhood,
The hazel's yellow blossoms shine,
The tawny gold of Afric's mine.
J. G. WHITTIER, *Hazel Blossoms, st. 3.*

Headache.

It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Romances : The Pied Piper of Hamelin, st. 4.*

Health.

For this is health it seems to me,
And not an ill philosophy,
To rise from life's rich board before
The host can point me to the door.
EDMUND GOSSE, *In Russet and Silver : In Russet and Silver, st. 7.*

A healthy frame, a quiet mind.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Two Voices, st. 33.*

Heart.

A chronicle forgotten and erased
From that convenient palimpsest, the heart.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Love's Widowhood yet : A Dialogue at Fiesole.*

"Give crowns and pounds and guineas,
  But not your heart away."
A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad : XIII., st. 1* (Wise Man).

Ah, sir, the soft hearts bend and rise,
The stern ones stand—and break.
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *Ballads and Legends : Squire, st.* 13.

The heart which cannot fly
May surely learn to crawl ;
Grow, like its neighbours, small,
Or rule a lesser fry.
HUME NISBET, *The Matador, etc. : The Moss Land, st.* 4.

Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Dedication, l.* 43.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be,
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me ?
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The May Queen, Pt. I., st.* 6.

As haunted houses are our haunted hearts,
Wherein pale spirits of past sorrows dwell !
SAMUEL WADDINGTON, *Sonnets, etc. : Night-Fall ll.* 9–10.

His numbers wore the vesture of the age,
But, 'neath it beating, the great heart was heard.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Collected Poems : Wordsworth's Grave, Pt. IV., st.* 7.

Heartstongue Fern.

The heartstongue sprouts where the waterfalls leap.
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream : The Bandruidh.*

Heat.

Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract skies.
ALFRED LORD TENNYSON, *The Defence of Lucknow, VI., l.* 9.

Heaven.

If there's a heaven upon the earth, a fellow knows it when
He's been away from home a week, and then gets back again.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Ballads : Goin' Home To-Day, st.* 7.

My child is lying on my knees,
The signs of heaven she reads :
My face is all the heaven she sees,
Is all the heaven she needs.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Within and Without, Pt. IV., sc.* 4. *Father's Hymn, st.* 1.

Hedgehogs.

In dusky roads, where cool night breezes stir,
When hedgehogs cry and soft-winged fern-owls chirr.
REV. H. D RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets at the English Lakes, CVIII : August at the Lakes, ll.* 11–2.

Hedgerows.

"Old hedgerows and sweet by-paths through the corn."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Smith, Act III.* (Hallowes).

See in every hedgerow
Marks of angels' feet,
Epics in each pebble
Underneath our feet.
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Invitation, ll.* 101–4.

Heel.

"Lie down, lie down, by us in the sod:
Thou shalt be wise in the ways of God." (Ancestors).

"Nay, so I stand upright in the dust,
I'll take God's purposes all on trust,
An inch of heel for a yard of spine."
Q[UILLER COUCH], *Poems and Ballads: The Planted Heel, ll.* 33–7.

Height.

"Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts!"
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus III.* (Festus).

The heights of great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Birds of Passage: The Ladder of St. Augustine, st.* 10.

No height so high, but you can fall from it.
ALEXANDER SMITH, *Edwin of Deira, bk. I., l.* 191.

Heir.

I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall, st.* 86.

Hell.

Wid the waves thumpin' thuds where they fell, like the butt-ends o' beams on a door;
An' the black hollows whirlin' between, an' the dhrift flyin' over thim thick,
'S if the Divil had melted down Hell, and was stirrin' it up wid a stick.
JANE BARLOW, *Misther Denis's Return.* (From *Th' Ould Master*).

He saw—the ins and outs to the heart of hell—
And took the straight line thither swift and sure.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, III.: The Other Half-Rome, ll.* 1573–4.

O God! if you want a man to sense the pains of hell,
Before you pitch him in just keep him in heaven a spell!
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Ballads: Gone with a Handsomer Man, st.* 14.

And, ah! to think how thin the veil that lies
Between the pain of hell and paradise!
"A. E." [GEORGE W. RUSSELL], *James, st.* 3.

Who hath seen or what ear hath heard
The secret things unregister'd
Of the place where all is past and done,
And tears and laughter sound as one
In Hell's unhallowed unison?
D. G. ROSSETTI, *Rose Mary, Pt. III., st.* 41.

Man's heel is on the Almighty's neck, who said,
Let there be hell, and there was hell—on earth.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday: Pelagius III.*

In the deepest pits of 'Ell,
Where the worst defaulters dwell
(Charcoal devils used as fuel as you require 'em),
There's some lovely coloured rays,
Pyrotechnical displays:
But you can't expect the burnin' to admire 'em!
EDGAR WALLACE, *Writ in Barracks: Nature Fails* (L'Envoi).

Hellebore.

"In antique gardens hellebore
Puts forth its blushing Christmas rose."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Fleet Street Eclogues: Christmas Eve* (Menzies).

Helmet.

The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Lady of Shalott, Pt. III., st.* 3.

Helpmeet.

The helpmeet with her quiet tread—
That constant music, sweet, assured.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. II.: Reflective Love, st.* 2

. . . "lo mine helpmate, one to feel
My purpose and rejoicing in my joy."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Guinevere, ll.* 481–2 (Arthur).

Helvellyn.

. . . evening gathers brown
On thy stone-sprinkled down,
Thou desolate Helvellyn!
F. W. FABER, *To a Lake Party, st.* 5.

For there, high-lifted with perpetual frown,
Helvellyn rears his double-peaked head.
Rev. H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets at the English Lakes, CV: Helvellyn, ll.* 9–10.

Hemlock.

Great, hollow, hemlock-canes above my head
Stretch out their straight, stiff arms.
HARRIET E. HAMILTON KING, *The Disciples: Ugo Bassi, Pt. IV.*

Henley.

Henley? You laugh. The name can bring
You scarce a thought, save of the swing
Of rival crews—the show of dress—
The chaff with gipsy sorceress—
Girls, birds and niggers that would sing—
Suns that would warm a golden tress—
And life and light o'er everything,
And words that only joy express,
While whispering breezes seem to phrase
Delights of dear old Henley days.
C. C. R[HYS], *Up for the Season: Old Henley Days, st. 2.*

We none somehow
Can light our pipes without our spills.
'Twas Pater (that's the man who pays)
Who dubbed as "dear" old Henley days.
C. C. R[HYS], *Up for the Season: Old Henley Days, st. 3.*

Heraldry.

"heraldic blazonries
Are fireworks for the foolish."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Prince Lucifer, act IV., sc. 1* (Lucifer).

Heresies.

And most of all thank God for this:
The war and waste of clashing creeds
Now end in words, and not in deeds,
And no one suffers loss or bleeds
For thoughts that men call heresies.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Tales of a Wayside Inn: Interlude, st. 2.*

Hermit.

"Ah, blessed Lord, I speak too earthlywise,
Seeing I never stray'd beyond the cell,
But live like an old badger in his earth,
With earth about him everywhere, despite
All fast and penance."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Holy Grail, ll. 625–9* (Monk).

Hero.

All actual heroes are essential men,
And all men possible heroes.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. IV., ll. 150–1.*

Hero-worship.

Dead. Man's "I was" by God's "I am"—
All hero-worship comes to that.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Died, st.* 5.

. . . "the hero dreads a meaning smile
The lifted shoulder and the current jest."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Self's the Man, act IV.* (Urban).

"The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. I.* (Zarca).

Right in the van,
On the red rampart's slippery swell,
With heart that beat a charge, he fell
Forward, as fits a man.
J. R. LOWELL, *Memoriae Positum, R.G.S., st.* 6.

Give honour to our heroes fall'n, how ill
Soe'er the cause that bade them forth to die.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Collected Poems : The English Dead, ll.* 1–2.

Heron.

The great grey heron slept upon one leg.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Voyage of Ithobal : The Fifth Day, l.* 111

See, the grey heron rises from the fen,
And mark! his slower mate by long degrees
Follows and flaps to stiller shades than these.
They wing their lonesome meditative way
To some hush'd elbow of the reedy leas.
EDMUND GOSSE, *In Russet and Silver : Chattafin, st.* .

To lean and listen to the flutings sweet
Of sandpiper, or sad-voiced plover's cry;
While the grave heron at his fishery
Gleams like a silver sickle through the heat!
Rev. H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets Round the Coast : Eskmeals, ll.* 5–8.

The heron flaps his heavy wings, and cries
Hoarse in the cloudy rack.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical : Auguries of May st.* 5.

When the lone heron forgets his melancholy,
Lets down his other leg, and stretching, dreams
Of goodly supper in the distant pool.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Gareth and Lynette, ll.* 1156–8.

Where flapping herons wake
The drowsy water-rats.
W. B. YEATS, *The Stolen Child, ll.* 4–5.

Herring.

It was in with the sails and away to shore,
  With the rise and swing, the rise and swing
Of two stout lads at each smoking oar,
  After herring, our King, herring, our King;
Sing, Hugamar féin an sowra lin',
'Tis we have brought the summer in.
A. P. GRAVES, *Herring is King, st.* 4.

Herself and Myself.

Says Herself to Myself: "We're as good as the best o' them,"
  Says Myself to Herself: "Shure, we're betther than gold."
Says Herself to Myself: "We're as young as the rest o' them."
  Says Myself to Herself: "Troth, we'll never grow old."
P. J. MCCALL, *Herself and Myself: An Old Man's Song* (Refrain).

Hesitation.

I thought I'd go, I thought I'd not,
  And then I thought I'd think about it.
FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON, *An Invitation to Rome, st.* 9.

Highest.

Doubt no longer that the Highest is the wisest and the best.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Faith, l.* 1.

"We needs must love the highest when we see it."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Guinevere, l.* 654 (Guinevere).

History.

The horrid tale of perjury and strife,
Murder and spoil, which men call history,
May seem a fable, like the inventions told
By poets of the gods of Greece.
W. C. BRYANT, *Earth.*

Ef you *read* History, all runs smooth ez grease,
Coz there the men ain't nothin' more'n idees—
But come to *make* it, ez we must to-day,
Th' idees hev arms an' legs an' stop the way.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. II., Letter* 6.

Hoard.

Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Geraint and Enid, l. l* 352 (Enid's Song).

Hoar-Frost. See also **Frost.**

On window-sill and door-post,
  On rail and tramway rust,
Embroidery of hoar-frost
  Was sown like diamond dust.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *New Ballad: A Frosty Morning, st.* 3.

Holiday.

"A day of freedom is a day of pleasure."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Prometheus the Firegiver*, *l.* 138 (Prometheus).

A holiday of miserable men
Is sadder than a burial-day of kings.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh*, *bk. III.*, *ll.* 453–4.

For, Day, my holiday, if thou ill-usest
Me, who am only Pippa,—old year's sorrow,
Cast off last night, will come again to-morrow:
Whereas, if thou prove gentle, I shall borrow
Sufficient strength of thee for new-year's sorrow.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Pippa Passes*, *Pt. I.*, *ll.* 30–4.

. . . the languid vein
Of pleasant holiday enjoyment.
ALFRED COCHRANE, *My Youngest Brother*, *st.* 10.

Holland.

From street to street lethargic waters roll,
And like the symbols of an ancient scroll
The houses breathe an old-world atmosphere.
SAMUEL WADDINGTON, *Sonnets, etc.*: *Dort*, *ll.* 4–6.

Holly.

"In the smooth centre of the opening stood
Three hollies side by side, and made a screen,
Warm with the winter sun, of burnished green,
With scarlet berries gemm'd, the fell-fare's food."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Tristram and Iseult* (Iseult of Brittany).

Hollyhock.

"The boundless, waving grass-plains stretch, thick-starr'd
With saffron and the yellow hollyhock
And flag-leaved iris-flowers."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *The Strayed Reveller* (Youth).

. . . the great upstanding holly-hocks,
Those heavenward ladders by which in a row
Roses footing for angels go,
The larger, the farther down they grow.
LAURENCE HOUSMAN, *Green Arras: The Queen's Bees*, *st.* 1.

Homage.

Voiceless, I tender thee an unpenned scroll,
Beyond all written words and spoken speech,
Beyond the power of all the Arts to teach
Is the unlanguaged homage which my soul
Offers, as at some altar, unto thine.
I thought to praise thee, but behold, I stand
Dumb, and the pen drops useless from my hand.
MAY EARLE, *Homage*, *ll.* 1–7.

Home ; Homecoming.

The ties of home are dear,
And what a man is born to, both the place,
Where'er it be, that hath received his being
Out of oblivion, and given his mind
The shapes and hues of earth, the sights of heaven,
The place whence he sets forth to meet strange things,
Whither returns to find his own, himself ;
This bides, the harbour of his fancy—and draws him
Spite of all else from world's end to world's end.
ROBERT BRIDGES, *The Return of Ulysses, act II.* (Ulysses), *ll.* 844-52.

Though strong the present age, the stronger is to come ;
Let us but have the rest, and food that angels give,
Purer the children's life, if pure the Parent-Home.
WALTER EARLE, *Home Poems : The New Century, st.* 3.

O working mothers ! list my rhymes,
'Tis you I am addressing—
The workman's home and hearth are yours
For either bane or blessing.
JANET HAMILTON, *Important Queries, st.* 8.

The fairyest of fairy lands—
The land of home.
JEAN INGELOW, *The Letter L : Absent, st.* 34.

. . . our own sweet home,
The dearest spot beneath the skies ;
Dear for the golden hours that were
When life's glad morn all radiant shone,
Fondly dear for loved ones there,
And dearer still for loved ones gone.
C. J. KICKHAM, *St. John's Eve, st.* 2.

To learn such a simple lesson,
Need I go to Paris and Rome,
That the many make the household,
But only one the home ?
J. R. LOWELL, *The Dead House, st.* 9.

I to myself suffice ; why should I tire
The heart with roaming that would rest at home ?
ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil : Laus Virginitatis st.* 2.

And one, an English home—gray twilight pour'd
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient Peace.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Palace of Art, st.* 22.

But that unconquerable love of home
That burns ev'n in the hearts of evil men.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece : Andros II., ll.* 1-2.

Home, my Home!
If thou wert not, sweet Island, what thou art,
Fairer than fairest; if thou wert a rock
Barren of all things but the surfweed cold,
And tortured by the storms, now, well I know,
Thou wouldst be dearer to me than the blest
Hesperides.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece: The Return, VI., ll.* 56–62.

The day will seem brighter
When the boys come home,
For our hearts will be lighter
When the boys come home.
Wives and sweethearts will press them
In their arms and caress them,
And pray God to bless them,
When the boys come home.
JOHN HAY, *Pike County Ballads: When the Boys Come Home, st.* 2.

Homeless.

Hopeless and homeless on the waste world driven,
And fallen back to Earth, tho' born for Heaven.
HARRIET E. HAMILTON KING, *Ballads of the North, etc.: The Seasons: Winter, ll.* 39–40.

Homeliness.

As homely as the sparrow that has chirped
Its whole life long upon a smoky thatch.
ALEXANDER SMITH, *Edwin of Deira, bk. I., ll.* 74–5.

Homesickness.

Oh the toil that knows no breaking! Oh the *heimweh*, ceaseless aching!
Oh the black dividing Sea and alien Plain!
Youth was cheap—wherefore we sold it. Gold was good—we hoped to hold it,
And to-day we know the fulness of our gain.
RUDYARD KIPLING, *Christmas in India, st.* 3.

Homesteads.

Trim homesteads here and there on either side,
And fair kine grazing, and much woolly sheep.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *Life and Death of Jason, bk. VI., ll.* 265-6.

Old homesteads sacred to all that can
Gladden or sadden the heart of man.
J. G. WHITTIER, *The Prophecy of Samuel Sewall, ll.* 97–8.

Homer.

Other songs for other worlds! the fire within him would not falter.
Let the golden Iliad vanish, Homer here is Homer there.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. *Parnassus III.*

Honesty.

The hearty grasp, the honest gaze,
The voice that means the thing it says.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Lyrics : On Returning to England, ll.* 27–8.

This is to have to do
With honest hearts : they easily may err,
But in the main they wish well to the truth.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, VI. : Giuseppe Caponsacchi, ll.* 208–10.

These are the maxims that I take to heart,
Do thou accept them, reader, for thine own ;
Love well thy work ; be truthful in the mart,
And foes will praise thee when thy friends depart.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc. : A Song of Servitude, st.* 7.

"This faint-heart honesty with half a hand
Is falser found at need than falsehood's self."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Bothwell, act III., sc.* 7 (Queen Mary).

"He is passionate but honest. Stand thou by him!"
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Harold, act I., sc.* 1 (Harold).

"A square-set man and honest ; and his eyes,
An out-door sign of all the warmth within,
Smiled with his lips—a smile beneath a cloud,
But heaven had meant it for a sunny one."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : The Holy Grail, ll.* 699–702 (Monk).

"One that would neither misreport nor lie,
Not to gain paradise."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act IV., sc.* 3 (Howard).

Honey.

There's honey in the leaf and the blossom,
And honey in the night and the day.
KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON, *A Lover's Breast-Knot : Summer Sweet, st.* 3.

Honeysuckle.

The rarest of honeysuckle is on hedgetop high
The reddest of rose-red apples swings on the good tree's crest.
KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON, *Cuckoo Songs : Aspiration, st.* 1.

Where, nursed in mellow intercourse,
The honeysuckles sprang by scores.
D. G. ROSSETTI, *The Honeysuckle, st.* 2.

"Good lord, how sweetly smells the honeysuckle
In the hush'd night, as if the world were one
Of utter peace, and love, and gentleness!"
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Gareth and Lynette, ll.* 1256–8 (Lynette).

Honour ; Honourable.

A delicacy there is, our gallants hold,
When you avenge your honour and only then,
That you disfigure the subject, fray the face,
Not just take life and end, in clownish guise.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book II. : Half-Rome, ll.* 30-3.

"Honour is shifting as the shadows are
To souls that turn their passions into laws."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. I.* (Prior).

"The man that knows himself most honourable
Fears least or doubts if others hold him so ;
But he that has small honour in himself
Is quick to doubt what men may deem of him."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Bothwell, act II., sc.* 4 (Queen Mary).

"I would fain
Think thee, being noble, not ignoble ; as
Must all men think the man born prince or churl
Whom wrath or lust or rancorous self-regard
Drives past regard of honour."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Marino Faliero, act I., sc.* 2 (Lioni).

Oh ! Honour, like the diamond in the dark
Wrapt round by the unlovely rugged rock,
Is won by perils, to be broken through
Ere it can blaze out sunlike.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece : Antimenidas, III., ll* 46-9.

For the fight hard fought
Must not go for naught,
Because of its hapless turn ;
Nor we withhold,
For the life hard sold,
The Honour it died to earn.
EDGAR WALLACE, *Writ in Barracks : Nicholson's Nek, st.* 6.

Hope.

The bitterest things that ever come to us
Are baulked anticipations.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell : A Tale of the Thames, ch. VIII., ll.* 184-5.

"What is man's hope, good friend ?
Is't not a beggar in the land of doubt ?"
ROBERT BRIDGES, *The Return of Ulysses, act IV., ll.* 2081-2 (Penelope).

The old hope is hardest to be lost.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *The Cry of the Children, st.* 2.

Hope evermore and believe, O man, for e'en as they thought
So are the things that thou see'st ; e'en as thy hope and belief.
A. H. CLOUGH, *Hope Evermore and Believe, ll.* 1-2.

Hope, while we breathe,
Can make the meanest prize his breath,
And still with starry garlands wreathe
The nakedness of life and death.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *The Last Ballad, etc. : A Ballad of a Coward*, st. 24

Hope is the world's best blood, which, chilled or shed,
Palsies the heart of Time.
SIR F. H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc. : At Sea*, st. 13.

Nay, if she love none other, hope
Shall take no leave ;
With all save this a man may cope,
A man achieve.
MAY EARLE, *Cosmo Venucci, Singer.*

"Hopes have precarious life.
They are oft blighted, withered, snapped sheer off
In vigorous growth and turned to rottenness."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. III* (Fedalma).

Hope is our life, when first our life grows clear ;
Hope and delight, scarce crossed by lines of fear,
Yet the day comes when fain we would not hope,
But forasmuch as we with life must cope,
Struggling with this and that, and who knows why ?
Hope will not give us up to certainty,
But still must abide with us.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise : Ogier the Dane*, *ll.*181–7

Hope's like the snow
That falls from the sky :
Beauteous and holy,
It dazzles the eye.
GEORGE OUTRAM, *Legal and other Lyrics : On Hope*, st. 2.

Hope, who never yet eyed the goal,
With arms flung forth, and backward floating hair,
Touches, embraces, hugs the invisible.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses : Gifts and Graces*, *No.* 9, *ll.* 12–14.

A life of hope deferred too often is
A life of wasted opportunities ;
A life of perished hope too often is
A life of all-lost opportunities.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses : Songs for Strangers and Pilgrims No.* 41, *ll.* 1–4.

With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night
That somehow the right is the right
And the smooth shall bloom from the rough.
R. L. STEVENSON, *Songs of Travel, etc. : If this were Faith*, st. 3.

"What is it thou knowest, sweet voice ?" I cried.
"A hidden hope," the voice replied.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Two Voices*, st. 147.

. . . better 'tis to walk with Hope
Thro' starless night, than thro' midnoon with Fear.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Daphne and other Poems : Halcyone, II. ll. 29–30.*

There is no bliss on earth so true as Hope,
Tho' she be false as rainbows.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece : The Return, VIII.*, 31–2.

As some adventurous flower,
On savage crag-side grown,
Seems nourished hour by hour
From its wild self alone,
So lives inveterate Hope, on her own hardihood.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Collected Poems : The Hope of the World, st. 1.*

Hop-field.

Hopfields fairer than vineyards, green laughing tendrils and bine ;
F. T. PALGRAVE, *The Visions of England : The Rejoicing of the Land, l. 91.*

Hood, Thomas.

Here lies a Poet. Stranger, if to thee
His claim to memory be obscure,
If thou wouldst learn how truly great was he,
Go, ask it of the poor.
J. R. LOWELL, *To the Memory of Hood, st. 7.*

Horse.

One stiff blind horse, his every bone a-stare,
Stood stupefied, however he came there.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Romances : Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came st. 13.*

. . . this matchless horse
Is the true pearl of every caravan ;
The light and life of all our camps,—the force
And glory of his clan.
SIR F. H. DOYLE, *Return of the Guards, etc. : The Horse of the Desert, ll. 66–9.*

Hosses is hosses, you know, and likewise, too, jockeys is jockeys ;
And 'tain't ev'ry man as can ride as knows what a hoss 'as got in him.
BRET HARTE, *Chiquita, st. 3.*

A war-horse meet for warrior's need,
That none who passed might choose but heed,
So strong he stood, so great, so fair.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *The Tale of Balen, VII., st. 6.*

Hour.

To live through but one perfect hour of life,
With hope enlarging all the space beyond,
Is better than a life-time.
HARRIET E. HAMILTON KING, *The Disciples : Ugo Bassi, Pt. V.*

. . . nay, let me be glad
That I at least one godlike hour have had
At whatsoever time I come to die,
That I may mock the world that passes by.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise : The Love of Alcestis, ll.* 491–4.

Hour before the Dawn, The.

. . . at the dead dark hour before the dawn,
When sick men die.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades, bk. II., Hades : Andromeda, ll.* 137–8.

And all the while there must at last be borne
That darkest hour that brings about the morn.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise : February, Bellerophon in Lycia, ll.* 1564–5.

House.

"Let your house
Be spacious more than splendid, and be books
And busts your most conspicuous furniture."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act I., sc.* 1 (Lorenzo).

Had I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare,
The house for me, no doubt, were a house in the city-square.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics : Up at a Villa—Down in the City, st.* 1.

Yes, a good deal has happened to make this old house dear :
Christenin's, funerals, weddin's—what haven't we had here ?
Not a log in this buildin' but its memories has got,
And not a nail in this old floor but touches a tender spot.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Ballads : Out of the Old House, Nancy, st.* 17.

Fare you well, old house ! You're naught that can feel or see,
But you seem like a human being—a dear old friend to me ;
And we never will have a better home, if *my* opinion stands,
Until we commence a-keepin' house in the house not made with hands.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Ballads : Out of the Old House, Nancy, st.* 20.

Those house them best who house for secrecy.
THOMAS HARDY, *Wessex Poems, etc. : Heiress and Architect, st.* 6.

Its windows were oriel and latticed,
Lowly and wide and fair ;
And its chimneys like clustered pillars
Stood up in the thin blue air.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Old Garden, st.* 11.

All day within the dreary house,
  The doors upon their hinges creak'd
The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse
  Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Mariana, st.* 6.

House of Lords.

Where might is, the right is:
  Long purses make strong swords.
Let weakness learn meekness:
  God save the House of Lords!
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday: A Word for the Country, st.* 1.

Hubbub.

. . . "such a hubbub as you hear
In o'erstocked rookeries at Whitsuntide
When the young birds are harried in their haunts."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act IV., sc.* 5 (Soderini).

Hugo, Victor.

Kings change their sceptres for a funeral stone,
But thou thy tomb hast turned into a throne!
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc.: Victor Hugo, ll.* 13-4.

Humanity.

A human creature found too weak
  To bear his human pain.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *The Poet's Vow, st.* 9.

The reeking cess-pool of humanity,
  The hideous nine-orbed Hell.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads, etc.: Ballad of the Exodus from Hounds ditch, st.* 35.

"You grant humanity consists of men?
I am a man; so when I serve myself
I serve humanity."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Self's the Man, act IV.* (Philadelphus).

"After all there is but one race—humanity."
GEORGE MOORE, *The Bending of the Bough, act III.* (Millicent).

Humbug.

In short, I firmly du believe
  In Humbug generally,
Fer it's a thing that I perceive
  To hev a solid vally;
This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
  In pastures sweet heth led me,
An' this'll keep the people green
  To feed ez they hev fed me.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, ser. I., Letter* 6.

Humble Beginnings.

" Prove thou the arms thou long'st to glorify,
Nor fear to work up from the lowest ranks
Whence come great Nature's Captains."
A. H. CLOUGH, *Dipsychus, Pt. II., sc.* 4 (Dipsychus).

Humility.

Scorn ye this world, their tears, their inward cares?
I say unto you, see that *your* souls live
A deeper life than theirs.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Progress, st.* 6.

Well-doing bringeth pride, this constant thought
Humility, that they best done is naught.
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Shorter Poems, bk. IV., no.* 30.

Humility's so good,
When pride's impossible.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. VIII., ll.* 996–7

I counsel you,
By the great God's great humbleness, and by
His pity, be not humble over-much.
JEAN INGELOW, *Brothers, and a Sermon, ll.* 459–61.

" . . . would you be humble, daughter,
You must look up, not down."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act II., sc.* 5 (Conrad).

Humble because of knowledge; mighty by sacrifice.
RUDYARD KIPLING, *The Islanders, l.* 54.

" O son, thou hast not true humility,
The highest virtue, mother of them all;
For when the Lord of all things made Himself
Naked of glory for His mortal change,
'Take thou my robe,' she said, 'for all is thine.'"
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Holy Grail, ll.* 444–8 (Hermit).

Humour.

For the undertones of pathos murmuring softly by the way,
Or quaint, droll humours, mirthful with a laughter never loud.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda; Among the Broken Gods; Claud Maxwell, st.* 68.

Hunger. See also **Appetite.**

For I often considher a sayin' we have: " Whin it's little ye've got,
It's the hunger ye'll find at the botthom, if many dip spoons in your pot."
JANE BARLOW, *Bog-Land Studies: Last Time at M'Gurk's, XI., ll.* 5–6.

An', begorra, the hardest day's work a man ever did is to sit
Wid his hands befoore him at home, whin the childher haven't
a bit.
JANE BARLOW, *Bog-Land Studies : Walled Out, VII., ll.* 13–4.

Hunter ; Huntress.

A troop of Oxford hunters going home.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Thyrsis, st.* 16.

So, on a surly-eyed morning of winter,
See her give spur to her spirited mare ;
Perfect's the habit that does more than hint her
Perfect proportions—the neatest of wear.
C. C. R[HYS], *Up for the Season : La Chasseresse, st.* 3.

Hurricane.

One hurricane will spoil six good months' hope.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae : Caliban upon Setebos, l.* 201.

Husband.

Every one says that husbands love their wives,
Guard them and guide them, give them happiness ;
'Tis duty, law, pleasure, religion : well,
You see how much of this comes true in mine !
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, VII. : Pompilia ll.* 152–5.

Lay by your tears, your tremors by—
A Husband's better than a brother.
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Essays in old French Forms : "Vitas Hinnuleo," st.* 3.

Maidens ! why should you worry in choosing whom you should
marry ?
Choose whom you may, you will find you have got somebody
else.
JOHN HAY, *Pike County Ballads, Distiches, X.*

We laugh and we cry, we sing and we sigh,
And Life will have wintry weather !
So we'll hope, and love on, since you, Love, and I,
Are Husband and Wife together.
GERALD MASSEY, *Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc. : Husband and Wife, st.* 4.

"A model husband the Prince, a paragon of virtue."
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Gycia, act III., sc.* 2 (First Courtier).

As the husband is, the wife is : thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall, st.* 24.

Hush !

"The woman that cries Hush bids kiss: I learnt
So much of her that taught me kissing."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Marino Faliero, act I., sc.* 1 (Steno).

Hyacinth.

By lichened tree and mossy plinth
Like living flames of purple fire,
Flooding the wood, the hyacinth
Uprears its heavy-scented spire.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads of Songs: Spring, IV., st.* 1.

Hyæna.

Loam-eared hyenas go a moaning by.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Unrest, l.* 9.

Hypocrite; Hypocrisy.

"To princes people are all hypocrites."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *An Industrial Pastoral, act IV., sc.* 1 (Eulalie).

That worst hypocrisy
When self cheats self, and conscience at the wheel
Herself is steer'd by passion's blindfold zeal.
F. T. PALGRAVE, *Visions of England: A Churchyard in Oxfordshire, st.* 3.

Who, never naming God except for gain,
So never took that useful name in vain;
Made Him his catspaw and the Cross his tool,
And Christ the bait to trap his dupe and fool.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Sea Dreams, ll.* 184–7.

Iceberg.

We saw green peaks and towers of ice arise
Against the wild rose of Antarctic skies;
And, over violet seas, the Eastern glow
Fell on an iceberg's wandering hills of snow.
S. R. LYSAGHT, *Poems of the Unknown: The Undiscovered Shore; Far South, ll.* 13–6.

Idea; Ideas.

"To *die* for one's great ideas is glorious—and easy.
The horror is to *outlive* them. That is our worst capability."
"JOHN OLIVER HOBBES," *The Ambassador, act II.* (St. Orbyn).

Idees you hev to shove an' haul
Like a druv pig ain't wuth a mullein:
Live thoughts ain't sent for: thru all rifts
O' sense they pour an' resh ye onwards.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. II., Letter* 10.

Ideal; Ideals.

That passion for the actual and the real
Which still remain the woman's true ideal.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act I., st.* 164.

It takes the ideal, to blow a hair's-breadth off
The dust of the actual.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. II., ll.* 43[illegible].

. . . the early painters,
To cries of "Greek Art and what more wish you?"—
Replied, "To become now self-acquainters,
And paint man, man, whatever the issue!
Make new hopes shine through the flesh they fray,
New fears aggrandise the rags and tatters:
To bring the invisible full into play!
Let the visible go to the dogs—what matters?"
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: Old Pictures at Florence, st.* 19.

Idiom.

Every existence has its idiom, everything has an idiom and a tongue.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: Song of the Answerer, I., l.* 31.

Idiot.

You idiot boy, be vaguely glad:
Your puzzled griefs discharge!
You have some rich relations, lad;
Your family is large.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals: The Festival of Praise, ll.* 277–80.

Idleness.

"It is not idleness to steep the soul
In Nature's beauty: rather every day
We are idle letting beauteous things go by
Unheld, or scarce perceived."
ROBERT BRIDGES: *Achilles in Scyros, ll.* 283–6 (Achilles).

An idle life is the life for me,—
Idleness spiced with philosophy!
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Undertones, XVII.: Fine Weather on the Digentia, st.* 4.

"For when all's won all's done, and nought to do
Is as a chain on him that with void hands
Sits pleasureless and painless."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Bothwell, act IV., sc.* 1 (Queen Mary).

Ignorance.

. . . ignorance
Whose shadow is chill fear, and cruelty
Its bitter pastime.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. IV.*

'Tis ignorance that makes the child sublime.
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. II.: Poetry and Science, st.* 17.

An ignorance of means may minister
To greatness, but an ignorance of aims
Makes it impossible to be great at all.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Casa Guidi Windows, Pt. II. ll.* 212–4.

. . . knowledge and power have rights,
But ignorance and weakness have rights too.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Men and Women : Bishop Blougram's Apology, ll.* 857–8.

"And men have oft grown old among their books
To die case-hardened in their ignorance."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus, I.* (Paracelsus).

Call ignorance my sorrow, not my sin!
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, X. : The Pope, l.* 259.

". . . for this
I ever held worse than all certitude,
To know not what the worst ahead might be."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Marino Faliero, act V., sc.* 2 (Faliero).

Illusions.

Alas! the fond illusions of the future
Are shadow'd by the sorrows of the past.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece : Artimanides, Parting of Alcaeus and Sappho, ll.* 155–6.

Imagination.

Strange that you,
Who can imagine whatso thing you will,
Should lack imagination to appraise
Imagination at its topmost worth.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Love's Widowhood, etc. : Dialogue at Fiesole.*

"Imagination should
A reconciler, not a rebel, be,
To teach the heart of man to apprehend
Nature's vicissitudes, and bear his own,
With sympathetic fancy."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act IV., sc.* 2 (Urania).

'Imagination hath a grasp of joy
Finer than sense."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *The Return of Ulysses, act II., ll.* 689–90 (Ulysses).

Imagination has her own despair,
And hears your distant death-bell tolling.
SIR F. H. DOYLE, *Return of the Guards, etc. : At Sea, st.* 4.

Immortality.

Full of glory is the deathland to the soul that enters there,
  Full of beauty and of marvel and of exquisite repose;
Full of sweetness for the woman worn with life-long grief and care,
  Full of moonlight for the lover, full of sunlight for the rose.
Full of comfort for the needy, for the weary full of rest,
  Full of blessing for the righteous, for the evil full of doom,
For the great a crown immortal, for the good a vision blest,
  For the lonely love unending—that is life beyond the tomb.

GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. II.: Life and Death, st.* 15.

What God has once inspired with living breath,
    This knows not death:
  Sunset predicts another golden day.

GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. IV.: Song of the Stars, st.* 15.

    Adam was alone.
At last his eyes were closing, yet he saw
Dimly the shapes of his departing sons . . .
. . . and he saw how vast a scope
Ennobled them of power to dare beyond
Their mortal frailty in immortal deeds,
Exceeding their brief days in excellence,
Not with the easy victory of gods
Triumphant, but in suffering more divine.

LAURENCE BINYON: *The Death of Adam, ll.* 673–5, 679–84.

"Death is to us a semblance and an end,
  But is as nothing to that central Law
  Whereby we cannot die."

ROBERT BUCHANAN: *Napoleon Fallen* (Napoleon).

I saw a dead man's finer part
  Shining within each faithful heart
Of those bereft. Then said I: "This must be
      His immortality."

THOMAS HARDY, *Poems of the Past and the Present: His Immortality, st.* 1.

All ends in one eclipse
Sunshine or snows,
We gain a grave, and afterwards—God knows!

DORA SIGERSON (MRS. CLEMENT SHORTER), *Verses* (1893).

Indian warriors dream of ampler hunting-grounds beyond the night
Ev'n the black Australian, dying, hopes he shall return, a white.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Sixty Years After*, couplet 35.

Impartiality.

The rain that in its gracious fall for all doth favour show,
Brings tulips forth in gardens, but sets poison-weeds to grow.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Tenth Muse: Discrimination.*

Impatience.

Impatient of the world's fixed way,
He ne'er could suffer God's delay.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Shelley's Centenary, st. 7.*

Impecuniosity.

Don't we know our domestic Dolores,
  Is she not always with us, poor dear,
With her patient and pitiful stories
  Of a candidly cashless career?
COTSFORD DICK, *The Ways of the World : The Domestic Dolores, st. 1.*

Impossible.

The foolish word "impossible"
  At once, for aye, disdain!
JOHN O'HAGAN, *Ourselves Alone, st. 6.*

Impostor.

"What cannot an impostor do?"
  ROBERT BROWNING, *The Return of the Druses, act II.* (Djabal).

Impressionability.

". . . everybody he talks to leaves the mark of his five fingers on his face."
  GEORGE MOORE, *The Bending of the Bough, act IV.* (Lawrence).

Impressions.

And our best impressions are
Those that do themselves repair.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *A Memory-Picture, st. 2.*

Impudence.

Now, what is greatest sin of womanhood?
That which unwomans it, abolishes
The nature of the woman—impudence.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, IX. : Juri's Doctor Johannes-Baptista Bottinius, ll. 793–5.*

Impulse.

To its own impulse every creature stirs;
Live by thy light, and earth will live by hers!
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Religious Isolation, st. 4.*

I give nothing as duties,
What others give as duties I give as living impulses.
(Shall I give the heart's action as a duty?)
  WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass : Birds of Passage ; Myself and Mine, ll. 20–2.*

Imputation.

"And they . . . that most impute a crime
Are pronest to it, and impute themselves
. . . or low desire
Not to feel lowest makes them level all."
  ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Merlin and Vivien, ll. 683–6* (Merlin).

Inaction.

" By heaven, I am persuaded responsibility lies about the purlieus of inaction."
" MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act IV., sc.* 6 (Lethington).

Inarticulateness.

Imperfect utterance is our saddest taint,
And, when our hearts grow full, our lips grow faint.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Couplets*, 1-2.

Inclination.

" . . . inclination snatches arguments
To make indulgence seem judicious choice."
" GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gipsy, bk. I.* (Prior).

Income.

With the cares of this world overladen,
To you all our sympathy leans—
Here's luck, be she matron or maiden,
To the lady of limited means!
COTSFORD DICK, *The Ways of the World : The Domestic Dolores, st.* 4.

Though to business he never attended,
His great talents for it appear—
For he lives in a style that is splendid,
On an income of—nothing a year.
W. M. RANKINE, *The Dashing Young Fellow, st.* 4.

Inconsistency.

" Whip the dog out of church, and then rate him for being no Christian."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act II., sc.* 2 (Fool).

Indecision.

No mortle man can boast of perfic' vision,
But the one moleblin' thing is Indecision.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. II., Letter* 11.

India ; Indians.

India, she the grim Stepmother of our kind.
If a year of life be lent her, if her temple's shrine we enter,
The door is shut—we may not look behind.
RUDYARD KIPLING, *Christmas in India, st.* 4.

Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have his due!
Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us, faithful and few,
Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them, and smote them, and slew,
That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Defence of Lucknow V. ll.* 9–12.

Indifference. See also **Apathy.**

" No wind can raise a tempest in a cup:
Easy it is for withered nerves and veins,
Parched hearts and barren brains
To be serene and give life's question up."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Fleet Street Eclogues: St. Valentine's Eve* (Menzies).

Attain the wise indifference of the wise.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *A Dedication, l.* 8.

Indigestion.

Alas! what things I dearly love—
Pies, puddings, and preserves—
Are sure to rouse the vengeance of
All pneumogastric nerves!
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse: The Pneumogastric Nerve, st.* 3.

Infinite.

Some beoblesh runs de beautiful,
Some vorks philosophie;
Der Breitmann solfe de infinide
Ash von eternal sphree!
C. G. LELAND, *Breitmann Ballads: Breitmann in Kansas, st.* 11.

Ingratitude.

The fierce ingratitude of children loved,
Ah, sting of stings!
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Marpessa, ll.* 63–4.

Initiative.

There is a forcing in initiative,
Which setting argument itself aside,
Breeds with hot-blooded propagation
Deeds from mere heedlessness, and instant cuts
Prim reason from her standing, driving thought
Into magnetic sequence; who lead men
Do it by fire and not by regimen.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: A Tale of the Thames, ch. X., ll.* 256–62.

Injury.

And a hurt that ye feel unbeknownst, as the sayin' is, is apt to be light.
JANE BARLOW, *Bog-Land Studies: Th' Ould Master, XVII., l.* 6.

. . . petty injuries which breed
The hate of hell when multiplied by time.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. III.: A Separation Deed, ll.* 53–4.

Ink.

Bribe, murder, marry, but steer clear of Ink.
RUDYARD KIPLING, *Departmental Ditties: The Man who could Write* (Motto).

Inkermann.

Through the dim dark morning
O'er soppy ground and still,
Thousands, thousands, thousands
Are creeping round the hill:
Thousands, thousands, thousands
Are crossing by the bridge;
Sections, lines, divisions
Crown and crowd the ridge.

HENRY LUSHINGTON, *Inkermann, ll.* 35–42.

Inn.

Across the meadows bare and brown,
The windows of the wayside inn
Gleamed red with fire-light through the leaves
Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves
Their crimson curtains rent and thin.

H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Tales of a Wayside Inn: Prelude, ll.* 2–6.

Innocence.

"It is no novelty for innocence
To be suspected, but a privilege."

ROBERT BROWNING, *Luria, act III.* (Braccio).

Rejoicing in desire to dare
All ill that innocence might bear
With changeless heart and eye.

A. C. SWINBURNE, *The Tale of Balen, VII., st.* 2.

The unquailing eye of innocence.

J. G. WHITTIER, *To the Memory of Thomas Shipley, st.* 6.

Insects.

Velvety bees make busy hum;
Green flies and striped wasps go and come;
The butterflies gleam white;
Blue-burning, vaporous, to and fro
The dragon-flies like arrows go,
Or hang in moveless flight.

GEORGE MACDONALD, *Roadside Poems: The Child-Mother, st.* 2.

Insight.

With that deep insight which detects
All great things in the small,
And knows how each man's life affects
The spiritual life of all,
He walked by faith and not by sight,
By love and not by law;
The presence of the wrong or right
He rather felt than saw.

J. G. WHITTIER, *The Quaker of the Olden Time, st.* 2.

Intelligence.

" From God
Down to the lowest spirit ministrant,
Intelligence exists which casts our mind
Into immeasurable shade."

ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus, III.* (Paracelsus).

Intemperance.

The undying worm, the quenchless flame
Are thine, Intemperance ; at the name
The lesser fiends rejoice.

JANET HAMILTON, *The Mourning Mother, st.* 4.

Intention. See also **Aim, Aspiration, Ideal, Purpose.**

" Thou knowest never woman meant so well,
And fared so ill in this disastrous world."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act V, sc.* 2 (Mary).

Through lapse and failure look to the intent,
And judge our frailty by the life we meant.

J. G. WHITTIER, *At Eventide, ll.* 19–20.

Interest.

" Most men are led by interest ; and the few
Who are not, expiate the general sin,
Involved in one suspicion with the base."

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Merope* (Polyphontes).

Intolerance.

Intolerance
Of mundane things—of utter sanctity
As of indulged desire—shines in the stars,
And in the icy menace of the moon.

JOHN DAVIDSON, *The Last Ballad, etc. : The Ordeal, ll.* 181–4.

Intonation.

. . . until I heard no longer
The snowy-banded, dilettante,
Delicate-handed priest intone.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., VIII., ll.* 9–11.

Intriguer.

" Figments of plots, wherewith intriguers fill
The enforcéd leisure of an exile's ear."

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Merope* (Merope).

Introspection.

We are wrong always when we think too much
Of what we think or are.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. III., ll.* 342–3

Invention.

" Why should one desire to invent, so long as it remains possible
To renew and transform ? "
ROBERT BROWNING, *A Soul's Tragedy, Pt. II.* (Chiappino).

" For high device is still the highest force,
And he who holds the secret of the wheel,
May make the rivers do what work he would."
" GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. III.* (Zarca).

Circumstance
Is from without, Invention from within.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Daphne, etc. : Hesperides, Hesperia, IV., ll. 87–8.*

Invincibility.

" Be happy, scornful, death-defiant, strong :
You will be then matchless, invincible."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Plays : Bruce, act II., sc. I.* (Lamberton).

Invisibility.

Things seen are not so true as things unseen.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Voyage of Ithobal : The Fourth Day, l.* 100

With eyes to search and with lips to tell
The heart of things invisible.
D. G. ROSSETTI, *Rose Mary, Pt. I., st. 37.*

Iona.

Isle of the past and gone
The life from thee has departed ;
The best is now but a carven stone,—
And a memory lonely-hearted !
Yet thou wert a power erewhile,
O'er the great world's mind and heart ;
But where now the priest of the Holy Isle
And the skill of its graceful Art ?
WALTER C. SMITH, *North Country Folk, Iona, st. 6.*

Ipswich.

In Ipswich witches weave at night
Their magic spells with impish glee.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse : Ipswich, st. 2.*

Ireland.

Not the slopes of Rhine with such yearning are remembered ;
Not your Kentish orchards, not your Devon lanes.
'Tis as though her sons for that ungentle mother
Knew a mother's tenderness, felt a mother's pains.
STEPHEN L. GWYNN, *Mater Severa, st. 7.*

" Now, God be praised," quoth Myles O'Hea, " they foully lie who say
That poor Old Ireland's glory's gone, for ever passed away."
C. J. KICKHAM, *Myles O'Hea, st. 16.*

Ireland, little Ireland!
  The blue sky is there,
And friendly brooks make talk to you,
  And grass is everywhere.
Oh, while a man may dream awake
  On gentle Irish ground,
'Tis Paradise without the snake—
  That's easy to be found.
    Rail at her or sigh for her,
      Call her right or wrong,
    The most are proud to die for her,
      Before they've known her long.
  FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *Ballads and Legends : Dedicatory Poem, st. 1.*

Down thy valleys, Ireland, Ireland,
  Still thy spirit wanders mad;
All too late they love that wronged thee,
  Ireland, Ireland, green and sad.
    HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race : Ireland, Ireland, st. 3.*

We've heard her faults a hundred times,
  The new ones and the old,
In songs and sermons, rants and rhymes,
  Enlarged some fiftyfold.
But take them all, the great and small,
  And this we've got to say:
    Here's dear Old Ireland!
    Good Old Ireland!
    Ireland, boys, hurrah!
      T. D. SULLIVAN, *Dear Old Ireland, st. 2.*

. . . the lovely and the lonely Bride
Whom we have wedded but have never won.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Ode on the Day of the Coronation of King Edward VII.*

Iris.

    The wavings of white
    On the cloudy light,
  And the finger-marks of pearl;
The facets of crystal, the golden feather,
The way that the petals fold over together,
  The way that the buds unfurl!
  "MICHAEL FIELD," *Underneath the Bough : The Fourth Book of Songs, Song 19.*

. . . the bloom
Of orient lilies, and the rainbow-blue
Of iris shot up stately from the grass.
  HARRIET E. HAMILTON KING, *The Disciples : Ugo Bassi, Pt. II.*

Irish ; Irishman ; Irishwoman.

The soul of a party, the life of a feast,
And an illigant song he could sing, I'll be bail ;
He would ride with the rector, and drink with the priest,
Oh ! the broth of a boy was old Larry M'Hale.
CHARLES J. LEVER, *Larry M'Hale, st.* 1.

We are beasts, we Irish peasants, whom these Saxon tyrants spurn ;
If ye hunt a beast too closely, and ye wound him, won't he turn?
G. R. SIMS, *The Dagonet and other Poems : Kate Maloney, st.* 7.

The black-blue Irish hair and Irish eyes.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : The Last Tournament, l.* 403.

Irresolution.

But some men have a way
Of not knowing when to stop, and of unsaying what they say.
WALTER C. SMITH, *A Heretic and Other Poems: A Pulpiteer, ll.* 161-2.

Island.

There is an isle, kissed by a smiling sea,
Where all sweet confluents meet ; a thing of heaven,
A spent aërolite, that well may be
The missing sister of the starry Seven.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act III., st.* 12.

An island full of hills and dells,
All rumpled and uneven
With green recesses, sudden swells,
And odorous valleys driven
So deep and straight that always there
The wind is cradled to soft air.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *An Island, st.* 2.

Islander.

"How you island tribe
Forget, the world's awake while here you drowse!"
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Return of the Druses, act I.* (Sir Loys).

Isolation of Man.

I know my own appointed patch i' the world,
What pleasures me or pains there : all outside—
How he, she, it, and even thou, Son, live,
Are pleased or pained, is past conjecture, once
I pry beneath the semblance.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies XII. : A Bean-Stripe, ll.* 165-9.

Man dwells apart, though not alone,
He walks among his peers unread ;
The best of thoughts which he hath known,
For lack of listeners are not said.
JEAN INGELOW, *Afternoon at a Parsonage : Afterthought, st.* 1.

Italy ; Italian.

A noble people who, being greatly vexed
In act, in aspiration, keep undaunted.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Casa Guidi Windows, Pt. I., ll. 71–2.*

Oh woman-country, wooed not wed,
Loved all the more by earth's male-lands,
Laid to their hearts instead!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics : By the Fireside, st. 6.*

. . . the lovely land
Which was most mighty, and is still most fair ;
Where world-wide rule and heavenward faith have left
Their traces everywhere.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds : Series I. : The Wanderer, st. 142.*

Ithaca.

" With sward of parsley and of violet,
And poplars shivering in a silvery dream,
And smell of cedar sawn, and sandal-wood,
And these low-crying birds that haunt the deep."
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Ulysses, act I., sc. 2* (Ulysses).

Ivy.

Ivy that sweetly hides th' affronts of years
Even as forgiveness and forgetfulness
Cover the wrongs that have been done to us.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: a Tale of the Thames, ch. XXV., ll. 182–4.*

Large leaves, smooth leaves,
Serrated like my vines, and half as green.
I like such ivy, bold to leap a height
'Twas strong to climb ; as good to grow on graves
As twist about a thyrsus.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. II., ll. 48–52.*

The plaster of the porch has fallen away
From the lean stones, that now are all awry,
And through the chinks a shooting ivy spray
Creeps in—sad emblem of fidelity.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends, ser. II. : Ruckinge Church, st. 6.*

. . . the ivies push their stern-feet up
Against the beach-bole all in seams between,
And, last of flowers, expand each rounded cup
Budding on winter's edge in mealy green.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical : Ode to Pan, ll. 107–10.*

Jack.

Every Jack must have his Jill
(Even Johnson had his Thrale!):
Forward couples—with a will!
This, the world, is not a jail.

W. E. HENLEY, *Poems : Bric-à-Brac, st.* 6.

January.

Deep buried under snow the country lies;
Made dim by whirling flakes the rook still flies
South-west before the wind; noon is as still
As midnight on the southward-looking hill,
Whose slopes have heard so many words and loud
Since on the vine the woolly buds first showed.

WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise, January, ll.* 3–8.

Jargon.

Hideous fear
Supplanted man's familiar eloquence
To jargon viler than a drunkard's song.

LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical : Nimrod, ll.* 97–9.

Jasmine.

Growths of jasmine turn'd
Their humid arms festooning tree to tree,
And at the root thro' lush green grasses burn'd
The red anemone.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *A Dream of Fair Women, st.* 18.

Jay.

Gemmed feathers of the jay,
Their jewels that display
Just as he flies away.

ANON, *Songs of Lucilla : To V., st.* 3.

The jay-bird that in frolic casts
From some high yard his broad blue pennant.

BRET HARTE, *On a Cone of the Big Trees, st.* 3.

Jealousy.

"Nothing but torture unendurable
Wrought in the flesh has power on jealousy."

JOHN DAVIDSON, *Bruce, act II., sc.* 3 (Buchan).

". . . jealousy,
Which is love's anger against love
For love's sake."

ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil : The Dance of the Seven Sins* (Anger).

". . . jealousy
Hath in it an alchemic force to fuse
Almost into one metal love and hate."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act III., sc.* 6 (Renard).

Jest ; Joke.

'Money is honey—my little sonny !
And a rich man's joke is allis funny ! "
T. E. BROWN, *The Doctor, para.* 48 (Tom Baynes).

Grudge not the dreadful jest.
But if the laugh be aimed
At any good thing that it be ashamed,
And blush thereafter,
Then it is evil, and it is not laughter.
T. E. BROWN, *Old John and Other Poems : Risus Dei, st.* 6.

Gone, fled, as ere autumn is ended
The yellow leaves flee from the oak—
I have lost it for ever, my splendid
Original joke.
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Flight, st.* 1.

" Ha ! ha ! sir ; but you jest ; I love it : a jest
In time of danger shows the pulses even."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act II., sc.* 2 (White).

Jew.

" Jews are not fit for Heaven, but on earth
They are most useful."
" GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. I.* (Blasco).

Pride and humiliation hand in hand
Walked with them through the world where'er they went ;
Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Birds of Passage : The Jewish Cemetery at Newport, st.* 12.

The strangest people !
So pious and so wicked ! methodical
In lying, with a reason always ready,
Yet full of contradictions, as the way
Of lying is apt to be even in adepts,
And they are deep practitioners.
WALTER C. SMITH, *A Heretic, etc. : What Pilate thought of it, ll.* 30–5.

Jewellery.

Jewellery ?—Baubles ; bad for the soul ;
Desire of the heart and lust of the eye !
Diamonds, indeed ! We wanted coal.
What else do you sell ? Come, sound your cry !
JOHN DAVIDSON, *The Last Ballad, etc. : Eclogues, I. : The Market-haunters.*

Jewess.

She's an enchanting little Israelite,
A world of hidden dimples!—Dusky-eyed,
A starry-glancing daughter of the Bride,
With hair escaped from some Arabian Night,
Her lip is red, her cheek is golden-white,
Her nose a scimitar; and, set aside
The bamboo hat she cocks with so much pride,
Her dress a dream of daintiness and delight.
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems: Bric-à-Brac: Orientale, il.* 1–8.

Jordan.

Can Jordan's turbid, torrent wave compare
With Pharpar's limpid flood, supremely fair;
With Abana's clear many-branching stream,
Threading with bright and sparkling silvery gleam
Damascus' flowery glades where-through they wind!
WILLIAM HALL, *Renunciation, etc.: Go, Wash in Jordan, Pt. IV., st.* 4.

Journalist.

"We also may behold,
Before our boys are old,
When time shall have unfurled
His heavy-hanging mists,
How the future of the world
Was shaped by journalists."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Fleet Street Eclogues: New Year's Day* (Sandy).

Judgment.

Don't tell me of luck, for it's judgment and pluck
And a courage that never will shirk;
To give your mind to it and know how to do it
And put all your heart in your work.
SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, *Songs of Action: The Farnshire Cup, st.* 17.

And I know of the Future Judgment.
How dreadful soe'er it be,
That to sit alone with my Conscience,
Will be Judgment enough for me.
C. W. STUBBS, *The Conscience, st.* 13.

June.

The roses make the world so sweet,
The bees, the birds have such a tune,
There's such a light and such a heat
And such a joy this June.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *To——, st.* 2.

Juniper.

There were junipers trimmed into castles,
And ash-trees bowed into tents.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Old Garden, st.* 7.

Just ; Justice.

But when the mild and just die, sweet airs breathe ;
  The world grows richer, as if desert-stream
Should sink away to sparkle up again
  Purer, with broader gleam.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. VIII.*

" For to live disobedient to these two,
Justice and Wisdom, is no life at all."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Merope* (Laias).

" Justice ! There is no such thing !
Not for the poor man ! no there isn' !
Down with the dibs or go to prison !
That's the *justice* ! "
T. E. BROWN, *The Doctor, para.* 48 (Tom Baynes).

Justice says :
Be just to fact, or blaming or approving :
But generous ? No, nor loving !
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies, XII., A Bean-Stripe Interlude, st.* 1.

. . . a great-hearted man and wise,
Who saw the deeds of men with far-seeing eyes.
And dealt them pitying justice still, as though
The inmost heart of each man he did know ;
This hope it was, and not his kingly place,
That made men's hearts rejoice to see his face
Rise in the council hall ; through this, men felt
That in their midst a son of man there dwelt
Like and unlike them, and their friend through all.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise : The Love of Alcestis, ll.* 961–9.

" Who hath not
Or loves not justice, he can love not peace,
For peace is just."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Bothwell, act I., sc.* 3 (John Knox).

" . . . but just
It is that justice should not mix with rage
Her purity of patience."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Marino Faliero, act III., sc.* 1 (Faliero).

. . . trust
Your better instincts, and be just !
J. G. WHITTIER, *To the Thirty-ninth Congress, st.* 10.

Kaffir.

And the musky-oiled skin of the Kaffir.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Romances : The Glove, l.* 96.

Keats, John.

O say not "writ in water" was thy fame,
Among the ever living is thy name,
Keats! and we cannot dream of death and thee!
ANON, *Songs of Lucilla: At Keats' Grave, st. 2.*

Kernel.

"He comes, a rough, bluff, simple looking fellow.
If we may judge the kernel by the husk."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Cup, act I., sc. 1* (Synorix).

Only the kernel of every object nourishes.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: Song of the Open Road, 6, l. 20.*

Kestrel.

A rugged home, whence nestlings three,
Fierce little balls of fluffy grey,
Forth from their crevice peered to see
The woods and fields of May.
ALFRED COCHRANE, *The Kestrel's Nest, st. 2.*

Key-board.

Five-and-thirty black slaves,
Half-a-hundred white,
All their duty but to sing
For their Queen's delight,
Now with throats of thunder,
Now with dulcet lips,
While she rules them royally
With her finger-tips!
WILLIAM WATSON, *The Keyboard, st. 1.*

Kindness.

Be patient with black-beetles, be courteous to cats,
And be not harsh with haddocks, nor rigorous with rats;
Don't speak of "blind-man's holiday," if e'er you meet a mole;
And if you have a frying-pan, don't show it to a sole!
O, chirrup with the grasshopper, be merry with the grig,
But never quote from Bacon in the presence of a pig!
Don't hurry up the slothful snail, let flies drop in to tea—
Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!
J. ASHBY-STERRY, *The Lazy Minstrel: A Secular Sermon, st. 4.*

Kindness which conquers surer than command.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act I., st. 124.*

King.

"The simple patriarchal state of kings,
Where sire to son transmits the unquestion'd crown,
Unhack'd, unsmirch'd, unbloodied, and have learnt
That spotless hands unshaken sceptres hold."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Merope* (Merope).

They may boast as they will of our moral days,
Our mincing manners and softer ways,
And our money value for everything.
But he who will fight should alone be King;
And when gentlemen go, unless I'm wrong,
Men too will grow scarce before very long.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *At the Gate of the Convent, etc.: The Last Night, st.* 16.

"A modern King! the subject of his subjects!
The sorriest sea-churl in a keel that rides
Atop of insurrectionary waves,
Is more a Monarch!"
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Prince Lucifer, act V., sc.* 4 (Lucifer).

A prince among his tribes before,
He could not be a slave.
W. C. BRYANT, *The African Chief, st.* 2.

"Dos't thou trust any man?
Thou dost what no King can.
Friend hast thou near and dear?
A King hath none."
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *The Drama of Kings: Napoleon Fallen* (Chorus), *st.* 7.

"What stuff we humble folk are taught
Of monarchs and their weight of thought!"
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Napoleon Fallen* (First Citizen).

Kings climb to eminence
Over men's graves.
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Vignettes in Rhyme: Before Sedan, st.* 2.

"Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
To warn a King of his enemies?
We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,
But no man knoweth the mind of the King."
RUDYARD KIPLING, *Barrack-Room Ballads: Ballad of the King's Jest, ll.* 50–3.

He reigneth gently who reigneth long.
LOUISA C. MOULTON, *At the Wind's Will: The King Dethroned.*

". . . common souls are wrought
Out of dull iron and slow lead, but Kings
Of gold untempered with so vile alloy
As makes all metal up of meaner men."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Mary Stuart, act IV., sc.* 1 (Bellièvre).

All things are doomed and alter from their birth.
Man sighs at eve, who rose at morn to sing.
Gaze on this couch, and answer; is it worth
A loaf, a leaf, one feather to be King?
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical: The Defeat of Glory, st.* 21.

"Strike for the King and die! and if thou diest,
The King is King, and ever wills the highest."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Coming of Arthur, ll.* 493–4 (Knights' Song).

"Who should be King save him who makes us free?"
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Gareth and Lynette, l.* 136 (Gareth).

"... the King must guard
That which he rules, and is but as a hind
To whom a space of land is given to plough,
Who may not wander from the allotted field
Before his work be done."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Holy Grail, ll.* 900–904 (Arthur).

"... a King who honours his own word,
As if it were his God's."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Lancelot and Elaine, ll.* 143–4 (Lancelot).

"The King who fights his people fights himself."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Passing of Arthur, l.* 72 (Arthur).

"Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Passing of Arthur, ll.* 289–91 (Arthur).

"A little dry old man, without a star,
Not like a King."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, I., ll.* 116–7 (Prince).

"The lot of Princes. To sit high
Is to be lied about."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act I., sc* 5 (Renard).

"To reign is restless fence,
Tierce, quart, and trickery."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act V., sc.* 5 (Elizabeth).

Happy must be the State
Whose ruler heedeth more
The murmurs of the poor
Than flatteries of the great.
J. G. WHITTIER, *King Solomon and the Ants, st.* 14.

King-cup.

Oh, see how thick the goldcup flowers
Are lying in field and lane,
With dandelions to tell the hours
That never are told again.
A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad V., st.* 1.

Kingfisher.

The brave kingfisher loves to skim
  Along the brown brook, filmed with ice;
Not Fancy's self can cope with him
  For gorgeous hues, and quaint device.
ANON., *Songs of Lucilla: The Kingfisher, st. 2.*

"Where the glossy kingfisher
Flutters when noon-heats are near,
Glad the shelving banks to shun,
Red and steaming in the sun."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus, V.* (Festus).

Bright as a jewel to behold,
  His bosom flashing tropic hues,—
Purple and amaranth and gold,
  With emerald greens and peacock blues.
VIOLET FANE, *Poems: The Kingfisher, st. 2.*

The willow-courses, where the flute-like notes
Of ousel, and the darting kingfisher
Make all the life.
HARRIET E. HAMILTON KING, *The Disciples: Ugo Bassi, Pt. IV*

. . . blue kingfishers
Forgot their blue forget-me-nots, and hid
Behind the mossed stones and hollow banks.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Daphne, etc.: Hesperides, Hesperia, VII. ll. 120–2.*

Kingsley, Charles.

A knightly champion of the poor,
A Churchman from intolerance free,
A priest with no false mystery,
Of God and truth a soldier strong
A lord of story and of song.
JOSEPH TRUMAN, *At Eversley, ll. 13–7* (*The Spectator, No. 3,892, Jan. 30, 1903*).

Kiss.

Her kiss is as sweet as a half-shut rose,
  And her laugh like a silver cymbal.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Lyrics: An April Fool, st. 15.*

O loitering lover, be thou wise—
Kiss softly lips, kiss gently eyes,
  Lest the delicious spell thou break.
    And Venus wake.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Venus Asleep, st. 4.*

"A kiss of love is the most hallowed thing
That women have to give."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Godfrida, act I.* (Godfrida).

Rose kissed me to-day.
  Will she kiss me to-morrow?
Let it be as it may,
Rose kissed me to-day.
But the pleasure gives way
  To a savour of sorrow;
Rose kissed me to-day,—
  Will she kiss me to-morrow?
    AUSTIN DOBSON, *Essays in Old French Forms: A Kiss.*

  Let us kiss a thousand times!
And if they shall prove too few, dear,
When they're kissed we'll start anew, dear.
  EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse: Catullus to Lesbia, st.* 2.

His kiss, with Midas touch, at last
Came down and turned her life to gold.
    NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, ser. I.: The Kiss, st.* 5.

I wish you to see that Jenny and Me
  Had barely exchanged our troth;
So a kiss or two was strictly due
  By, from, and between us both.]
  RUDYARD KIPLING, *Departmental Ditties: Pink Dominoes, st.* 4.

If for widows you die,
Learn to *kiss*, not to sigh.
    CHARLES JAMES LEVER, *Widow Malone, ll.* 33–4.

      The kiss,
  The woven arms, seem but to be
Weak symbols of the settled bliss,
  The comfort, I have found in thee.
    ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Miller's Daughter, st.* 26.

Kite.

Around the orange sand-curves lay,
Flecked with boulders, black or grey,
Death-silent, save that far away
    A kite was shrilly calling.
  SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, *Songs of Action: Corporal Dick's Promotion, st.* 3.

Knave.

"The knave who serves unto another's needs
Knows himself abler than the man who needs him."
  CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act II., sc.* 5 (Conrad).

Knell.

And ever the great bell overhead
Boom'd in the wind a knell for the dead,
Though no one toll'd it, a knell for the dead.
  WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Defence of Guinevere, etc.: The Blue Closet* (refrain).

Knight.

. . . my own ideal knight,
"Who reverenced his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was, redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it;
Who loved one only and who clave to her"—.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Dedication, ll.* 6–10.

Knowledge.

"Come," you say, "opinion trembles,
Judgment shifts, convictions go;
Life dries up, the heart dissembles—
Only, what we feel, we know."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *The New Sirens, st.* 11.

Day by day to feel more self-poised, day by day to grow more grand;
Day by day to learn new secrets of the silent starry lore;
To feel ever the brain strengthening in its power to understand;
That is worth the pain of living, though the pain of life be sore!
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. III.: Christ and the Philosopher, st.* 15.

Men who might
Do greatly in a universe that breaks
And burns, must ever *know* before they do.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Casa Guidi Windows, Pt. II., ll.* 194–6.

This man decided not to Live but Know.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Romances: A Grammarian's Funeral, l.* 139.

"Know, not for knowing's sake,
But to become a star to men for ever;
Know, for the gain it gets, the praise it brings,
The wonder it inspires, the love it breeds."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus, I.* (Paracelsus).

Knowledge is hard to seek and harder yet to adhere to.
A. H. CLOUGH, *Amours de Voyage, canto V.: Claude to Eustace, X.*

Grace is given of God, but knowledge is bought in the market.
Knowledge needful for all, yet cannot be had for the asking.
A. H. CLOUGH, *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich, Pt. IV.*

Knowledge is power? Above
All else, knowledge is love.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs: To the New Men, st.* 6.

Thou should'st have learnt that *Not to Mend*
For Me could mean but *Not to Know.*
THOMAS HARDY, *Poems of the Past and the Present: God-forgotten, st.* 11.

Oh! Knowledge is a wondrous power,
  And stronger than the wind;
And thrones shall fall, and despots bow,
  Before the might of mind.
C. J. KICKHAM, *Rory of the Hill, st. 7.*

I nothing know, and nothing need to know.
God is; I shall be ever in his sight!
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Violin Songs: Death, st. 8.*

"An ass knows his crib, and, though I'm no ass, yet I
Know black from white and a lizard from a lamprey, trust me."
CANON G. E. MASON, *Claudia, Act I., sc. 1* (Eudaemon).

. . . turn your calmer eyes
To the fair page of Knowledge. It is power
I give, and power is precious.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades, bk. III. Olympus, Athené, ll. 80–2.*

And what is Knowledge, but a gleam
  A little light, a puny spark,
A phantasy, a ghost, a dream,
  Which only glimmers in the dark?
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Harvest-Tide: Lux in Tenebris, st. 3.*

The joy of toil and thought, the clash of vigorous minds,
When knowledge flies before, and we pursue,
And who the Fair once followed, follow now the True.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life: The Ode of Perfect Years, Pt. III., ll. 10–12.*

. . . if knowledge bring the sword,
That knowledge takes the sword away.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Love Thou Thy Land, st. 22.*

"Girls,
Knowledge is now no more a fountain seal'd:
Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,
The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite
And slander, die."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, ll. 75–9* (Ida).

We know,—indeed, we know we do not know:
  We think,—but what, my masters, what is "thought"?
The mystery with which the mind is fraught
Mind cannot solve: We see,—yet who can show
We see things as they are?
S. WADDINGTON, *Sonnets, etc.: A Metaphysical "Cul de Sac," ll. 1–5.*

For now the day is unto them that know,
And not henceforth she stumbles on the prize;
And yonder march the nations full of eyes.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Ode on the Day of the Coronation of King Edward VII.*

The thirst to know and understand—
A large and liberal discontent :
These are the goods in life's rich hand,
The things that are more excellent.
WILLIAM WATSON, "*Things that are More Excellent*," *st.* 8.

Man's knowledge, save before his fellow man,
Is ignorance—his widest wisdom folly.
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *The Coming of Love, etc. : Prophetic Pictures, No. 7 : New Year's Morning*, 1867, *ll.* 1–2.

Do you know so much yourself that you call the meanest ignorant ?
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass : Children of Adam*, 6, *l.* 17.

Known and Unknown, The.

The dear small Known amid the Unknown vast.
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Legend of Jubal*, *l.* 432.

Knot.

There are knots in every skein.
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems : Ballade of Truisms*, *l.* 3.

Labour ; Toil ; Work.

What work can't mend, praying won't end."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Prince Lucifer, act V., sc.* 1 (Third Peasant).

All matters little. Worship God in Christ,
Or in the blossoms, or within the sun ;
Be heathen, Christian—but be not enticed
By any creed to leave true work undone.
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. II. : Post-Mortem Surprises, st.* 25.

Work man, work woman, since there's work to do
In this beleaguered earth, for head and heart,
And thought can never do the work of love.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. II., ll.* 134–6.

. . . what imports
Fasting or feasting ? Do thy day's work, dare
Refuse no help thereto,—since help refused
Is hindrance sought and found.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies*, 8 : *Two Camels*, *ll.* 59–62.

For work is a good investment, and almost always pays.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Ballads : Out o' the Fire*, *st.* 2.

Oh, if our high-born girls knew only the grace, the attraction,
Labour, and labour alone, can add to the beauty of woman.
A. H. CLOUGH, *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich, Pt. II.*

"The worker never knows defeat,
Though unvictorious he may die."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *New Ballads: A Ballad of a Workman*, st. 13.

. . . the Light keeps travelling on,
And everlasting Work is never done.
WALTER EARLE, *Home Poems: The Same Yesterday, To-Day, and for Ever*, st. 5.

My works shall live as tributes to my genius and my art,—
My works shall be my monument eternal!
EUGENE FIELD, *A Little Book of Western Verse: Horace to Melpomene*, st. 2.

Labour, degraded from her high behest,
Cries: "Ye shall know I am the living breath,
And not the curse of Man."
LORD HOUGHTON, *England and America*, st. 4.

Work is heaven's hest; its fame is sublunar,
The fame thou dost not need—the work is done.
JEAN INGELOW, *The Star's Monument*, st. 83.

He that will not live by toil
Has no right on English soil.
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Alton Locke's Song*, st. 2.

Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles,
Helping, when we meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles.
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Invitation*, ll. 97–100.

"I dread no toil: toil is the true knight's pastime."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act I., sc. 2* (Lewis).

The nobility of labour,—the long pedigree of toil.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Nuremberg*, st. 26.

Work! you have no conception how 'twill sweeten
Your views of Life and Nature, God and Man;
Had you been forced to earn what you have eaten,
Your heaven had shown a less dyspeptic plan.
J. R. LOWELL, *An Oriental Apologue*, st. 21.

. . . finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.
J. R. LOWELL, *Under the Old Elm, VI.*, 1, ll. 9–11.

The road must ever be an unknown road
On which man fares, and this alone his faith,
To love and labour asking not the end.
S. R. LYSAGHT, *Poems of the Unknown: A Ritual; A Second Lesson*, ll. 262–4.

Do thou thy work—be willing to be old.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Within and Without, Pt. III.* (Motto).

And Toil is creation's crown, worship is duty,
And greater than Gods in old days is the Worker.
GERALD MASSEY, *Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc.: The Worker, st.* 3.

By work and that alone our souls are blest,
And whoso gains it, he is blest indeed.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Harvest-Tide: Whither? st.* 4.

Toil is the law of life, and its best fruit;
Toil is the mother of wealth,
The nurse of health;
Toil 'tis that gives the zest
To well-earned rest.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life: The Ode of Perfect Years, Pt. III., ll.* 34, 38–42.

Who toil aright, for those
Life's pathway, ere it close,
Is as the rose.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. II.: The Touchstone, st.* 30.

. . . I have toiled for many a day
Along the hard and doubtful way
That bringeth wise men to the grave.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: The Man born to be King, ll.* 55–7.

Work is the end and aim of their lives—
Work, work, work! for their children and wives;
Work for a life which, when it is won,
Is the saddest thing 'neath the sun!
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends, Ser. II.: A Great Industrial Centre, st.* 2.

Nor will less work be done because men see
That work is not the only thing in life.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends: A Star in the East, st.* 3.

Brown Labour boasted of the mighty deeds
Done in the meadow swathes, and Envy hissed
Its poison, that corroded all it touched.
ALEXANDER SMITH, *Edwin of Deira, bk. III., ll.* 254–6.

". . . though our works
Find righteous or unrighteous judgment, this
At least is ours, to make them righteous."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Marino Faliero, act III., sc.* 1 (Faliero).

Ever the labour of fifty that had to be done by five.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Defence of Lucknow, VI., l.* 5.

The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, V., st. 2.*

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, LXXIII., st. 1.*

. . . but well I know
That unto him who works, and feels he works,
This same grand year is ever at the doors.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Golden Year, ll. 71–3.*

Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Lotos-Eaters, Choric Song, II.*

There is none that does his work, not one.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. II., V., st. 2.*

Labour Lost.

On the worthless bestow not your pain,
From the marsh-mallow no sugar comes.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Tenth Muse: Lost Labours.*

Labourer—see **Working-man.**

Laburnum.

The glory of laburnum gold.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. II.: The Apology, st. 5.*

Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, LXXXIII., st. 3.*

Lady. See also **Woman.**

For her e'en Time grew debonair.
He, finding cheeks unclaimed of care,
With late-delayed faint roses there,
And lingering dimples,
Had spared to touch the fair old face,
And only kissed with Vauxhall grace
The soft white hand that stroked her lace,
Or smoothed her wimples.'
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Old-World Idylls: A Gentlewoman of the Old School, st. 4.*

Mine is a Lady, beautiful and queenly,
Crowned with a sweet, continual control,
Grandly forbearing, lifting life serenely
E'en to her own nobility of soul.
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Vignettes in Rhyme: An Autumn Idyll, st. 23.*

A lady practical, imperative,
With mind compact and clear and self-possessed,
And reason peremptory and competent;
Ne'er blinded by the glamour of loving thought,
And yet not less enamoured with her thought,
But loyal, true and womanly.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Olrig Grange, bk. II.: Editorial, ll. 20–5.*

" The gentler-born the maiden, the more bound,
. . . to be sweet and serviceable."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Lancelot and Elaine, ll.* 761–2 (Elaine).

Lagoon.

From the sleeping houses a shadow of slumber leant
Over our heads like a wing, and the dim lagoon,
Rustling with silence, slumbered under the moon.
ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil : Venetian Night, ll.* 10–12.

Lake ; Loch.

. . . the lake,
Lovely and soft as a dream,
Swims in the sheen of the moon.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *The Youth of Nature, ll.* 2–4.

The sun was setting calm and bright,
The clouds were bathed in golden light,
Each rock was dyed in fairy hues,
And the loch was a sheet of golds and blues.
F. ROBERTSON, *Torquil, etc. : The Loch of Destruction, ll.* 1–4.

. . . lo ! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : The Passing of Arthur, ll.* 359–60.

Lamentation. See also **Cry.**

" Lament with a long lamentation,
Cry, for an end is at hand."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon* (Semi-chorus).

Landlord.

Love the landlords as long as they're ready
To remit you a rousin' per cent. ;
But if to their rights they are steady,
Pay them out, why, by paying no rent.
C. L. GRAVES, *The Blarney Ballads : The League of the Screw, st.* 5.

Langdale Pikes, The.

Grim guardians of silence, mighty pair !
All day, on your broad backs the strong sun lies,
Upon your scarry front he latest dies.
Beneath the stars ye couch, giant and bare ;
The morning comes, ye shrink not to your lair ;
And at the noon, the large dew-shower flies
From off your manes, while round the falcon cries,
And the hoarse raven clamours in your hair.
H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets at the English Lakes, XXXIV., ll.* 1–8.

Language.

". . . unimaginable moments lack
Th' appropriate language we would give to them.
For daily talk and excellent occasions
There is a stock of sentiments all wound
Like skeins of wool around our tongues. We hold them
Deliciously tinged for every use."
" JOHN OLIVER HOBBES," *Osbern and Ursyne, act II., sc.* 1 (Osbern).

Fit language there is none
For the heart's deepest things.
J. R. LOWELL, *A Legend of Brittany, Pt. I., XXVIII., ll.* 4–5.

Larch.

Feigner of Death, but first to brave the cold,
Thou teachest how the multitude may live
In glad interdependence and be free.
H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets at the English Lakes, XIV., ll.* 9–10.

Lark ; Skylark.

And ever in sweet frenzy grows
His music, as he mounteth up,
Like frantic wine that overflows,
And, with its frothing, hides the cup.
ANON., *Songs of Lucilla : The Skylark, st.* 2.

A little lark, enamoured of the sky,
That soared to sing, to break its breast, and die.
" GEORGE ELIOT," *Legend of Jubal, etc. : How Lisa loved the King, ll.* 593–4.

Sweet minstrel of the summer dawn,
Bard of the sky, o'er lea and lawn
The rapturous anthem, clear and loud
Rings from the dim and dewy cloud
That swathes the brow of infant morn,
Dame Nature's first and fairest born !
JANET HAMILTON, *The Skylark—Caged and Free, ll.* 1–6.

A feathered frenzy with an angel's throat,
A something sweet that somewhere seems to float
'Twixt earth and sky, to be a sign to men.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc. : Ecstasy, ll.* 7–9.

Oh, hush ! Oh, hush ! how wild a gush of rapture in the distance,—
A roll of rhymes, a toll of chimes, a cry for love's assistance ;
A sound that wells from happy throats,
A flood of song where beauty floats,
And where our thoughts, like golden boats, do seem to cross a river.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc. : The Waking of the Lark, st.* 6.

The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,
But shook his song together as he near'd
His happy home, the ground.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Gardener's Daughter, ll.* 89–91.

Not loftiest bard, of mightiest mind,
Shall ever chant a note so pure,
Till he can cast the earth behind
And breathe in heaven secure.
WILLIAM WATSON, *The First Skylark of Spring, st.* 4.

Late.

"Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Guinevere, ll.* 165–7 (Novice's Song).

Too Late.

Fools we are, how we learn things when too late!
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, XI.: Guido, l.* 176.

"Too late on earth may be too soon in hell."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Becket, act V., sc.* 2 (Becket).

Latin.

"But in law, physic, and divinity folks had sooner be poisoned in Latin, than saved in the mother-tongue."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act I., sc.* 4 (Fool).

Laugh; Laughter.

"O happy hinds,
Who toil under clear skies, and for complaint
Discuss long hours, low wages, meagre food,
Hard beds and scanty covering. . . .
. . . I'd welcome all your griefs
So I might taste the common nameless joys
Which ye light-heartedly so lightly prize,
And know not what a text for happiness
Lies in a thoughtless laugh."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *The First Part of Nero, act III., sc.* 4, *ll.* 1481–4, 1486–90 (Britannicus).

Her laughter was as music from a band
Of silver bells that chime in faëry land.
PERCY E. PINKERTON, *Galeazzo, etc.: Galeazzo, st.* 8.

Laughter is folly, madness lurks in mirth:
Mankind sets off a-dying from the birth.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses: Songs for Strangers and Pilgrims, No.* 70, *ll.* 6–7.

Oh, fools may scoff
But he laughs last who truth has on his side.
WALTER C. SMITH, *North Country Folk : Miss Bella Japp*, st. 8.

If the golden-crested wren
Were a nightingale—why, then,
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
Laughs a child of seven.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Child's Laughter*, st. 3.

Comes, from the road-side inn caught up,
A brawl of crowded laughter,
Thro' falling brooks and cawing rooks
And a fiddle scrambling after.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical : Rural Evening*, st. 4.

Launch.

And once again the hateful shrieking launch
Started its rude mechanic robbery
Of nature's quietude, and harshly marred
The placid river's peace.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell : a Tale of the Thames, Interlude*, ll. 466–9.

Laurel.

The twinkling laurel scatter'd silver lights.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Gardener's Daughter*, l. 117.

Laurestinus.

And rounding into leafy bowers
The laurestinus' bulk is spread.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Britain : Ightham Mote*, st. 6.

Law.

Laugh who wins!
You shall not laugh me out of faith in law!
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, V. : Count Guido Franceschini*, 1304–5.

Law is the pork substratum of the fry,
Goose-foot and cock's-comb are Latinity.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, VIII. : Dominus Hyacinthus De Archangelis*, ll. 152–3.

Go thy ways!
Ere thou hast learned law, will be much to do,
As said the gaby while he shod the goose.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, VIII. : Dominus Hyacinthus De Archangelis*, ll. 1053–5.

"Come fair, come foul: I tell you, there are wrongs
The fumbling piecemeal law can never touch."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act V., sc.* 3 (Gentleman).

I'm older 'n you: the plough, the axe, the mill,
All kin's o' labour, an' all kin's o' skill,
Would be a rabbit in a wild-cat's claw,
Ef 'twarn't for thet slow critter, 'stablished law.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. II., Letter 2.*

Where Law is, there is Good,
And freedom to obey or to transgress;
Else 'twere no Law, but, weaker far and less,
If one created being might not the thing it would.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life: The Ode of Evil, ll. 22–5.*

The sole law in Nature we learn, is the law that strengthens the strong.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. III.: Evensong, st. 58.*

One law for all, but arm'd law,—not swifter to aid than to strike.
F. T. PALGRAVE, *Visions of England: The Rejoicing of the Land, l. 10.*

"Child, if a man serve law through all his life
And with his whole heart worship, him all gods praise."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon*, (Althaea).

"What prat'st thou me of law?
God's blood! is law for man's sake made, or man
For law's sake only, to be held in bonds,
Led lovingly like hound in huntsman's leash
Or child by finger, not for help or stay,
But hurt and hindrance?"
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Mary Stuart, act II., sc. 1* (Elizabeth).

Lawn.

The peace that lies upon an English lawn.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Hymn to Death, st. 5.*

The lawns were as soft as fleeces—
Of daisies I counted but five.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Old Garden, st. 3.*

Let others praise their foreign skies and all their claims advance
Of sun-steeped hills in Italy and vine-clad slopes in France;
And let them sing the land of Spain and all that makes it fair—
One dewy patch of English lawn is worth a province there.
R. C. LEHMANN, *Crumbs of Pity, and other Verses.*

Lawn-tennis.

I'll don my sou'-wester, then what do I care
If weather be foul or if weather be fair?
I'll put on my furs, and I'll shorten my clothes,
I'll wear my goloshes and thick woollen hose:
I care not a pin for the storm or the flood,
I'll play at Lawn-Tennis in spite of the mud!
J. ASHBY-STERRY, *The Lazy Minstrel: Toujours Tennis, st. 2.*

Lawyer. See also **Solicitor.**

"A nameless, mere provincial advocate."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Colombe's Birthday, act II.* (Guibert).

For a Lawyer's ne'er troubled with blushes, my dear!
GEORGE OUTRAM, *Legal and Other Lyrics: The Lawyer's Suit, st.* 4.

For the lawyer is born but to murder—the Saviour lives but to bless.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Rizpah, st.* 13.

Leader.

"He lived
Too much advanced before his brother men;
They kept him still in front: 'twas for their good
But yet a dangerous station."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus, V.* (Paracelsus).

It was the gentlest, firmest soul that ever, lamp-like, showed
A young race seeking freedom up her misty mountain road.
THOMAS D'ARCY MACGEE, *To Duffy in Prison, st.* 3.

Leap-year.

Hail to the year, when to woman's accorded
Her mask of mock-modesty licence to drop . . .
Man as her suitor, by rights, should appear;
But that is all altered, we know, in Leap Year.
COTSFORD DICK, *The Ways of the World: Unlimited Leap Year, st.* 1.

Learning. See also **Knowledge.**

. . . example take,
Of learning purely sought for learning's sake.
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Ode, ll.* 68–9.

This is the highest learning,
The hardest and the best—
From self to keep still turning,
And honour all the rest.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Roadside Poems: After Thomas Kempis, VII., st.* 1.

. . . wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam: Conclusion, st.* 10.

Leaves.

Here they come, a flying legion, round the corner, down the path,
While they seek in vain a shelter from the foe,
By his furious onslaught scattered, clad in russet, torn and battered,
Lost and ruined in the summer's overthrow.
ALFRED COCHRANE, *The Wind and the Leaves, st.* 2.

. . . the trembling leaves,
That clothed the ancient giants of the woods.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Daphne and Other Poems : Aeson, Pt. II., 1, ll.* 42-3.

Lecture.

Through the open door I catch obliquely
Glimpses of a lecture-hall.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day, XIV., ll.* 15-6.

Leda.

She came to draw free, lovely breaths beside the mellow, autumn pools ;
Counting their starry drops,
She mused on the lone god who rules
Above the mountain-tops.
"MICHAEL FIELD," *Underneath the Bough : The Fourth Book of Songs, Song* 9.

Legs.

". . . every man stretches his legs according to the length of his coverlet."
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Spanish Student, act I., sc.* 4 (Chispa).

Leisure. See also **Ease.**

Grand is the leisure of the earth ;
She gives her happy myriads birth,
And after harvest fears not dearth,
But goes to sleep in snow-wreaths dim.
JEAN INGELOW, *Scholar and Carpenter, st.* 7.

Leisure for nothing but sleep, and with heart but for sleep in our leisure
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends : Two Voices—Country, l.* 27.

Lemon-flower.

From time to time there are voluptuous showers,
Gentle descents, of shaken lemon flowers
Snapped by the echo of the passing feet.
F. W. FABER, *Genoa, st.* 4.

Leper.

The leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Vision of Sir Launfal, Pt. II.,* 4.

Lessons.

Have you learn'd lessons only of those who admired you, and were tender with you, and stood aside for you ?
Have you not learn'd great lessons from those who reject you, and brace themselves against you ? or who treat you with contempt, or dispute the passage with you ?
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass : Sands at Seventy, Stronger Lessons.*

Letter.

My letters! all dead paper, mute and white!
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Sonnets from the Portuguese, XXXVIII., l.* 1.

Yet let my letter with my lost thoughts in it
Tell what the way was when thou didst begin it,
And win with thee the goal when thou shalt win it.
ALICE MEYNELL, *Poems: A Letter from a Girl to her own Old Age, st.* 9.

Letter-card.

"A letter-card from my dear love!
O folded page of blessed blue!"
"OWEN SEAMAN," *The Battle of the Bays: A Vigo Street Eclogue* (John).

Love-letter.

I've learned, in dream or legend dark,
That all love-letters purged with fire,
Drawn in one constellated spark,
To heaven aspire.
EDMUND GOSSE, *In Russet and Silver: Love-Letters, st.* 1.

Levity.

I think the immortal servants of mankind,
Who, from their graves, watch by how slow degrees
The World-Soul greatens with the centuries,
Mourn most Man's barren levity of mind,
The ear to no grave harmonies inclined,
The witless thirst for false wit's worthless lees,
The laugh mistimed in tragic presences,
The eye to all majestic meanings blind.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Sonnet, ll.* 1–8.

Liar; Lie.

A man may come and say he saw
A bird that flew upon three wings;
And he may say he saw two suns
Walk side by side across the sky.
Where can an ear on earth be found
To hear the story of that man?
"ARISTO," *The Moon of Leaves, ll.* 1740–5.

God forgive me, each stip that I wint,
I was schemin' the quarest onthruths I could throuble me mind to invint.
JANE BARLOW, *Bog-Land Studies: Th' Ould Master, XV., ll.* 27–8.

". . . there's lies that's skinny, and lies that's fat;
And lies in fustian, and lies in silk,
And lies like verjuice, and lies like milk;
And lies that's free, and lies for sale,
And rumpy lies, without a tail; . . .
Lies that's sweet, and lies with a stink at them;
Lies like the dew that'll go if you wink at them."
T. E. BROWN, *The Doctor, ll.* 10–14, 17–8 (Tom Baynes).

". . . it isn' every fool that's fit
To make a rael good lie, that'll sit
On her keel, and answer her helm—no! no!"
T. E. BROWN, *The Doctor, ll.* 23–5 (Tom Baynes).

Lied is a rough phrase: say he fell from truth
In climbing towards it!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies, XII.: A Bean-Stripe, ll.* 271–2.

He lies, it is the method of a man!
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, X.: The Pope, l.* 370.

What does the world, told truth, but lie the more?
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, X.: The Pope, l.* 673.

God bless us liars, where's one touch of truth
In what we tell the world, or world tells us,
Of how we love each other.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, XI.: Guido, ll.* 1391–3.

I demand assent
To the enunciation of my text
In face of one proof more that "God is true
And every man a liar"—that who trusts
To human testimony for a fact
Gets this sole fact—himself is proved a fool.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, XII.: The Book and the Ring, ll.* 598–603.

"No man ever told one great truth, that I know, without the help of a good dozen of lies at least."
ROBERT BROWNING, *A Soul's Tragedy, Pt. II.* (Ogniben).

'Particular lies may speak a general truth."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. I.* (Prior).

But who, with Home Rule close in view,
Would lose it *for a lie or two?*
Nay, do not curl your pretty lip,
Lies are the life of statesmanship.
C. L. GRAVES, *The Blarney Ballads: Lines upon Lyin', ll.* 3–6.

Never while living ask a man to lie.
C. G. LELAND, *Songs of the Sea and Lays of the Land: The Story of a Lie, st.* 7.

Let each king's deeds in his own land be sung,
And then will lies stretch far.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: April, Pt. II., ll.* 24–5.

"She looked him frankly in the face,
And told a wicked, wicked lie."
"OWEN SEAMAN," *The Battle of the Bays: A Vigo Street Eclogue* (John).

And the parson made it his text that week, and he said likewise,
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Grandmother, st.* 8.

"What dare the full-fed liars say of me?"
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Merlin and Vivien, l.* 550 (Vivien).

Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall, st.* 30.

We dare not ev'n by silence sanction lies.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Third of February, 1852, st.* 2.

When hope lies dead—ah, when 'tis death to live,
And wrongs remembered make the heart still bleed,
Better are Sleep's kind lies for Life's blind need
Than truth, if lies a little peace can give.
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *The Coming of Love, etc.: Prophetic Pictures, No.* 2: *The Temptation, ll.* 1–4.

Licence of Old Age.

But the licence of age has its limit; thou diest at last.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: Saul, XIII., l.* 25.

Life; Lives.

Life which ye prize is long-drawn agony:
Only its pains abide; its pleasures are
As birds which light and fly.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, Bk. VIII.*

. . . life, which all can take, but none can give,
Life, which all creatures love and strive to keep,
Wonderful, dear, and pleasant unto each,
Even to the meanest; yea, a boon to all
Where pity is, for pity makes the world
Soft to the weak and noble for the strong.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. V.*

. . . this strange strife
By the high Gods decreed 'twixt life and death,
Where living to be slain we slay to live.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Voyage of Ithobal: The Second Day, ll.* 353–5.

The aids to noble life are all within.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Wordly Place, st.* 4.
Our vaunted life is one long funeral.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *A Question, st.* 2.

The sweet sad load of life we all of us must bear.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Love's Widowhood, st.* 34.

"Life! that uneasy dream from which we wake,
To find it nothing!"
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Prince Lucifer, act V., sc.* 10 (Lucifer).

Life dies, while pleasure hardly yet is born.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Crucifixion of Man, Pt. III.: Annie's Song, st.* 8.

This life is ours. Be it ours to make
This life, as best we can
Devoid of suffering, pain, heart-ache,
A present heaven for man.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, Bk. II.: The Pantheist, st.* 36.

"Thy mortal life is but a brittle vase,
But as thee list with wine or tears to fill;
For all the drops therein are Ohs and Ahs
Of joy or grief according to thy will."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Eros and Psyche: August, st.* 17 (Pan).

"The curse of life is of our own devising,
Born of man's ignorance and selfishness.
He wounds his happiness against a cage
Of his own make."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *The First Part of Nero, act I., sc.* 1., *ll.* 114-7 (Nero).

So poor's the best that longest life can do,
The most so little, diligently done.
ROBERT BRIDGES, *The Growth of Love: Sonnet* 20, *ll.* 5-6.

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream,
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.
STOPFORD A. BROOKE, *The Earth and Man, st.* 3.

All our life is mixed with death,
And who knoweth which is best?
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Rhyme of the Duchess May: Conclusion, st.* 10.

And so I live, you see,
Go through the world, try, prove, reject,
Prefer, still struggling to effect
My warfare; happy that I can
Be crossed and thwarted as a man,
Not left in God's contempt apart,
With ghastly smooth life, dead at heart,
Tame in Earth's paddock as her prize.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Christmas Eve and Easter Day: Christmas Eve, XXXII,. ll.* 11-8.

How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in joy!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: Saul, IX., ll.* 11–2.

Schemes of life, its best rules and right uses, the courage that gains,
And the prudence that keeps what men strive for.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: Saul, XII., ll.* 9–10.

"Sir, be frank!
A good thing or a bad thing—Life is which?
Shine and shade, happiness and misery
Battle it out here: which force beats, I ask?"
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies, XII.: A Bean-Stripe, ll.* 3–6.

Life, from birth to death,
Means—either looking back on harm escaped,
Or looking forward to that harm's return
With tenfold power of harming.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies, XII.: A Bean-Stripe, ll.* 29–32.

"I count life just a stuff
To try the soul's strength on, educe the man."
ROBERT BROWNING, *In a Balcony* (Norbert).

Death for us all, and his own life for each!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Men and Women: Fra Lippo Lippi, l.* 249.

. . . life, without absolute use
Of the actual sweet therein, is death, not life,
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, XI.: Guido, ll.* 1487–8.

Death may
Sometimes be noble; but life, at the best, will appear an illusion.
A. H. CLOUGH, *Amours de Voyage, canto II.: Claude to Eustace, VI.*

"I cannot bear to think what life would be
With high hope shrunk to endurance, stunted aims
Like broken lances ground to eating knives,
A self sunk down to look with level eyes
At low achievement, doomed from day to day
To distaste of its consciousness."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *Legend of Jubal, etc.: Armgart, sc. II., ll.* 40–5 (Armgart).

Life is too short to waste
In critic peep or cynic bark,
Quarrel or reprimand;
'Twill soon be dark;
Up! mind thine own aim, and
God speed the mark!
R. W. EMERSON, *Poems: To J. W., st.* 4.

Toys, tears, and kisses—then a few more tears—
This is the burden of the changing years,—
And after,—should our journey reach as far,—
The land where neither toys nor kisses are,
And further still, the loveless, listless years,
Too cold for kissing and too tired for tears.

VIOLET FANE, *Poems : Now*, st. 1.

Fate's a fiddler, Life's a dance.

W. E. HENLEY, *Bric-à-Brac : Double Ballade of Life and Fate* (refrain).

Life is a smoke that curls—
Curls in a flickering skein,
That winds and whisks and whirls,
A figment thin and vain,
Into the vast Inane.
One end for hut and hall!
One end for cell and stall!

W. E. HENLEY, *Bric-à-Brac : Double Ballade of the Nothingness of Things*, st. 6.

Life is worth Living
Through every grain of it,
From the foundations
To the last edge
Of the cornerstone, death.

W. E. HENLEY, *Rhymes and Rhythms, XIV. : To J. A. C.*, ll. 32–6.

Life may wound sweet life to death;
Joy teach joy she tarrieth;
Truest life least sorroweth.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN, *Green Arras : Love-Bound Time*, st. 12 (Father Love).

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Birds of Passage : Haunted Houses*, st. 7.

"All through life there are way-side inns, where man may refresh his soul with love.
Even the lowest may quench his thirst at rivulets fed by springs from above."

H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Golden Legend, IV.* (Elsie).

Life hath quicksands,—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares.

H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Maidenhood*, st. 9.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Voices of the Night : A Psalm of Life*, st. 2.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Voices of the Night: A Psalm of Life, st.* 5.

Life is a leaf of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.
J. R. LOWELL, *For an Autograph, st.* 2.

"Pure life is measured by intensity,
Not by the how much of the crawling clock."
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Within and Without, Pt. II., sc.* 10 (Julian).

I thought in life to meet with Happiness,
And when, instead, Grief met me by the way
Most strange and bitter words I found to say.
PHILIP B. MARSTON, *A Last Harvest: Resignation, ll.* 1–3.

"You know how to die,
But have not learned the art and mystery
Of living and enduring."
CANON G. E. MASON, *Claudia, act I., sc.* 1 (Victor).

I'm thinking, darling, of the days when life was all divine,
And love was aye the silver chord that bound my heart to thine;
Ah! still I feel ye at my heart! and 'mid the stir and strife,
Ye sometimes lead my feet to walk the angel-side of Life!
GERALD MASSEY, *Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc.: Ichabod, st.* 3.

Life is a chase,
And man the hunter, always following on,
With bounds of rushing thought or fiery sense,
Some hidden truth or beauty, fleeting still
For ever through the thick-leaved coverts deep
And wind-worn wolds of life.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades, bk. II.: Hades, Actæon, ll.* 136–41.

The world of Life,
The world of Death, are but opposing sides
Of one great orb, and the Light shines on both.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades, bk. II.: Hades*, closing lines.

"For happy lives glide on like seaward streams
Which keep their peaceful and unruffled course
So smoothly that the voyager hardly notes
The progress of the tide."
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Gycia, act III., sc.* 1 (Asander).

Life! what is life, that it ceases with ceasing of breath?
Death! What were Life without change, but an infinite Death?
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Death: The Ode of Change, ll.* 7–8.

Life organic in beast, fish, or bird, in herb or in tree,
Life dominant, life exulting with quick coming breath,
Life that fades down and sinks in the silence and slumber of Death.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life: The Ode of Creation, ll.* 49-51.

Death have we hated, knowing not what it meant;
Life have we loved, through green leaf and through sere,
Though still the less we knew of its intent:
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: L'envoi, st.* 13.

Nor on one string are all life's jewels strung.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *Life and Death of Jason, bk. XVII., l.* 1170.

This brief delusion that we call our life,
Where all we can accomplish is to die.
LOUISE C. MOULTON, *At the Wind's Will: When we confront the Vastness of the Night, ll.* 13-4.

O glorious Life, Who dwellest in earth and sun,
I have lived, I praise and adore Thee.
HENRY NEWBOLT, *Admirals All: "He fell among Thieves," st.* 12.

Ladies, life is a changing measure,
Youth is a lilt that endeth soon;
Pluck ye never so fast at pleasure,
Twilight follows the longest noon.
HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race: Imogen, st.* 3.

Life is a spark, too fine for human testing,
It crouches in the centre of a sigh;
It lights up hell, illumines heaven,—no resting,—
It is not torn, how can it ever die?
HUME NISBET, *The Matador, etc.: The Death of Cleopatra, st.* 20.

How good it is to live, even at the worst!
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Poems: Christ in Hades, l.* 103.

"I would not take life but on terms of death,
That sting in the wine of being, salt of its feast."
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Ulysses, act I., sc.* 2 (Ulysses).

Man's life is but a working day
Whose tasks are set aright:
A time to work, a time to pray,
And then a quiet night.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses: Songs for Strangers and Pilgrims, IV., ll.* 1-4.

Scarce tolerable life, which all life long
Is dominated by one dread of death;
Is such life, life? if so, who pondereth
May call salt sweetness or call discord song.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses: Songs for Strangers and Pilgrims, XLIX., ll.* 1-4.

Life is a losing game, with what to save?
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses: Songs for Strangers and Pilgrims, LXX., l.* 8.

Yes, yes, my comrades, life's a chase,
Where 'tis not theirs who force the pace
To finish in the foremost placé—
The rule is, "Straight and Steady."
He's happy who heard "Tally-ho,"
And tried through life at speed to go,
If he a fearless face can show
To hear the "Whoo-whoop" ready.
C. C. R[HYS], *Up for the Season: Life's a Chase, st.* 9.

You mean, I say, or I fancy,
That life is a sort of a sham,
The result of a mental delusion,
The conceit of a fancied "I am."
C. W. STUBBS, *The Conscience: Mind-Stuff, st.* 4.

"Think of Death!" the gravestones say,—
"Peace to Life's mad striving!"
But the churchyard daisies,—"Nay,
Think of Living!"
C. W. STUBBS, *The Conscience: Two Epitaphs, st.* 1.

I have loved much and wept much, but tears and love are not life.
ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil: Wanderer's Song, st.* 2.

. . . thro' all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Dedication, ll.* 23–7.

"Man am I grown, a man's work must I do.
Follow the deer? follow Christ, the King,
Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King—
Else, wherefore born?"
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Gareth and Lynette, ll.* 115–8 (Gareth).

"I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure!"
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Passing of Arthur, ll.* 412–3 (Arthur).

And what is life, that we should moan? why make we such ado?
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The May Queen, pt. III.: Conclusion, st.* 14.

"O tell her, brief is life but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, IV. ll.* 93–5 (Prince's Song).

Death is without emergencies here, but life is perpetual emergencies here.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass : By Blue Ontario's Shore*, 13, *l.* 15.

Life-boat.

Man the life-boat ! Man the life-boat !
Hearts of oak your succour lend.
M. A. STODART, *Man the Lifeboat*, *st.* 1.

Light.

A little light, if near,
Glows livelier than the largest orb in Heaven,
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Love's Widowhood, etc. : A Dialogue at Fiesole.*

Our cedars must fall round us ere we see the light behind.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *The Lay of the Brown Rosary, Pt. IV., l.* 30.

All eyes can see when light flows out from God.
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Legend of Jubal*, *l.* 468.

The star o' memory lichts the past ;
But there's a licht abune,
To cheer the darkness o' a life
That maun be endit sune.
An' aft I think the gowden morn,
The purple gloamin' fa',
Will shine as bricht, an' fa' as saft,
Whan I hae gane awa'.
JANET HAMILTON, *A Ballad of Memorie*, *st.* 8.

Call it not light, that mystery tender,
Which broods upon the brooding ocean
That flush of ecstasied surrender
To indefinable emotion.
J. R. LOWELL, *Pictures from Appledore, VI., ll.* 42–5.

Thou art the god of earth. The skylark springs
Far up to catch thy glory on its wings ;
And thou dost bless him first that highest soars.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Organ Songs : Light, ll.* 28–30.

Low light, from the broad horizon's brim,
Lies wet on the flowing tide,
And mottles with shadows dim and dim
The mountain's rugged side.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Three Horses*, *st.* 15.

Thou art in God, and nothing can go wrong
Which a fresh life-pulse cannot set aright.
That thou dost know darkness, proves the light.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Within and Without, Pt. IV.* (motto).

From imperfections murkiest cloud,
Darts always forth one ray of perfect light,
One flash of heaven's glory.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass : Birds of Passage, Song of the Universal, III., ll.* 4–6.

Lighthouse.

"In all that ragged country of wild sea
There is no comfort for the eye until
It rests upon the solemn lighthouse rock,
Whence light will issue, as the shadows spread,
And found a safety for the mariner."
"MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act IV., sc. 7* (Queen Mary).

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year, through all the silent night,
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light!
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *By the Sea-Side: The Lighthouse, st. 9.*

Lightning.

"It is the flash that murders, the poor thunder
Never harm'd head."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Harold, act I., sc. 2* (Aldwyth).

Lilac.

. . . by common roads
The lilacs reared their bunched and lofty blooms,
And gold laburnums flung their pendant sprays.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: A Tale of the Thames, ch. XVI., ll. 87–9.*

Lily.

I like the chaliced lilies,
The heavy Eastern lilies,
The gorgeous tiger-lilies,
That in our garden grow!
T. B. ALDRICH, *XXXVI Lyrics and XII Sonnets, Lyric XXIII: Tiger Lilies, st. 1.*

I have a lily; great drops of dew
Every day stand in it anew,—
Five sweet diamond eyes they make,
Looking up from a milk-white lake.
LAURENCE HOUSMAN, *Green Arras: The Queen's Bees, st. 3.*

The lily pale and wan
Puts all her glories on:
Her silver mantle and her golden crest.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical: Auguries of May, st. 3.*

Water-lily. See **Water-lily.**

Limb.

He was what nurses call a "limb";
One of those small misguided creatures,
Who, tho' their intellects are dim,
Are one too many for their teachers.
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Gemini and Virgo, st. 4.*

Limpet.

". . . white fishing-gulls
Flit where the strand is purple with its tribe
Of nested limpets."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus, V.* (Paracelsus).

Lincoln.

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust!
W. C. BRYANT, *The Death of Lincoln, st.* 1.

Linden.

And at the corners stood great linden-trees,
Hummed over by innumerable bees.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *Life and Death of Jason, bk. II., ll.* 489–90.

Line.

Fine, draw the line
Somewhere, but, sir, your somewhere is not mine!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae: Mr. Sludge "The Medium," ll.* 1182–3.

Line of Beauty.

The line of moral beauty is not a curve.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Love's Widowhood, etc.: Stafford Henry Northcote, l.* 8.

Link.

A link among the days, to knit
The generations each to each.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, XL., st.* 4.

Lips.

Then the bard whispers low, 'neath the tremulous lime,
"Lips sweeter than fruit are in strawberry time!"
J. ASHBY-STERRY, *The Lazy Minstrel: In Strawberry Time, st.* 4.

And lips that once have met in days gone by,
Meet easily again in days that are.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act I., st.* 124.

The eyelids quivered, and the red lips stirred,
As if they tried to find some sweet lost word,
To break the spell of their own loveliness.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends: Tekel, st.* 34.

Liquor.

"You cannot judge the liquor from the lees."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act IV., sc.* 3 (Paget).

Listener.

Let lovers seek in woods their leafy screen,
I like a place where listeners can be seen.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell : A Tale of the Thames, ch. XXII., ll.* 90–1.

Little.

With little to sup on,
And nowhere to sleep,
The little will much be
If the little can keep.
CHARLES WILLIAM STUBBS, *The Conscience : Happy-go-Lucky, st.* 2.

Liturgy.

. . . the healthy load
Of daily liturgies which make a heaven
Of earth, and doubt a madness.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Gwen, act. I., sc.* 1.

Liver.

" I'd rather be ruled by a liver than by love ! " (Lascelles).
" A liver lasts longer ! " (St. Orbyn).
" JOHN OLIVER HOBBES," *The Ambassador, act III.*

Lizard.

And in and out each broken colonnade
The bright-eyed, swift, green-gleaming lizards played
In that still place the only living things.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends : Tekel, st.* 4.

And many an emerald lizard with quick ears
Asleep in rocky dales.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical : Circe, ll.* 61–2.

O my little neat
And twinkling mountain lizard, rustling in
Between the shadows, nestling a bright side ;
A moment shining out into the light,
Gone like a flash.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical : Daphne, ll.* 44–8.

The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
Rests like a shadow, and the cicala sleeps.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Oenone, ll.* 26–7.

Loafer.

I know no handicraft, no art,
But I have conquered fate ;
For I have chosen the better part,
And neither hope, nor fear, nor hate.
With placid breath on pain and death,
My certain alms, alone I wait.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs : A Loafer, st.* 9.

" Your logic may be good,
But dialectics never saved a soul."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act III., sc.* 9 (Frà Domenico).

Logs.

Bring in great logs and let them lie,
To make a solid core of heat.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, CVII., st.* 5.

London.

And now, when the Club becomes cheerful and crowded,
And men are returning all hearty and brown;
When rooms with the vesper tobacco are clouded—
'Tis doubly delightful to get back to town! . . .
Farewell, O farewell, for dear London is pleasant—
No longer I feel inclination to roam—
I think, as I stir up the coals incandescent,
I'm happy indeed to be once more at home!
J. ASHBY-STERRY, *The Lazy Minstrel: The Minstrel's Return st. II.*, 9–10.

I heard of the city's greatness,
And I came from afar to see
The wonderful place called London,
And its splendour dazzled me.
* * * *
But I closer looked, and the glory
Faded; it was but a show.
Black fog fell over the city
In lieu of the sunlight's glow:
* * * *
I looked yet again, and a measure
Of hope returned to me.
* * * *
Then I saw the red moon flitting
Over the Thames in the dark,
And I knew that even on London town
The stars and the beautiful moon smile down.
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, ch. I.: The City's Sadness, st.* 1, 2, 3.

Soft to my eyes, yet bright,
London her vastness stretches in hushed light
Murmuring.
LAURENCE BINYON, *Second Book of London Visions: The Threshold, st.* 3.

London, that with every buried sun
Shakes from her strong life a thousand lives,
Feeds her heart with blood of hearts undone;
Nourished with a million sorrows, thrives.
LAURENCE BINYON, *Second Book of London Visions: The Reformer, st.* 3.

The street is bright
With moon; the music of the tidal sound
Of London fills the trembling air with power
Flowing and freed around.
LAURENCE BINYON, *Second Book of London Visions: To a Derelict, ll.* 3-6.

I go hence
To London, to the gathering-place of souls.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. II., ll.* 1181-2.

Oh, London, many-voiced! . . .
Live on, and reign the dusky Queen of Towns!
VIOLET FANE, *Poems: London, ll.* 43 and 45.

Clement's, angular and cold and staid,
Gleams forth in glamour's very stuffs arrayed;
And Bride's, her aëry, unsubstantial charm
Through flight on flight of springing, soaring stone
Grown flushed and warm,
Laughs into life full-mooded and fresh-blown;
And the high majesty of Paul's
Uplifts a voice of living light, and calls—
Calls to his millions to behold and see
How good this his London Town can be!
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems: London Voluntaries, III., ll.* 32-41.

A nation, not a city, the loved home
Whereto the longing thoughts of exiled Britons come!
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Britain: A Song of Empire, ll.* 158-9.

A dream of the old crowds, the smoke, the din
Of our dear mother, dearer far than fair;
The home of lofty souls and busy brains,
Keener for that thick air.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. I.: The Wanderer, st.* 196.

In summer's full glare it is hot—you can't bear it;
In autumn it's curtained by fogs;
In winter it's dreary—trees wan, women weary,
The best of men gone to the dogs.
But on fair leaves and ladies as yet there no shade is
To token their coming decay;
And each park and square's charming, with freshness disarming
All scoffers at London in May.
C. C. R[HYS], *Up for the Season: London in May, st.* 2.

From Babylon the mighty, for ever and for aye,
Float the voices of her toilers and the fighters in the fray—
Float the voices of her victims high above the battle's din,
As they chant in fitful measure all the ballads of her sin.
G. R. SIMS, *Ballads of Babylon: Overture, st.* 5.

There's a voice for ever calling from the square and from the slum,
From the Hornsey Rise to Brixton, from St. Saviour's to St. Paul's.
'Tis the never changing message of the everlasting "Come"
To the brick and to the mortar.
London calls! . . .
'Tis the growl of Ratcliffe Highway, 'tis the lisp of Rotten Row;
'Tis the beauty that entrances, 'tis the horror that appals;
'Tis the fireman's horses tearing to the midnight sky aglow;
It's a vague and restless—something.
London calls!

EDGAR WALLACE, *Writ in Barracks: When London Calls!* ll. 14–7, 32–6.

'Tis the heart of all creation, where the veins of commerce meet.

EDGAR WALLACE, *Writ in Barracks: When London Calls*, l. 4.

We looked o'er London, where men wither and choke,
Roofed in, poor souls, renouncing stars and skies,
And love of woods and wild wind prophecies,
Yea, every voice that to their fathers spoke.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *The Coming of Love, etc.: A Talk on Waterloo Bridge*, ll. 9–12.

"A Londoner, my lord, is not *faex Londini*;
He lives in Clubland, gossips at the Travellers',
Checkmates a Bishop at the Athenaeum; and
Loiters away to play whist at the Arlington.
Dining alone, his dinner is a work of art;
And, dining out, his wit turns meal to festival."

MORTIMER COLLINS, *Comedy of Dreams* (Astrologos).

Loneliness. See also **Alone, Solitude.**

There is a loneliness divinely sweet,
My Father's; his in whom all spirits meet,
And yet who dwells apart, alone.

GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. V: Christ*, st. 28.

Room! give me room! give loneliness and air—.

GEORGE MACDONALD, *Organ Songs: Longing*, st. 3.

Longing.

. . . even in savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not.

H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Song of Hiawatha: Introduction*, ll. 92–4.

Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as Longing?

J. LOWELL, *Longing*, st. 1.

Look.

"Keep but ever looking, whether with the body's eye or the mind's, and you will soon find something to look on!"

ROBERT BROWNING, *Pippa Passes, pt. III.* (Schramm).

" A look of reproach, and a look of pain,
  A look as of hurt surprise,
A look as of tears forced back again
  That wanted to flood the eyes!"
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *Ballads and Legends: A Christmas Quarrel, st.* 13.

Loosestrife.

. . . that spies may never harass
  In their baths
The shining naiads, purple arras
  Of the loosestrife veils the paths.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs: Autumn, I., st.* 4.

Lord; Lords.

Many a Lord hath been shovelled away
Leaving no trace on his lands to-day;
The proud old carcasses under the stones—
The grave hath eaten their last little bones.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Tenth Muse: Greatness.*

The lord is the peasant that was,
The peasant the lord that shall be.
R. W. EMERSON, *Wood-Notes, ll.* 54–5.

These old pheasant-lords,
The partridge-breeders of a thousand years,
Who had mildew'd in their thousands, doing nothing
Since Egbert—why, the greater their disgrace!
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Aylmer's Field, ll.* 380–3.

Loss.

" As well affirm that your eye is no longer in your body, because its earliest favourite, whatever it may have first loved to look on, is dead and done with—as that any affection is lost to the soul when its first object, whatever happened first to satisfy it, is superseded in due course."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Pippa Passes, Pt. III.* (Schramm).

. . . . in sooth,
There are worse losses than the loss of youth.
JEAN INGELOW, *The Star's Monument, st.* 64.

" I have lost, ye have won this hazard: yet perchance
My loss may shine yet goodlier than your gain
When time and God give judgment."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Marino Faliero, act V., sc.* 1 (Faliero).

Lost.

Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
  One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more devil's-triumph and sorrow for angels,
  One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: The Lost Leader, st.* 2.

" Nothing worth keeping is ever lost in this world."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Pippa Passes, pt. III.* (Schramm).

I think that nothing made is lost ;
That not a moon has ever shone,
That not a cloud my eyes hath crossed
But to my soul is gone.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Organ Songs, A Prayer for the Past, st.* 4.

The quiet sense of something lost.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, LXXVIII., st.* 2.

Nothing is ever really lost, or can be lost,
No birth, identity, form—no object of the world.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass : Sands at Seventy, Continuities, ll.* 1–2.

Lot.

Thy mother's lot, my dear,
She doth in nought accuse ;
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,
To love—and then to lose.
JEAN INGELOW, *Songs of Seven : Seven Times Six, st.* 4.

Loughrigg, Wansfell, and Iron-keld.

When Bowfell fades, and Blisco's Pike grows dim,
And thy twin sisters, Loughrigg, loom up large
To clasp the evening Lake in tender charge ;
The lover's skiff, for all it lightly skim,
Stirs the dusk edge of Wansfell's mirrored rim,
And sets the Fir trees dancing : then the barge
Moves weary to its anchor at the marge,
And all the waters tremble brim to brim.
REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets at the English Lakes : XLII. : Low-Wood.*

Love ; Desire.

For time's long years may sever, but love that liveth ever,
Calls back the early rapture—lights again the angel face.
C. F. ALEXANDER, *The Siege of Derry, st.* 2.

Love, without which the tongue
Even of angels sounds amiss.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Heine's Grave, ll.* 101–2.

And all my heart is fixed to think how Love
Might save its sweetness from the slayer, Time,
Who makes men old.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. III.* (Buddha).

" Friend, that love is false
Which clings to love for selfish sweets of love."
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. IV.* (Buddha).

Yea! yea! we knew he loved you best. . . .
But I, and Haphsa, Zeanib, and the rest
Dwelled in the outer garden of his love.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Tenth Muse: The Passing of Muhammad*, *ll.* 159, 161–2.

"What is love?" (Fortunatus).
"'Tis observation, patience, vigilance,
And infinite indulgence. Love is wisdom
In tender operation; having no rights,
But, though a spendthrift, hourly growing richer
By unusurious giving" (Urania).
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist*, *act I., sc.* 4.

Love, though an egotist, can deify
A vulgar fault, and drape the gross with grace.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy*, *act I., st.* 136.

Mourn not that love is blind. If love could see,
Love then would scarce be love. Its bandaged eyes
Gaze inward, and behold in clearest guise
The objects of its thought, which, since they be
Seen thus, appear more real than blurred reality.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Love's Widowhood*, *st.* 72.

A love that is by sense of want increased,
And felt the most by hearts that taste of it the least.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Love's Widowhood*, *st.* 83.

"Woman loves best the first time, man the last.
Her love is blossom, but his love is fruit."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Prince Lucifer*, *act IV., sc.* 5 (Lucifer).

Fancy talks itself away,
Love hath ever naught to say.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *At the Gate of the Convent, etc.: A Rare Guest*, *st.* 3.

Men wax rich by thrifty living;
Love is opulent from giving;
Keep its store from growing less
By unceasing lavishness.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *At the Gate of the Convent, etc.: A Rare Guest*, *st.* 4.

Oh! through giving, not receiving, a strong man's pure passion grows.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Crucifixion of Man: Pt. II., A Man's Confession*, *st.* 15.

Farewell! farewell! the tenderest souls must part:
'Tis good to love—but not with all the heart.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Crucifixion of Man, Pt. III.: Annie's Song*, *st.* 2.

There is friendship in countless faces;
There is true sweet love in a few.
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. I: Pain's Constancy*, *st.* 3.

Lives blend and grow completer
  While dying summers gleam,
And late love's even sweeter
  Than first love's tender dream!
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. I.: The Same for Ever, st. 3.*

Fame is song's guerdon, but love's gift is peace.
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. II.: Peace, l. 14.*

He who would sway the gentlest girlish heart
Must give his own, and give it not in part;
  He wins what he bestows.
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. III.: The Sovereign Rose, st. 9.*

Did ever sweet love fail to conquer duty?
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. I: The Four Tempters, st. 6.*

And oh, before love's conquering song
  Death's voice sinks quite away;
For life is short, but love is long,
And death is fierce, but love is strong,
  And love shall win the day!
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. IV.: Love the Conqueror, st. 3.*

Love, like the pale stephanotis flower,
  Is sweetest of scent when dead.
E. F. M. BENECKE, *The Cross beneath the Ring: Truly the Light was sweet, st. 4.*

But I can tell—let truth be told—
That love will change in growing old;
Though day by day is nought to see,
So delicate his motions be. . . .
His little spring, that sweet we found;
So deep in summer floods is drowned,
I wonder, bathed in joy complete,
How love so young could be so sweet.
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Shorter Poems: bk. V., No. 5, stt. 2, 4.*

Whoever lives true life, will love true love.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. I., l. 1066.*

  Good love, howe'er ill-placed,
Is better for a man's soul in the end,
Than if he loved ill what deserves love well.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. IV., ll. 1010–12.*

Love me, Sweet, with all thou art,
  Feeling, thinking, seeing;
Love me in the lightest part,
  Love me in full being.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Man's Requirements, st. 1.*

Unless you can think, when the song is done,
No other is soft in the rhythm;
Unless you can feel, when left by One,
That all men else go with him;
Unless you can know, when unpraised by his breath,
That your beauty itself wants proving;
Unless you can swear, "For life, for death!"—
Oh, fear to call it loving!
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Woman's Shortcomings*, *st.* 4.

I let the world go, and take love!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day: Easter-Day, XXIX., l.* 4.

I took you—how could I otherwise?
For a world to me, and more;
For all, love greatens and glorifies
Till God's a-glow, to the loving eyes,
In what was mere earth before.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae: James Lee's Wife, IV., st.* 2.

If you loved only what were worth your love,
Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you.
Make the low nature better by your throes!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae: James Lee's Wife, VII., st.* 2.

Be love your light and trust your guide, with these explore my heart!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies, III.: Interlude, l.* 7.

So let us say—not "Since we know, we love,"
But rather "Since we love, we know enough."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies, II.: A Pillar at Sebzevah. ll.* 88–9.

"Cannot men love love?
Who was a queen and loved a poet once
Humpbacked, a dwarf? Ah, women can do that!"
ROBERT BROWNING, *In a Balcony* (Queen).

"I say, such love is never blind; but rather
Alive to every the minutest spot
Which mars its object."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus, III.* (Festus).

How can man love but what he yearns to help?
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, X.: The Pope, l.* 1652.

Love, that midst grief began,
And grew with years, and faltered not in death.
W. C. BRYANT, *The Past, st.* 8.

"Love, with her sister Reverence, passed our way,
As angels pass, unseen, but did not stay."
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Drama of Kings: Napoleon Fallen* (Chorus).

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!—
I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons;
And God He made that rule of love; but when we're old and grey,
I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the other way.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Ballads: Over the Hill to the Poor House, st.* 10.

Below or above some woman's love,
How little in life we find!
A man'll go far to plant a star
Where fame's wide sky is thrown,
But a longer way, for some woman to say,
"I love you for my own."
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals: The Festival of Reminiscence, The Second Settlers' Story, ll.* 145–50.

Her adorers were many, and one of them said,
"She waltzed rather well! it's a pity she's dead!"
G. J. CAYLEY, *Songs of Society: An Epitaph, ll.* 5-6.

That absolute love which many women feel,
But men how few! Not winds which icily
Breathe freshness underneath a twilight sky,
When swift Apollo's burning chariot-wheel
Flies westward, bear to mortals such delight
As that most perfect love, unselfish, infinite.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *A Poet's Philosophy, st.* 6.

"I have had a vision of the soul of life,
And love alone is worthy!"
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Godfrida, act III.* (Isembert).

"Love is blind
Until it learns to hate the thing it loves."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Godfrida, act IV.* (Isembert).

"No; you are in love; I am sure of it. Now, take a little advice from me. Do not addle your brain by imagining that you love a particular lady. You are in love; that's all, and that's enough."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Plays: A Romantic Farce, act II.* (Clown).

Love comes unseen,—we only see it go.
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Old-World Idylls: The Story of Rosina, st.* 21.

"Why wait," he said, "why wait for May,
When love can warm a winter's day?"
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Vignettes in Rhyme: Love in Winter, st.* 4.

In that I love, my love demands of me
My best and noblest, that it should not be
A gift that costeth nothing, save this pain,
Nor all unworthy, though 'tis given in vain.
MAY EARLE, *Cosmo Venucci, Singer.*

What matters unto love the bitterest shame,
What matters aught, so love be left to bless?
MAY EARLE, *The Suicide's Wife, ll.* 33–4.

The Great Creator willed no servile Fear,
For Perfect Love is to be loved again.
WALTER EARLE, *Home Poems : The Lords of Creation, st. 3.*

Of all that has been given,
Love is the gift that brings us nearer Heaven
Than any other gift the world can hold,
And perfect Love is nearest perfect bliss.
VIOLET FANE, *Poems : I live my Life away from Thee, st. 6.*

The rough romance of country love.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. II. : The Apology, st. 1.*

'Tis highly rational, we can't dispute,
That Love, being naked, should promote a suit :
But doth not oddity to him attach,
Whose fire's so oft extinguished by a match ?
DR: RICHARD GARNETT, *Idylls and Epigrams, LVII.*

It surely is far sweeter and more wise
To water love, than toil to leave anon
A name whose glory-gleam will but advise
Invidious minds to quench it with their own.
THOMAS HARDY, *Poems of the Past and the Present : Her Reproach, st. 3.*

For winning love we win the risk of losing,
And losing love is as one's life were riven.
THOMAS HARDY, *Wessex Poems, etc. : Revulsion, st. 2.*

Love is lovelier
The more it shapes its moan in selfish-wise.
THOMAS HARDY, *Wessex Poems, etc. : She, to Him, IV., ll. 13-4.*

For incensed love breathes quick and dies,
When famished love a-lingering lies.
THOMAS HARDY, *Wessex Poems, etc. : The Two Men, st. 10.*

What is a first love worth, except to prepare for a second ?
What does the second love bring ? Only regret for the first.
JOHN HAY, *Pike County Ballads : Distiches, V.*

By ways no mortal knows
Love blows into the heart.
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems : Echoes, XXXIV. : To K. de M. st. 1.*

" Not all are blind that feel the scourge of love."
" JOHN OLIVER HOBBES," *Osbern and Ursyne, act II., sc. I.* (Osbern).

Look not in my eyes, for fear
They mirror true the sight I see,
And there you find your face too clear
And love it and be lost like me.
A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad : XV., st. 1.*

If truth in hearts that perish
Could move the powers on high,
I think the love I bear you
Should make you not to die.
A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad : XXXIII., st. 1.*

"Oh! Love can make us friends, as well as angels."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act III., sc.* 2 (Elizabeth).

"Two things greater than all things are,
The first is Love, and the second War.
And since we know not how War may prove,
Heart of my heart, let us talk of Love!"
RUDYARD KIPLING, *Barrack-Room Ballads: Ballad of the King's Jest, ll.* 116–9.

Though tangled and twisted the course of true love
This ditty explains
No tangle's so tangled it cannot improve
If the Lover has brains.
RUDYARD KIPLING, *Departmental Ditties: The Post that fitted* (Motto).

. . . may Love, we pray,
Like amaranthine flowers, feel no decay;
Like these cool lilies may our loves remain,
Perfect and pure, and know not any stain.
ANDREW LANG, *Grass of Parnassus: A Vow to Heavenly Venus, ll.* 5–8.

"When feelings is all on the top, like,
Then words comes easy and cheap;
It's different quite if you'd drag to light
The love in your bos'ms deep."
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *Ballads and Legends: Amos Dunn's Wooing, st.* 23.

Fate may frown and death may sever,
But love for an hour is love for ever.
F. LANGBRIDGE, *Ballads and Legends: Love for an Hour is Love for Ever* (refrain).

'Twas love that saved him—be love's the praise;
'Twas love that gave him an aim in life,
Haunting his thoughts through dreary days
With beautiful vision of home and wife.
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *Ballads and Legends: Sam Green's Love, st.* 6.

At first, when I knew you, 'twas only flirtation,
The touch of a lip and the flash of an eye;
But 'tis different now—'tis desperation!
I worship before you,
I curse and adore you,
And without you I'd die.
J. S. LE FANU, *Abhrain an Bhuideil: Address of a Drunkard to a Bottle of Whisky, st.* 3.

The lawless love that would not be denied,
The love that waited, and in waiting died,
The love that met and mated, satisfied.
R. LE GALLIENNE, *English Poems: Cor Cordium: To my Wife Mildred, st.* 3.

Is Love a lie and fame indeed a breath,
And is there no sure thing in life—but death?
R. LE. GALLIENNE, *Robert Louis Stevenson, etc.: R. L. Stevenson, ll. 76–7.*

Her heafenly foice, it drill me so,
It oft-dimes seems to hoort,
She ish de holiest anamile
Dat roons oopon de dirt.
De renpow rises vhen she sings,
De sounshine vhen she dalk;
De angels crow und flop deir vings
Vhen she goes out to valk.
C. G. LELAND, *The Brietmann Ballads: Love Song, st. 2.*

Und I sits oonder de linden,
De hearts-leaf linden dree;
Und I dink of de quick gevanisht lofe
Dat vent like de vind from me.
Und I voonders in mine dipsyhood,
If a damsel or dream vas she!
C. G. LELAND, *The Breitmann Ballads: Wein Geist, st. 7.*

Oh, who can sound the human breast?
And this strange truth must be confessed;
That city do I love the best
Wherein my heart was heaviest!
AMY LEVY, *A London Plane Tree: Moods and Thoughts, Alma Mater, st. 3.*

When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Courtship of Miles Standish: The Lover's Errand, l. 127.*

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Evangeline, Pt. II., 1, ll. 55–8.*

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothering Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound."
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
SAMUEL LOVER, *Rory O'More, st. 2.*

Love and its beauty, its tenderness and truth
Are shadows bred in hearts too fancy-rife,
Which melt and pass with sure-decaying youth;
Regard them, and they quiver, waver, blot;
Gaze at them fixedly, and they are not.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Love's Ordeal, st. 33.*

Hurt as it may, love on, love for ever;
Love for love's sake, like the Father above.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Within and Without, Pt. IV., sc. 21, Song.*

There's a disaster worse than loss of gold,
Worse than remorse, and worse a thousand-fold,
Than pangs of hunger. 'Tis the thirst of love.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc., Fifth Litany, Salve Regina, st.* 20.

O the heartbreak come of longing love,
O the heartbreak come of love deferred,
O the heartbreak come of love grown listless.
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream : The Rune of the Passion of Women, ll.* 3–5.

Why should a woman forfeit her whole heart
At bidding of a simple shepherd's call ?
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream : The Shepherd, st.* 1.

As feels the spirit of the melody
That, slumbering in a viol, a touch will start,
As feels the sun-thrilled sap within a tree,
So man and woman feel, when heart in heart
They live, and know this miracle to be,
In soul together, though to sense apart.
P. B. MARSTON, *A Last Harvest : Friendship and Love, ll.* 9–14.

Love's best measure
Is its pure attendant sorrow.
P. B. MARSTON, *A Last Harvest : Roses and the Nightingale, st.* 8.

" Life, not emotion, is the proof of love."
CANON G. E. MASON, *Claudia, act I., sc.* 2 (Victor).

Thus every love is, of its kind,
A first love and a last ;
And every time we love, we find
That love has had no past.
"OWEN MEREDITH" (LORD LYTTON) *Marah : Experientia Docet ?, st.* 6.

Tears are Christian, kisses Pagan. Love is both, and each his prize.
"OWEN MEREDITH" (LORD LYTTON) *Marah, Pt. I.* (motto).

For all her looks are Poetry
And all her feelings Prose.
"OWEN MEREDITH" (LORD LYTTON) *Marah : Marah's Dower, ll.* 3–4.

Love's longed for luxury of full utterance . . .
"OWEN MEREDITH" (LORD LYTTON) *Marah : Appendix, l.* 25.

There be some souls
For which love is enough, content to bear
From youth to age, from chesnut locks to gray,
The load of common, uneventful life
And penury.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades, bk. II, : Hades, Helen, ll.* 398–403.

. . . who can prize
At its full worth the love he gains,
Till bound by mutual sacrifice,
Till fused by mutual joys and pains?
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Gwen, act. IV., sc. I.*

To heights where Thought comes not can Love attain.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life: The Ode of Perfect Years, Pt. II., l. 46.*

A little pain, a little fond regret,
A little shame, and we are living yet,
While love that should out-live us lieth dead.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: February: Bellerophon in Lycia, ll. 2830–2.*

. . . for one of those she was
Who seem across the weary earth to pass,
That they may show what burden folk may bear
Of unrequited love, nor drawing near
The goal they aim at, die amidst the noise
Of clashing lusts with scarce-complaining voice.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise, The Lovers of Gudrun: The Yule-Feast at Bathstead, ll. 17–22.*

"What say'st thou? are the days to come forgiven,
Shall folk remember less that we have striven,
Than that we loved, when all the tale is told?"
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise, The Lovers of Gudrun: The Stealing of the Coif, ll. 163–5* (Kiartan).

Longing you cannot explain,
Yearning that baffles me still!
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends: The Moat House, Pt. I., Song, st. 6.*

What is the love of men that women seek it?
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Marpessa, l. 74.*

" . . who shall set a shore to love?
When hath it ever swerved from death, or when
Hath it not burned away all barriers,
Even dearest ties of mother and of son,
Even of brothers?—"
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Paolo and Francesca, act II., sc. 1* (Lucrezia).

"You must know that love is a thing physical. It can be sweated out of a man by hard riding; it evaporates from the body like any humour."
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Paolo and Francesca, act II., sc. 1* (Corrado).

"The love that shall not weary, must be art."
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Ulysses, act I., sc. 2* (Calypso).

"She hath no skill in living—but to love."
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Ulysses, act I,. sc. 2* (Ulysses).

Our love was like most other loves;—
  A little glow, a little shiver,
A rose-bud, and a pair of gloves,
  And "Fly not yet"—upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
  Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
  The usual vows,—and then we parted.
W. M. PRAED, *The Belle of the Ball-Room, st.* 12.

He that loves but half of earth
  Loves but half enough for me.
Q[UILLER COUCH], *Poems and Ballads: The Comrade, st.* 8.

There is nothing out of Love hath perpetual worth!
All things flag but only Love, all things fail or flee;
There is nothing left but Love worthy you and me.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses: Gifts and Graces, No.* 17, *ll.* 5–7.

If love is not worth loving, then life is not worth living,
  Nor aught is worth remembering but well forgot;
For store is not worth storing and gifts are not worth giving,
  If love is not.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses: Songs for Strangers and Pilgrims, No.* 23, *st.* 1.

The Father in confession, Rose,
  Won't count that love a sin
That with a kiss taps at the heart
  An' lets an angel in.
MALACHY RYAN, *Rose Adair, st.* 4.

The lark is tootling in the sky,
  Coos in his cot the wedded duv;
Then wherefore should not you and I
  Gambol like rabbits in the gruv?
    O Luv, my Luv!
"OWEN SEAMAN," *In Cap and Bells; Comin' Thro' The Romany Rye, st.* 2.

  Love that my life began,
  Love that will close life's span,
Love that grows ever by love-giving;
  Love from first to last,
  Love till all life be passed,
Love that loves on after living!
GEORGE SIGERSON, *Love's Despair: From the Irish of Diarmad O'Curnain, st.* 3.

The noble love that lives in noble men;
That is ashamed of its own nakedness,
And hides itself in deeds,—would not be seen,
And tongueless lives and dies.
ALEXANDER SMITH, *Edwin of Deira, bk. I., ll.* 636–9.

  Loving is more than length of days,
Or the ruby lips and the blooming cheek.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Olrig Grange, bk. I.: Loquitur Thorold, st.* 35.

And Love is the sun of Life,
  Yet e'en Love conceals
The life of an ampler Love
  Which Death reveals.
C. W. STUBBS, *The Conscience: Death the Revealer, st. 2.*

Love hangs like light about your name
  As music round the shell
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Adieux à Marie Stuart, IV., st. 1.*

"But from the light and fiery dreams of love
Spring heavy sorrows and a sleepless life."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon* (Althaea).

Love is, indeed, as life is, full of care,
The tyrant of the soul, the death of peace,
Rash father and blind parricide of joy.
ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil: Divisions on a Ground, Pl. II., ll. 5–7.*

Be sorrowful, all ye that have not loved,
Bow down, be sorrowful exceedingly,.
ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil: Divisions on a Ground, Pt. II., ll. 17–8.*

None knows
How much it hurts a woman to do wrong to love.
ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil: The Price, st. 1.*

Love at a touch will falter,
  Love at a nod will stay.
But armies cannot alter
  One hair-breadth of his way.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical: A Madrigal, st. 8.*

". . . desire is blind,
  And brief is love that follows of desire;
Yea, very brief, but often at the end
Treason and fire and poison, death and harm."
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical: Pandora, ll. 116–9* (Prometheus).

Oh! who would love? I woo'd a woman once,
But she was sharper than an eastern wind,
And all my heart turn'd from her, as a thorn
Turns from the sea.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Audley Court, ll. 51–4.*

To nurse my children on the milk of Truth,
And alchemise old hates into the gold
Of Love, and make it current.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Akbar's Dream, ll. 154–6.*

"Behold, thy doom is mine.
Let chance what will, I love thee to the death."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Coming of Arthur ll. 466–7* (Arthur).

" . . . for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Guinevere, ll.* 473–9 (Arthur).

" I know not if I know what true love is,
But if I know, then, if I love not him,
I know there is none other I can love."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Lancelot and Elaine, ll.* 672–4 (Elaine).

" This is not love : but love's first flash in youth
Most common."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Lancelot and Elaine, ll.* 944–5 (Lancelot).

" Sweet is true love tho' given in vain, in vain ;
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain :
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Lancelot and Elaine, ll.* 1000–1002 (Elaine's Song).

" Not all unhappy, having loved God's best
And greatest, tho' my love had no return."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Lancelot and Elaine, ll.* 1086–7 (Elaine).

" Swear to me thou wilt love me ev'n when old,
Gray-hair'd, and past desire, and in despair."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : The Last Tournament, ll.* 647–8 (Isolt).

" I will love thee to the death,
And out beyond into the dream beyond."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : The Last Tournament, ll.* 714–5 (Tristram).

I hold it true, whate'er befall ;
I feel it when I sorrow most ;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, XXVII., st.* 4.

I cannot understand : I love.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, XCVII., st.* 9.

No lapse of moons can canker Love,
Whatever fickle tongues may say.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, XXVI., st.* 1.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might ;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall, st.* 17.

Or why should Love, like men in drinking-songs,
Spice his fair banquet with the dust of death?
ALFRED LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., XVIII., st. 7.*

Love the gift is Love the debt
Even so.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Miller's Daughter, Song.*

Luvv? what's luvv? thou can luvv thy lass an' 'er munny too,
Makin' 'em goā togither as they've good right to do.
Could'n I luvv thy muther by cause o' 'er munny laaïd by?
Naāy fur I luvv'd 'er a vast sight moor fur it: reāson why.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Northern Farmer, New Style, st. 9.*

To feel, altho' no tongue can prove,
That every cloud, that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Two Voices, st. 149.*

. . . young love's truth
Full surely is a match for old heart's faith;
Love's fire worth all the frosty light of age.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Daphne, etc.: Hesperides, Hesperia, VI., ll. 177–9.*

Oh let not woman read the faith of man
In light of her own love; or dream the fire,
That leaps up in his heart, will burn as long
As that more steadfast and enduring flame,
That, waxing gently, grows to more and more,
As the dawn waxing to the noon of day;
While his from its first ardour dies away,
As the sun waning to the west at even
To less and less.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Daphne, etc.: Ariadne, Pt. II., 1, ll. 1–9.*

Love is that childlike art, that clothes the Real
With the Ideal, its own simple self;
Not the poor poet's lifelong grand despair
For ever seeking that he cannot find.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece: Antimenidas, Parting of Alcaeus and Sappho, ll. 88–91.*

Love's secrets let us keep,
Lest the winged god
Angered, go seeking, while we sleep,
Some new abode.
KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON, *A Lover's Breast-Knot: Love's Garden, st. 6.*

Join hands, be kind, be just, fear not dark hours;
Though Faith be fled, yet Love shall be your guide.
S. WADDINGTON, *Sonnets and Other Verses: Faith and Love, ll. 13–4.*

'Tis for light hearts to take light leave of love.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Too Late, st. 3.*

Death striking Love but strikes to deify.
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *The Coming of Love, etc. : A Grave by the Sea, Pt. V., l.* 8.

God's Love, Love of God.

God's love to win is easy, for He loveth
Desire's fair attitude, not strictly weighs
The broken thing, but all alike approveth
Which love hath aim'd at Him : that is heaven's praise.
ROBERT BRIDGES, *The Growth of Love : Sonnet* 20, *ll.* 9–12.

"I must love my God humanly, not with stiff constancy, but with every mood I have—not a single devout strain—but with jealousy, contrition, humbleness, and pride."
"MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act V., sc.* 3 (Lethington).

Parents' Love, Mother's Love.

. . . A mother never is afraid
Of speaking angerly to any child,
Since love, she knows, is justified of love.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. I., ll.* 369–71.

Lovers grow cold, men learn to hate their wives,
And only parents' love can last our lives.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Pippa Passes, ll.* 163–4.

. . . he nowise made himself :
I could not love him, but his mother did.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, VII. : Pompilia, ll.* 1731–2.

There is no love like the good old love—
The love that mother gave us!
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse : Old Times, Old Friends, Old Love, st.* 4.

Platonic Love.

Dead love or dead ambition, say,
Which mourn we most? Not much we weigh
Platonic friends.
AMY LEVY, *A London Plane Tree : Odds and Ends, To E., st.* 9.

Love-in-a-mist.

"This herb, I think,
Grows where the Greek hath been. Its beauty shows
A subtle and full knowledge, and betrays
A genius of contrivance. Seest thou how
The fading emerald and azure blent
On the white petals are immeshed about
With delicate sprigs of green? 'Tis therefore called
Love-in-a-mist."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Palicio, act III., sc.* 4, *ll.* 1782–9 (Margaret).

Love-in-Idleness.

The old wild-flower of love-in-idleness.
A. H. CLOUGH, *Mari Magno, The Clergyman's First Tale.*

Lovelessness.

Great things are granted unto those
That love not—far-off things brought close,
Things of great seeming brought to nought;
And miracles for them are wrought;
All earth and heaven lie underneath
The hand of him who wastes not breath
In striving for another's love.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: Acontius and Cydippe, ll. 997–1001.*

Lover; Sweetheart.

And so we two will ride,
Lady mine
At your pleasure, side by side,
Laugh and chat; I bending over,
Half your friend and all your lover!
Lady mine.

But if you like not this,
Lady mine,
And take my love amiss,
Then I'll ride unto the end,
Half your lover, all your friend!
Lady mine.
T. B. ALDRICH, *XXXVI Lyrics and XII Sonnets, Lyric XIV., stl. 5–6.*

My lady pleases me and I please her;
This know we both, and I besides know well
Wherefore I love her, and I love to tell
My love, as all my loving songs aver.
ROBERT BRIDGES, *The Growth of Love: Sonnet 30, ll. 1–4.*

"Let the woman set the man who loves her at her left hand, if she crave a fiend for her torment."
"MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act IV., sc. 6.* (Lethington).

"When did a lover heed a mother's woe?"
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Ulysses, act I., sc. 2.* (Calypso).

Toiling lover, loose your pack,
All your sighs and tears unbind:
Care's a ware will break a back,
Will not bend a maiden's mind.
Q[UILLER COUCH], *Green Bays: Love's Frontier-Post, st. 1* (from *Troy Town*).

Sweet-arts! thanks to the Lord that I niver not listen'd to noän!
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Spinster's Sweet-Arts, st. 3.*

Lowliness.

"Alas, how few
Can look upon a lowly thing, and find
It lovely—the lovelier for its lowliness!"
CHARLES WHITWORTH WYNNE, *David and Bathshua, act. II. sc.* 3. (Bathshua).

Lucifer.

I am the King whom men call Lucifer,
I am the genius of the nether spheres.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc.: Anteros, st.* 2.

Luck.

Disliked alike by maid and matron,
I walk the weary world alone:
I've ne'er found e'en a wealthy patron
Who yearned to make his wealth my own.
My wisdom—dear I've had to buy it—
Is worthless under Folly's ban:—
Here's going cheap, and who will try it,
The luck of an unlucky man!
C. C. R[HYS], *Up for the Season: A Lay of Ill-Luck, st.* 6.

Lullaby.

Hush—'tis the lullaby Time is singing—
Hush, *and heed not, for all things pass.*
ANDREW LANG, *Grass of Parnassus: Scythe Song, st.* 2.

Rest, baby, rest!
The sun sinks in the west,
The daisies all have gone to sleep,
The birds are in the nest.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends, Ser. II.: Baby Song, st.* 2.

Lust.

As lust and avarice and anger creep
In the black jungles of man's ignorance.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. V.*

Lute.

The lute of Love hath a single string.
Its note is sweet as the coo of the dove;
But 'tis only one note, and the note is Love.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *At the Gate of the Convent, etc.: The Poet and the Muse, st.* 6.

Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea.
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Marpessa, l.* 144.

Luxury.

. . . luxury hath this disease,
It ever craves and pushes on.
Pleasures, repeated, cease to please,
And rapture, once 'tis reaped, is gone.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *At the Gate of the Convent, st.* 29.

And fireside luxury, which purrs and licks
Its velvet paws when wet winds wail without.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act IV., st.* 10.

Lyre.

"The sweet notes, whose lulling spell
Gods and the race of mortals love so well."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *New Poems: Empedocles on Etna, act II.* (Empedocles).

Who shall expound the mystery of the lyre?
WILLIAM WATSON, *Lachrymae Musarum, l.* 59.

Mad; madman; madness.

. . . there is a madness of a kind
Worse beyond all words and sadder, though the eyes of men are blind
To its agony and horror, than the madness counted such.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Crucifixion of Man, Pt. II.: A Man's Confession, st.* 24.

A calm-brow'd lad,
Yet mad, at moments, as a hatter:
Why hatters as a race are mad
I never know, nor does it matter.
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Gemini and Virgo, st.* 3.

As the chill snow is friendly to the earth,
And pain and loss are friendly to the soul,
Shielding it from the black heart-killing frost;
So madness is but one of God's pale winters.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *A Story of the Sea-Shore, ll.* 418–21.

"Speak freely, tho' to call a madman mad
Will hardly help to make him sane again."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Falcon* (Count).

Madrono.

Where, oh! where, shall he begin
Who would paint thee, Harlequin?
With thy waxen burnished leaf,
With thy branches' red relief,
With thy poly-tinted fruit,
In thy spring or autumn suit,—
Where begin, and oh! where end,—
Thou whose charms all art transcend?
BRET HARTE, *Madroño, st.* 24.

Magic.

"When love has wrenched and broken all their pride,
Then luckless ladies turn to sorcery;
But win their will by virtue of their will,
And not by means of thrice-decocted draughts."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Godfrida, act I.* (Godfrida).

Magnet.

For man is the magnet of man, and mortal failure has tears.
FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, *The Visions of England : The Return of Law, l.* 178.

Magpie.

. . . and the pie with the long tongue
That pricks deep into oakwarts for a worm,
And says a plain word when she finds her prize,
But will not eat the ants.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae : Caliban upon Setebos, ll.* 50–3.

The magpies would go flutterin' like strange sperrits to 'nd fro.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse : John Smith, l.* 77.

I love the sweet linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
And the gold-throated blackbird with a song in each bush ;
The finch and the robin. I love every one,
But not the pied magpie that's walking alone.
KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON, *Cuckoo Songs : Magpie, st.* 1.

Maid ; Maiden.

A maiden's heart is as champagne, ever aspiring and struggling upwards,
And it needed that its motions be checked by the silvered cork of Propriety.
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Verses, etc. : Proverbial Philosophy : Of Propriety, ll.* 21–2.

A little maid too bright and fair,
Too strangely lovely for surprise.
JOHN HAY, *Pike County Ballads : A Dream of Bric-à-Brac, ll.* 55–6.

Oh, little maiden, fair or brown !
Thine is the simple beauty which doth crown
The dreams of happy fathers, who have passed
By Love and Passion, and have come
To know pure joys of home.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life : The Ode of Childhood, Pt. II., ll.* 26–30.

A simple maid *au naturel*
Is worth a dozen spotted ghouls.
"OWEN SEAMAN," *The Battle of the Bays : Ars Postera, st.* 2.

" Except she give her blood before the gods,
What profit shall a maid be among men ? "
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon* (Toxeus).

Boys will swear and maids will weep,
Weep and smile again.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical : He May Who Can, st.* 1.

Here by God's rood is the one maid for me.
ALFRED. LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Geraint and Enid, I., l.* 368.

A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats of arms.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Lady Clara Vere de Vere, st. 2.*

". . . the sweetest little maid,
That ever crow'd for kisses."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, II., ll.* 260–1 (Cyril).

There's naught so cruel as a merry maid.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece : The Armoury, l.* 149.

Maidenhood.

Sweet maidenhood ! that to a silvery chime
Of music, and chaste fancies undefiled,
And modest grace and mild,
Comest, best gift of God to men.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life : The Ode of Youth, Pt. II. ll.* 5–8.

Half light, half shade,
She stood, a sight to make an old man young.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Gardener's Daughter, ll.*139–40.

Malachi.

He was Bard-loving, gift-making, loud of glee,
The last to fly, to advance the first ;
He was like the top spray upon Uladh's oak,
He was like the tap-root of Argial's pine ;
He was secret and sudden ; as lightning his stroke ;
There was none who could fathom his hid design.
AUBREY DE VERE, *The Bard Ethell, st. X.*

Malice.

". . . malice, in the saddle, spurs a course
Uncurbed, although repentance leap behind."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Godfrida, act IV.* (Isembert).

Man. See also **Isolation of Man.**

" Was Christ a man like us ?—Ah ! let us try
If we then, too, can be such men as he ! "
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Anti-Desperation, ll.* 13–4.

" Be neither saint nor sophist-led, but be a man."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Empedocles on Etna, act I., sc.* 2 (Empedocles).

Know, man hath all which Nature hath, but more,
And in that *more* lie all his hopes for good.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *In Harmony with Nature, st.* 2.

" Of all that moves and breathes upon the earth,
Nothing is found more unstable than man."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *The Return of Ulysses, act IV., ll.* 1754–5 (Ulysses).

Moreover, all the things that men have done
The things that men have said,
Have made another light beneath the sun,
Another darkness shed,
Another soul-stream fed,
To cool in other wells, o'er other weirs to run.
T. E. BROWN, *Old John, etc.; Nature and Art, st.* 16.

A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a God though in the germ.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personæ: Rabbi Ben Ezra, st.* 14.

Man I am and man would be, Love—merest man and nothing more.
Bid me seem no other! Eagles boast of pinions—let them soar!
I may put forth angel's plumage, once unmanned, but not before.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies, IV.: The Family, Interlude, st.* 1.

"All men become good creatures—but so slow."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Luria, act V.* (Luria).

Men are not angels, neither are they brutes.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Men and Women: Bishop Blougram's Apology, l.* 865.

The ignoble noble, the unmanly man,
The beast below the beast in brutishness!
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, III.: The Other Half—Rome, ll.* 1298–9.

I lived and died a man, and take man's chance,
Honest and bold: right will be done to such.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, XI.: Guido, ll.* 2412–3.

Man is a scholar eager indeed to learn,
But most forgetful having learn'd.
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *The Drama of Kings, Epilogue, ll.* 72–3.

O what peevish fools are mortals,
Tormented by a raven on each shoulder,
"Whither?" and "wherefore."
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *The Drama of Kings: Buonaparte, ll.* 1389–91 (Buonaparte).

Millions of men there are who happy live and happy die:
But what of that? I, too, am born a man, I even I!
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads, etc.: The Vengeance of the Duchess, st.* 35.

"Men rise the higher as their task is high,
The task being well achieved."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Legend of Jubal, etc.: Armgart, sc.* 2, *ll.* 88–9 (Graf).

. . . the human heart
Finds nowhere shelter but in human kind.
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. IV.*

A big, broad man, whose face bespoke a honest heart within.
EUGENE FIELD, *A Little Book of Western Verse : The Conversazzhyony, l.* 33.

A simple man perhaps, but good ez gold and true ez steel.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse : Modjesky as Cameel, l.* 95.

Write : He had made a finer man
And left increased renown behind,
If only he had shut his books
To read the chapters of mankind !
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. II. : Last Words, st.* 10.

. . . "every man is practically three men. There is the man you know before he proposes : there is the man you have accepted : there is the man you have married."
" JOHN OLIVER HOBBES," *The Wisdom of the Wise, act I.* (Ada).

" . . . sleep, passionless men, who are too refined to be manly, and measure their grace by their effeminacy."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act II., sc.* 2 (Walter).

Man is the shadow of a changing world ;
As the image of a tree
By the breeze swayed to and fro
On the grass, so changeth he.
WILLIAM LARMINIE, *The Speech of Ewer, ll.* 6–9.

Nature, that makes professors all day long,
And, filling idle souls with idle song,
Turns out small Poets every other minute,
Made earth for man—but seldom puts men in it.
R. LE GALLIENNE, *Robert Louis Stevenson, etc. : Professor Minto, st.* 1.

An ancient man, a boy-like man, a person mild and meek,
A being who had little tongue, and nary bit of cheek.
C. G. LELAND, *Songs of the Sea and Lays of the Land : Ballad of the Green Old Man, st.* 3.

A gracious, simple, truthful man,
Who walks the earth erect,
Nor stoops his noble head to one
From fear or false respect.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Disciple, XXX., st.* 2.

The neighbours asked what he would make his son :
" I'll make a man of him," the old man said ;
" And for the rest, just what he likes himself."
GEORGE MACDONALD, *A Hidden Life, ll.* 365–7.

A man is a knight that loves the right
And mounts for it till he dies.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Three Horses, st.* 10.

A grief-glad man, with yearnings not a few.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc.: Third Litany, Ad Te Clamavi, st. 9.*

Give me the true man, who will fear not nor falter,
Though want be his guerdon, the Workhouse his goal,
Till his heart has burnt out upon Liberty's Altar:
For this is the man I hold dear to my soul.
GERALD MASSEY, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc.: The Worker, st. 2.*

Men are schoolboys spelling
Tasks the mother gave.
HUME NISBET, *The Matador, etc.: On Style, st. 3.*

He is the perfect man who dares to be
Alone, yet not too separate from his kind.
REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets Round the Coast: Mullyon Island* (Enys Bronnen), *ll.* 1–2.

Let no man awe thee on any height
Of earthly kingship's mouldering might.
The dust his heel holds meet for thy brow
Hath all of it been what both are now.
D. G. ROSSETTI, *Soothsay, st. 2.*

Mere mushroom men, puff-balls that advertise
And bravely think to brush the skies.
"OWEN SEAMAN," *The Battle of the Bays: An Ode to Spring in the Metropolis, st. 9.*

A Man of the few foremost Men is dead.
GEORGE SIGERSON, *The Lost Tribune: To the Memory of Isaac Butt, st. 1.*

A man that, rooted in a bitter past,
Drew sap enough to keep the trunk alive,
But not enough to make the foliage green.
ALEXANDER SMITH, *Edwin of Deira, bk. I., ll.* 82–4.

Men trample on man, and they make him a brute.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Dick Dalgleish, st.* 10.

A man among the strong and brave,
A man with purpose high and grave,
Still fronting duty without fear.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Olrig Grange, bk. I.: Loquitur Thorold, ll.* 51–3.

Man lives exempt from lasting bale,
And, gazing with the eyes of God,
Of all he sees at home, abroad,
Discerns the inmost heart, and then
Reveals it to his fellow men,
And they are truer, gentler, more
Heroic than they were before.
WHITLEY STOKES, *Man Octipartite, ll.* 48–54.

But he on whom the Light Divine
Is lavished bears the sacred sign,
And men draw nigh in field or mart
To hear the wisdom of his heart.
For he is calm and clear of face,
And unperplexed he runs his race,
Because his mind is always bent
On Right, regardless of event.

WHITLEY STOKES, *Man Octipartite, ll.* 55–62.

"A man in arms, strong and a joy to men."

A. C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon* (Althaea).

Well, a brave man, were he seven times king,
Is but a brave man's peer."

A. C. SWINBURNE, *Marino Faliero, act II., sc.* 2 (Lioni).

"A low-built lank-cheeked Judas-bearded man,
Lean, supple, grave, pock-pitten, yellow-polled,
A smiling fellow with a downcast eye."

A. C. SWINBURNE, *Mary Stuart, act. I., sc.* 2 (Mary Stuart).

A true man, pure as faith's own vow,
Whose honour knows not rust.

A. C. SWINBURNE, *The Tale of Balen, III., st.* 18.

Where is one that, born of woman, altogether can escape
From the lower world within him, moods of tiger, or of ape ?
Man as yet is being made, and ere the crowning Age of Ages,
Shall not aeon after aeon pass and touch him into shape ?

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Making of Man, st.* 1.

"Better a man without riches, than riches without a man."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Falcon* (Lady Giovanna).

Kind, like a man, was he ; like a man, too, would have his way.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Grandmother, st.* 18.

"For man is man and master of his fate."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Geraint and Enid, I., l.* 355 (Enid's Song).

. . . . men
With strength and will to right the wrong'd, of power
To lay the sudden heads of violence flat."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : The Holy Grail, ll.* 307–9 (Percivale).

"Man ! is he man at all, who knows and winks ? "

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Merlin and Vivian, l.* 639 (Vivien).

One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., X., st.* 5.

For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Passing of Arthur, ll.* 415–8 (Arthur).

Dosn't thou know that a man mun be eäther a man or a mouse?
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Northern Farmer, New Style, st.* 2.

Here and there a cotter's babe is royal-born by right divine;
Here and there my lord is lower than his oxen or his swine.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Sixty Years After, st.* 63.

An' Molly an' me was agreed, as we was a-cleänin' the floor
That a man be a durty thing an' a trouble an plague wi' indoor.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Spinster's Sweet-Arts, st.* 8.

Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Tithonus, ll.* 28–9.

And a man men fear is a man to be loved by the women they say.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Wreck, II., l.* 6.

It was the Human Spirit, of all men's souls the Soul,
Man the unwearied climber, that climbed to the unknown goal.
And up the steps of the ages, the difficult steep ascent,
Man the unwearied climber pauseless and dauntless went.
WILLIAM WATSON, *The Dream of Man, ll.* 3–6.

Man and his littleness perish, erased like an error and cancelled;
Man and his greatness survive, lost in the greatness of God.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Hymn to the Sea, Pt. IV., ll,* 17–8.

We are children of splendour and fame,
Of shuddering, also, and tears.
Magnificent out of the dust we came,
And abject from the spheres.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Ode in May, st.* 5.

'tis meet that Man possess
The will to curse as well as bless,
To pity—and be pitiless,
To make, and mar;
The fierceness that from tenderness
Is never far.
WILLIAM WATSON, *The Tomb of Burns, st.* 21.

How dare you place anything before a man?
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: By Blue Ontario's Shore,* 13, *l.* 18.

. . . be a man!
Starve if need be; but, while you live, look out
From honest eyes on all men, unashamed.
J. G. WHITTIER, *Nauhaught, The Deacon, ll.* 69-71

And man,—in whom an angel's mind
With earth's low instincts finds abode,—
The highest of the links which bind
Brute nature to her God.
J. G. WHITTIER, *The New Year, st.* 9.

Man, insignificance of.

Twelve hundred million men are spread
About this earth, and I and You
Wonder, when You and I are dead,
What will those luckless millions do?
RUDYARD KIPLING, *Departmental Ditties: The Last Department* (Motto).

Tho' thou wert scatter'd to the wind,
Yet there is plenty of the kind.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Two Voices, st.* 11.

For all that laugh, and all that weep
And all that breathe are one
Slight ripple on the boundless deep
That moves, and all is gone.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Ancient Sage, ll.* 186-9.

Man and Woman; Man and Wife.

"If only I were a man," she said,
"What wonderful deeds I'd do!
With a general's plume, and a coat of red,
I'd harry my foes till my foes fell dead,
And I'd travel the wide world through.
Sword in hand, I'd traverse the land
(How I hate this ivory fan!)—
Hearts should ache, and hearts should break.
If only I were a man!"
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. I.: The Compact, st.* 1.

When once the soul has seen the soul
The man and woman cannot part.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. II.: A Poet's Gethsemane, st.* 15.

"There is no bridle for a wicked woman.
Men may despise the venerable path
Of virtue, and refuse the wholesome laws
Of plain philosophy, but still they lean
Towards reason, even in their wickedness."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *The First Part of Nero, act III., sc.* 1, *l'.* 1016-20 (Seneca).

Let them fight it out, friend! things have gone too far.
God must judge the couple: leave them as they are.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: Before*, *st.* 1.

". . . All women love great men
If young or old; it is in all the tales."
ROBERT BROWNING, *In a Balcony* (Queen).

'Tis in a child man and wife grow complete,
One flesh: God says so: let him do his work!
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, III.: The Other Half—Rome, ll.* 153–4.

. . . a man can thrive and roam;
But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Ballads: Betsy and I are Out*, *st.* 13.

Some deal in philosophic wares,
The Lockes, the Kants, the Tuppers,
Some take delight in study chairs,
And some in midnight suppers.
ALFRED COCHRANE, *Lyrical Monologue at the Savoy*, *st.* 8.

For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep.
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Three Fishers*, *st.* 3.

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Song of Hiawatha, X.: Hiawatha's Wooing, ll.* 1–5.

A man is a reasoning madness
A woman a pictured queen!
GEORGE MACDONALD, *A Book of Dreams, Pt. II., 2, st.* 5.

"For men at most differ as Heaven and earth,
But women, worst and best, as Heaven and Hell."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON *Idylls of the King: Merlin and Vivien, ll.* 672–3 (Merlin).

Thanks, for the fiend best knows whether woman or man be the worse.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., I., st.* 19.

"Look you, Sir!
Man is the hunter; woman is his game:
The sleek and shining creatures of the chase,
We hunt them for the beauty of their skins,
They love us for it, and we ride them down."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, V., ll.* 146–50 (King).

"Man for the field and woman for the hearth:
Man for the sword and for the needle she:
Man with the head and woman with the heart:
Man to command and woman to obey;
All else confusion."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, V., ll.* 437–41 (King).

Henceforth thou hast a helper, we, that know
The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, VII., ll.* 242–4 (Prince).

"If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow?"

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, VII., ll.* 249–50 (Prince).

". . . let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.
For woman is not undevelopt man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, VII., ll.* 256–62 (Prince).

"Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, VII., ll.* 263–70 (Prince).

Man of Action.

"These men of action tread the easiest road.
'Tis only thoughts inextricable mesh
Makes life confusion."

ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act V.* (Vespucci).

Man of Science.

The man of science himself is fonder of glory, and vain,
An eye well-practised in nature, a spirit bounded and poor.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., IV., st. 7.*

Man proposes; God disposes.

Not as we wanted it,
But as God granted it.

Q[UILLER COUCH], *Poems and Ballads: To Bearers, st.* 1.

Man; Public.

"The lives of public men
Are balanced on a razor's edge."

CANON G. E. MASON, *Claudia, act I., sc.* 2 (Victor).

Mangroves.

And mangroves, glossy-leaved, whose arching roots
Are populous with creeping things and fish,
Breathe forth at sunset poison.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Voyage of Ithobal: The Fourth Day*, *ll.* 55–7.

Manhood.

"I've known a man who never came of age at all,
Though he was ninety at his death.
I've known a man
Who came of age a baby in his bassinette,
And was a man before he spoke a syllable."

MORTIMER COLLINS, *Comedy of Dreams* (Astrologos).

Here are the needs of manhood satisfied!
Sane breath, an amplitude for soul and sense,
The noonday silence of the summer hills,
And this embracing solitude; o'er all
The sky unsearchable, which lays its claim—
A large redemption not to be annulled—
Upon the heart; and far below, the sea
Breaking and breaking, smoothly, silently.
What need I any further?

EDWARD DOWDEN, *On the Heights*, *ll.* 1–9.

A creed is a rod,
And a crown is of night;
But this thing is God,
To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit, and live out thy life as the light.

A. C. SWINBURNE, *Hertha*, 15.

Manners.

Manners are good, accomplishments may shine,
But what stands whole above all tutored part
Is nature's actions springing from the heart.

HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: a Tale of the Thames*, *ch. XIX.*, *ll.* 205–7.

No mere mortal has a right
To carry that exalted air;
Best people are not angels quite.

ROBERT BROWNING, *Pippa Passes*, *Pt. IX.*, *ll.* 36–8.

With the people you know, when you greet them
Shake hands, *à la mode*, in the air;
And the people you don't, when you meet them
Repel with a malapert stare.

COTSFORD DICK, *The Ways of the World: The Art of Smartness*, *st.* 6.

Demeanour dignified, gesture slow,
  Converse clothed in a courteous gear.
Place aux dames from high and low—
  Where are the manners of the yester-year?
COTSFORD DICK, *The Ways of the World: Ballade of Behaviour, st.* 1.

Now, I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass,—at least, to all intent:
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.
BRET HARTE, *The Society upon the Stanislaus, st.* 6.

"For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Guinevere, ll.* 332–3 (Guinevere).

. . . join'd
  Each office of the social hour
  To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, CXI., st.* 4.

Her manners had not that repose
  Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Lady Clara Vere de Vere, st.* 5.

Like men, like manners: like breeds like, they say:
Kind nature is the best: those manners next
That fit us like a nature second-hand;
Which are indeed the manners of the great.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Walking to the Mail, ll.* 57–60.

Mantles.

"Mantles with those deep rich furs glistering
Which Venice ships do from swart Egypt bring."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Tristram and Iseult* (Iseult of Brittany).

. . . a rough grey gown
And heavy home-spun mantle coarse and brown.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *Life and Death of Jason, bk. XIV., ll.* 43–4.

March.

The stormy March is come at last,
  With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
  That through the snowy valley flies.
W. C. BRYANT, *March, st.* 1.

. . . braver notes the storm-cock sings
To start the rusted wheel of things,
And brutes in field and brutes in pen
Leap that the world oes ro nd again.
A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad: X., March, st.* 2.

Slayer of the winter, art thou here again?
O welcome, thou that bring'st the summer nigh!
The bitter wind makes not thy victory vain,
Nor will we mock thee for thy faint blue sky.
Welcome, O March! whose kindly days and dry
Make April ready for the throstle's song,
Thou first redresser of the winter's wrong!
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: March, st.* 1.

March, Military.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Cheer up comrades, they will come,
And beneath our country's flag
We shall breathe the air again
Of the Free-land in our own beloved home.
ANON., *The Prisoner's Hope* (Refrain).

Bad luck to this marching,
Pipe-claying and starching
How next one must be to be killed by the French!
CHARLES LEVER, *Bad Luck to this Marching, st.* 1.

Marigold. See also **Marsh Marigold.**

". . . behi d t e pinks,
Are ostentatious marig lds that flaunt
Their buxom wealth i' the sun."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act IV., sc.* 6 (Candida).

Market-cross.

The grey cross in the market-plac
With children playing at its base.
KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON, *A Lover's Breast-Knot: Of the True Marriage, st.* 3.

Marriage.

"For marriage is the half-way-house to death,
Where heedless men make merry."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Prince Lucifer, act I., sc.* 1 (Adam).

Ours should be the perfect union; yes, the touch of lip or hand,
Mortal, meant immortal union in some unseen heavenly land.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Crucifixion of Man, Pt. II.: A Man's Confession, st.* 14.

Work hard; keep sober; rule your tongue;
Love truly, chastely; marry young.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. III.: Christ and the Social Reformer, st.* 33.

"Yet sainted marriage hath
One threat—the loss of liberty: is't that?
It well may fright."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Palicio, act II., sc.* 1 (Margaret) *ll.* 394–6.

If you're fool enough to wive,
  Mind you marry money.

MORTIMER COLLINS, *Love*, *st.* 2.

"I will not be
A pensioner in marriage. Sacraments
Are not to feed the paupers of the world."

"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Legend of Jubal, etc.: Armgart*, *sc.* V., *ll.* 61–3 (Armgart).

"Marriage is like a good pie spoilt in the baking. Everything is admirable except the result! It is very heavy . . . very, very heavy!"

"JOHN OLIVER HOBBES," *The Ambassador*, *act III.* (Yolande).

"If women thought less of their own souls and more about men's tempers, marriage wouldn't be what it is."

"JOHN OLIVER HOBBES," *The Wisdom of the Wise*, *Act I.* (Wuthering).

Pleasant the snaffle of Courtship, improving the manners and carriage;
But the colt who is wise will abstain from the terrible thorn-bit of Marriage.

RUDYARD KIPLING, *Certain Maxims of Hafiz*, *Maxim* II.

"I feel in my heart," says Doctor Dan,
"For that poor white slave, the married man."

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *Doctor Dan's Secret*, *st.* 2.

Throughout the struggling ranks of Modern Life
  Love has become a means of livelihood;
Matter for bargain keen, or envious strife,
    Like clothes and food.

"OWEN MEREDITH" [LORD LYTTON], *Marah: Ars Amoris*, *st.* 2.

"Our marriage! Thinkest thou I should forget,
Ay, though the chills of age had froze my brain,
That day of all my life?"

SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Gycia*, *act III.*, *sc.* I (Asander).

I would not the ladies alarm,
  But you know good advice is a pearl—
Don't marry a dashing young fellow,
  If you are a sensible girl!

WM. M. RANKINE, *The Dashing Young Fellow*, *st.* 6 [in *Songs of Society*, ed. W. Davenport Adams].

. . . choose thy mate, and with her, hand in hand
Go wandering through the blossoming sweet land.

WILLIAM MORRIS, *Life and Death of Jason*, *bk.* I., *ll.* 93–4.

O there is something in marriage like the veil of the temple of old,
That screened the Holy of Holies with blue and purple and gold;
Something that makes a chamber where none but the one may come,
A sacredness too, and a silence, where joy that is deepest is dumb.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda; among the Broken Gods: Saint-Wife, ll.* 51–4.

You've made, what the world calls, a capital marriage.
Your dinners are perfect, your dances the rage;
They talk, at the clubs, of your new pony-carriage,
And sneer at your husband, who's double your age.
J. ASHBY-STERRY, *A Comedy, act II., ll.* 1–4.

Doānt thou marry for munny, but goā wheer munny is!
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Northern Farmer, New Style, st.* 5.

". . . Neither sex alone
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal, nor unequal: each fulfils
Defect in each, and always thought in thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,
The single pure and perfect animal."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, VII., ll.* 283–8 (Prince).

Marsh.

The cattle knee-deep in the sedgy meads,
The broody wildfowl calling from the reeds,
New plume, new song do honour to the scene,
And birch and willow bow in tender green,
Spangled with gold and grey.
WALTER EARLE, *Home Poems: At Ringwood Bridge, st.* 4.

Miles, and miles, and miles of desolation!
Leagues on leagues on leagues without a change! . . .
Time-forgotten, yea since time's creation,
Seem these borders where the sea-birds range.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *In the Salt Marshes, st.* 1.

. . . a lowly cottage whence we see
Stretch'd wide and wild the waste enormous marsh.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Ode to Memory, V., ll.* 29–30.

Marsh Marigold. See also **Marigold.**

. . . down by the streams
Where ground was damp the great marsh-marigolds
Blazed in imperial lordship of the swamp.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: A Tale of the Thames, Interlude, ll.* 333–5.

And, bearing lanterns night and day,
The great marsh-marigolds keep watch.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs: Spring, IV., st.* 3.

The stagnant levels, one and all, are burning in the distant marsh.
EARL OF LYTTON, *Good-Night in the Porch.*

And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The May Queen, pt. I., st.* 8.

The low, bare flats at ebb-tide, the rush of the sea at flood,
Through inlet and creek and river, from dike to upland wood.

J. G. WHITTIER, *Marguerite, st.* 8.

Martyrdom.

"The blood and sweat of heretics at the stake
Is God's best dew upon the barren field."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act V., sc.* I. (Philip).

"We must not force the crown of martyrdom."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Becket, act V., sc.* 3 (John of Salisbury).

Mary Magdalene.

"Surely thy name shall be, in times to come,
Sweet on the lips of all men; and thy sex,— . . .
Laud thee, and joy in thee, who dost make known—
To saintliest souls not less than sinning souls—
The Woman's queenly part in this World's plan!"

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of the World: The Great Consummation* (Sage).

Mary of Scotland.

Poor scape-goat of crimes, where,—her part what it may,—
So tortured, so hunted to die,
Foul age of deceit and of hate,—on her head
Least stains of gore-guiltiness lie;
To the hearts of the just her blood from the dust
Not in vain for mercy will cry.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, *The Visions of England: Crossing Solway, st.* 14.

Massic.

I've sampled your classic Massic under an arbor green.

EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse: The Red, Red West, st.* 2.

Master.

Every man
Must some day meet his master (Adomar).
Yet no man
Is master every day (Isembert).

JOHN DAVIDSON, *Godfrida, act II.*

He is master and lord of his brothers
Who is worthier and wiser than they.
Him only, him surely, shall others,
Else equal, observe and obey.

A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday: A Word for the Country, st.* 18.

Match.

. . . the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match.

ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: Meeting at Night, st.* 2.

Matter.

For not all matter is fuel to heat, impalpable flame, the essential life of the earth.

WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: Starting from Paumanok, VIII., l. 7.*

Maturity.

The shell must break before the bird can fly.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Ancient Sage, l.* 153.

Maxim.

Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, VII.*

May.

O, May is the month when the madly aesthetical
Plunge deep into nonsense profoundly poetical!
They sing and they shout about sunshine and greenery,
Of beauty and blossom and song-birds and scenery:
I own that my notion of May is a hazy one,
And don't think its weather is good for the Lazy One:
To go out of doors I have not the temerity—
Now May has set in with its usual severity!

J. ASHBY-STERRY, *The Lazy Minstrel: The Merry Month of May, st.* 1.

The icy blight of May.

SIR F. H. DOYLE, *Return of the Guards, etc.: How Lord Nairn was Saved, st.* 1.

May is a pious fraud of the almanac,
A ghastly parody of real Spring
Shaped out of snow and breathed with eastern wind.

J. M. LOWELL, *Under the Willows, ll* 21–3.

Oh! May sits crowned with hawthorn-flower,
And is Love's month, they say;
And Love's the fruit that is ripened best
By ladies' eyes in May.

D. G. ROSSETTI, *Fin di Maggio.*

May be.

"Why will you think what may be must have been?"

JOHN DAVIDSON, *A Romantic Farce, act V.* (Bellona).

Meadow-sweet.

". . . light-nodding meadow-sweet,
Gracious as plume of gallant Cavalier
Throned on his steed."

ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act IV., sc.* 4 (Candida).

Meal.

The meal-sacks on the whiten'd floor,
  The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door
  Made misty with the floating meal.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Miller's Daughter, st.* 13.

The meal unshared is food unblest ;
Thou hoard'st in vain what love should spend.
J. G. WHITTIER, *The Voices, st.* 11.

Meaning.

" Assuredly ; scarce one man in an age
Can think his meaning out."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Self's the Man, act I.* (Urban).

Measure for Measure.

The fixed arithmetic of the universe,
Which meteth good for good, and ill for ill,
Measure for measure, unto deeds, words, thoughts ;
Watchful, aware, implacable, unmoved ;
Making all futures fruits of all the pasts.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. V.*

Mechlin.

. . . holy Mechlin, Rome of Flanders, stands,
Like a queen-mother, on her spacious lands.
F. W. FABER, *Aged Cities, ll.* 8–9.

Medium.

. . . " What's a ' medium ? ' He's a means
Good, bad, indifferent, still the only means
Spirits can speak by ; he may misconceive,
Stutter and stammer,—he's their Sludge and drudge,
Take him or leave him."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae : Mr. Sludge " The Medium," ll.* 332–6 (Sludge).

Meek ; Meekness.

. . . I'll be meek
And learn to reverence, even this poor myself.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. VII., ll.* 736–7.

It's safer being meek than fierce.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae : Apparent Failure, st.* 7.

" No violence can harm the meek,
There is no wound Christ cannot heal ! "
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Golden Legend, IV.* (The Blind Monk).

Meetings ; Interviews.

Contact with friends is naught except
  A list of interviews.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals : The Festival of Praise, ll.* 191–2.

How we met what need to say?
  When or where,
Years ago or yesterday,
  Here or there.
All the song is—once we met,
  She and I;
Once, but never to forget,
  Till we die.
R. LE GALLIENNE, *English Poems: Love Platonic; Once, st.* 2.

Come into the garden, Maud,
  For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
  I am here at the gate alone.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., XVII., st.* 1.

Melancholy.

"As slow as melancholy thoughts can be,
That strike as often as a passing-bell."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *A Romantic Farce, act I.* (May Montgomery).

"The mood which I have christened melancholy
Is that, I think, which rules a lonely dove."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *An Unhistorical Pastoral, act II., sc.* 1 (Eulalie).

Memory.

Memory
  The widowed queen of Death,
Reigns, and with fixed, sepulchral eye
  All slumber banisheth.
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Shorter Poems, bk. V., No.* 15, *ll.* 37–40.

To those deep memories which seem
The very fountain of the stream.
The early unforgotten things
To which the spirit ever clings.
And feel throughout all change to be
The seal of her identity.
FRANCIS H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc.: I saw her last, ll.* 25–30.

Thou mourner for departed dreams!
  On earth there is no rest
When grief hath troubled the pure streams
  Of memory in thy breast!
HELEN, LADY DUFFERIN, *Songs, Poems and Verses: Disenchanted, st.* 6.

Old memories as new-come phantoms rise
And join the shadowy mists in airy dance
And follow with them through the plain's expanse;
Then from my sight, as surf by sea-winds blown
The mists depart, the memories dance alone.
MAY EARLE, *Cosmo Venucci, Singer* (Prelude).

The past is quick within my heart and strong,
Old memories from their phantom wanderings throng
Closely around me, and lost voices call
Athwart the wind.

MAY EARLE, *Cosmo Venucci, Singer* (Prelude).

When a' the house are gane to sleep
  I sit my leefu' lane,
An' muse till fancy streaks her wing,
  An' I am young again.
Again I wanner thro' the wuds,
  Again I seem to sing
Some waefu' auld warld ballant strain,
  Till a' the echoes ring.

JANET HAMILTON, *A Ballad of Memoric, st.* 5.

Her face is still as covered wells
  Grown separate of use,
And o'er its stirless wisdom dwells
  Inviolable truce.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN, *Green Arras : Buried Treasure, st.* 4.

Days glad in life, and sad in memory.

P. B. MARSTON, *A Last Harvest : When in the darkness I wake up alone, l.* 12.

  Memory . . .
Is quieter than Hope, and happier too.

"OWEN MEREDITH" (LORD LYTTON), *Marah : Death, ll.* 17–18.

Listen, and when thy hand this paper presses,
  O time-worn woman, think of her who blesses
What thy thin fingers touch, with her caresses.

ALICE MEYNELL, *Poems : A Letter from a Girl to her own Old Age, st.* 1.

Bid Memory "Hence!" as an unwelcome guest.
And smite the joyous chords of Life again.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, *At the Wind's Will : Lethe, ll.* 7–8.

Now Memory, false, spendthrift Memory,
  Disloyal treasure-keeper of the soul.

S. J. O'GRADY, *Lough Bray, ll* 1–2.

Thou fill'st from the winged chalice of the soul
Thy lamp, O Memory, fire-winged to its goal.

D. G. ROSSETTI, *Mnemosyne.*

'Tis not the love we get, but that we give,
  Which leaves glad memories for the coming years,—

WALTER C. SMITH, *A Heretic, etc. : A Dark Evening, st.* 5.

Why is it when love, which men call deathless is dead,
That Memory, men call fugitive, will not die?

ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil : A Tune, ll.* 3–4.

Thou comest not with shows of flaunting vines
Unto mine inner eye,
Divinest Memory!
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Ode to Memory, IV.*

'Tis when the Christmas joy-bells fill the air
That memory comes with half-reproachful eyes
To hold before the soul its legacies,
Of grief and joy from Christmas-songs that were.
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *The Coming of Love, etc: Christmas at the Mermaid: A Friend of Marlowe's, ll.* 1–4.

Ménu.

The maynoo that wuz spread that night wuz mighty hard to beat,—
Though somewhat awkward to pernounce, it wuz not so to eat:
There wuz puddins, pies, an' sandwidges, an' forty kinds uv sass,
An' floatin' Ireland, custards, tarts, an' patty dee foy grass.
An' millions uv Cove oysters wuz a-settin' round in pans,
'Nd other native fruits an' things that grow out West in cans.
EUGENE FIELD, *A Little Book of Western Verse: The Conversazzhyony, ll.* 81–6.

Mer-baby.

A mer-baby—all pale and dead,—
Left stranded by the ebbing tides,—
With sea-weeds wreathed about its head,
And silver fins upon its sides.
VIOLET FANE, *Poems: The Mer-Baby, st.* 2.

Mercenaries.

"And men and children,—ay, and women too,
Fighting for home, are rather to be feared
Than mercenaries fighting for their pay."
ROBERT BROWNING *Colombe's Birthday act III.* (Valence).

Merchant.

The Land, it boasts its titled hosts,—they could not vie with these,
The Merchants of Old England, the Seigneurs of the Seas,
In the days of Great Elizabeth, when they sought the Western Main,
Maugre and spite the Caesar's might, and the menaces of Spain.
* * * * * * *
In the days of Queen Victoria, far they have borne her sway,
From the far Atlantic islands, to the islands of Cathay.
G. SMYTHE [VISCOUNT STRANGFORD], *The Merchants of Old England*

Mercy.

"Yet too much mercy is a want of mercy,
And wastes more life."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act I., sc.* 5 (Renard).

Mermaid.

Their long, fair tresses, tinged with gold,
  Lay floating on the ocean-streams,
And such their brows as bards behold—
  Love-stricken bards—in morning dreams.
W. C. BRYANT, *A Day-Dream, st.* 5.

"We are sea-nymphs, sea-green-haired,
  Liquid-voiced and liquid-eyed.
We will float with bosoms bared
  On old Neptune's happy tide;
There our filmy smocks to bleach
  In the sun, and soft west wind;
Mortals, gazing from the beach
  Think them foam-crests, fairy-blind."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *An Unhistorical Pastoral, act V., sc.* 1 (6th Fairy).

I would be a mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole of the day;
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;
And still as I comb'd I would sing—
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Mermaid, II.*

Merman.

I would be a merman bold,
I would sit and sing the whole of the day;
I would fill the sea-halls with a voice of power;
But at night I would roam abroad and play.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Merman, II.*

Merry and Wise.

Was it yesterday? Well, if we like we shall say so.
  'Tis better by far to be merry than wise;
And when the heart's young the year's always in May, so
  Why carefully count every moment that flies?
C. C. R[HYS], *Up for the Season: A Song of Yesterday, st.* 1.

Message.

"The poet's message, comforting the sad,
Admonishing the happy."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, III., sc.* 1 (Urania).

A message late is a message lost.
HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race: The Last Word, st.* 5.

Meteor.

Like some meteor shining mild
In autumn skies, when shadowy reapers set
Their upward sheaves against the harvest moon,
Slides down the milky arc of spangled heaven
And seems to meet the ground a mile away—
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical: Phaethon, ll.* 154–8.

Midas.

This is Midas: as they tell us,
All he touches turns to gold,
But his gift scarce makes us jealous;
For what good is there in treasure,
Treasure more than man can hold.

MICHAEL FIELD, *Underneath the Bough: The Fourth Book of Songs, Song* 25.

Middle-Age.

The jolly learned man of middle age,
Cheek and jowl all in laps with fat and law.

ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, I., ll.* 1131–2.

"Behold me now
A man not old, but mellow, like good wine."

STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Ulysses, act III., sc.* 2 (Ctesippus).

Midge.

Whence do ye come, ye creatures? Each of you
Is perfect as an angel! wings and eyes
Stupendous in their beauty—gorgeous dyes
In feathery fields of purple and of blue.

GEORGE MACDONALD, *On a Midge, ll.* 1–4.

Midnight.

Is it for work? There comes no fool to bore us:
Midnight intoxicates the human swine.
Ay, they are uttering now the snore sonorous—
Such folk drink heavily whene'er they dine.
I, pen in hand, with all the gods for chorus,
Write then my clearest thought, my noblest line.
Midnight is mine.

MORTIMER COLLINS, *Midnight is Mine, st.* 3.

A shaded lamp and a waving blind,
And the beat of a clock from a distant floor:
On this scene enter—winged, horned, and spined—
A longlegs, a moth, and a dumbledore;
While 'mid my page there idly stands
A sleepy fly, that rubs its hands . . .

THOMAS HARDY, *Poems of the Past and the Present: An August Midnight, st.* 1.

Mien.

And she came all unattended,—her protection in her mien.

T. BUCHANAN READ, *Christine*, p. 20.

Might.

They rose in dark and evil days
  To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze
  That nothing shall withstand.
Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—
  They fell, and passed away;
But true men, like you, men,
  Are plenty here to-day.
J. K. INGRAM, *The Memory of the Dead, st.* 5.

His was the mathematical might
  That moulds results from men and things—
T. C. IRWIN, *from* CAESAR, *st. V.*

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Evangeline, Pt. I., 3, l.* 32.

Might and Right.

Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be.
W. C. BRYANT, *Our Country's Call, st.* 7.

". . . for all things serve their time
Toward that great year of equal mights and rights."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, IV., ll.* 55–6 (Ida).

Might have been.

O Death! O Change! O Time!
Without you, O, the insufferable eyes
Of these poor Might-Have-Beens,
These fatuous, ineffectual Yesterdays!
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems: Rhymes and Rhythms, XIII. To James McNeill Whistler, ll.* 27–30.

Boanerges Blitzen, servant of the Queen,
Is a dismal failure—is a Might-have-been.
RUDYARD KIPLING, *Departmental Ditties: The Man who could Write, st.* 1.

Tastes, instincts, feelings, passions, powers,
  Sleep there unfelt, unseen;
And other lives lie hid in ours—
  The lives that might have been.
W. E. H. LECKY, *Undeveloped Lives, st.* 2.

Reading into the unknown
Hopes that we have long outgrown,
Weaving into the unseen
Tidings of the might-have-been.
S. R. LYSAGHT, *Poems of the Unknown: The Undiscovered Shore; The Unexplored, st.* 5.

. . . what might have been, and was not,
You then will honour more than what has been;
And life, when lost, will have what now it has not,
Your wish, at least, that its set suns had seen
The day that was not.
"OWEN MEREDITH" (LORD LYTTON), *Marah: When all is Over, st.* 3.

Look in my face; my name is Might-have-been;
I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell.
D. G. ROSSETTI, *The House of Life, Pt. II.: Sonnet XCVII., ll.* 1–2.

Lost, lost! and now the mists, low trailing, screen
The visioned glories that I once have seen,
And all the hours are grey and cold and mean—
Lost, lost my life—and O the might have been!
WALTER C. SMITH, *The Hours, st.* 5.

The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, LXXV., st.* 4.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"
J. G. WHITTIER, *Maud Muller, ll.* 105–6.

Mignonette.

". . . modest mignonette,
That, nowhere seen, surmised is everywhere."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act IV., sc. VI.* (Candida).

Mile-stone.

The milestones in the hedgerow placed,
By wayfarers espied,
Will signify the distance paced,
And little else beside;
They ease no pilgrim of his load,
Nor make his sandals pinch,
Nor shorten or extend the road
By half an inch!
ALFRED COCHRANE, *To Posthumus, st.* 5.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-stone;
Is the central point from which he measures
Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Birds of Passage: The Golden Mile-Stone, st.* 9.

Milk, Spilt.

Since milk, though spilt and spoilt, does marble good,
Better be down on knees and scrub the floor,
Than sigh, "the waste would make a syllabub!"
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, VII.: Pompilia,* 505–7.

Milking.

With happy youth, and work content,
So sweet and stately on she went,
  Right careless of the untold tale.
Each step she took I loved her more,
And followed to her dairy door
  The maiden with the milking-pail.
JEAN INGELOW, *Reflections, st. 9.*

Milky-Way.

And long we watched the starlight and the realms
Of silver silence in the Milky Way,
  And magic isles of the Magellan clouds.
S. R. LYSAGHT, *Poems of the Unknown Way : The Undiscovered Shore, Midnight, st. 2.*

Mill.

The mill goes toiling slowly around,
  With steady and solemn creak.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse : Nightfall in Dordrecht, st. 1.*

Huge mills whose windows had the look
Of eager eyes that ill could brook
The Sabbath rest.
J. G. WHITTIER, *Miriam, ll. 17–9.*

Milton.

God-gifted organ-voice of England,
  Milton, a name to resound for ages.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Milton, ll. 3–4.*

Mind.

" . . . mind is nothing but disease
And natural health is ignorance."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus, IV.* (Paracelsus).

"Take courage" *quoth he,* "and respect the mind
Your Maker gave, for good your fate fulfil."
JEAN INGELOW, *Honours, Pt. I, st. 53.*

To hold the pure delights of brain
Above light loves and sweet champagne.
For, you and I, we did eschew,
The egoistic "I" and "you."
AMY LEVY, *A London Plane Tree : Odds and Ends; Philosophy, st. 5.*

Mind is the only diadem of power.
GERALD MASSEY, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc. : Eighteen Hundred and Forty-eight, st. 10.*

"The tongue hath sworn, the mind remains unsworn."
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Gycia, act I., sc. 1* (Lysimachus).

The work of the world must still be done,
And minds are many though truth be one.
HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race : The Echo, st.* 2.

" And what is 'mind'?"—a last one cries,
" A perfume, spark, or wind?
A shadow's shadow! Nay, ye wise,
Nay, tell me what is 'mind'?"
SAMUEL WADDINGTON, *Sonnets, etc. :* "Αλλος ἄλλο λέγει, *st.* 6.

Mind your own business.

Child, gather garment round thee, pass nor pry!
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, XII. : The Book and the Ring, l.* 511.

Miner.

He's rough in his ways—a miner. He's grimed wi' the grime o' coal—
G. R. SIMS, *The Dagonet and other Poems : A Lancashire Lad, st.* 3.

Ministry.

In uncomplaining ministry of good.
REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets Round the Coast : By the Esk at Whitby, l.* 8.

Minnows.

Or from the bridge I lean'd to hear
The mill dam rushing down with noise,
And see the minnows everywhere
In crystal eddies glance and poise.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Miller's Daughter, st.* 7.

Mint.

Mint in midstream rises fragrant,
Dressed in green and lilac brave.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs : Autumn, I., st.* 4.

Minuet.

Through all the land the tragic news has spread,
And all the land has mourn'd the Minuet dead.
CATHERINE M. FANSHAWE, *Elegy on the Abrogation of the Birth-Night Ball, ll.* 132–3 [in *Songs of Society*, ed. W. Davenport-Adams].

Miracles.

With deafen'd ear and all-imperfect eye
Why should'st thou *any* Miracles deny?
WALTER EARLE, *Home Poems : A Thought on "The X Rays."*

Mirror.

Ah! could that glass but hold the faintest trace
  Of all the loveliness once mirrored there,
  The clustering glory of the shadowy hair
That framed so well the dear young angel face!
  JOHN HAY, *Pike County Ballads: A Haunted Room, st. 2.*

Mirth.

. . . Make not of mirth
An endless feast, lest the wide world of weeds
And flowers, that grow together, afterwards
Seem as that wilderness.
  FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece: Alcaeus, VII., ll. 253–6.*

Miserere.

Miserere, Domine!
The words are utter'd, and they flee.
Deep is their penitential moan,
Mighty their pathos, but 'tis gone.
  MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Epilogue to Lessing's Laocoön, ll. 89–92.*

Misery.

"The worst of misery
Is when a nature framed for noblest things
Condemns itself in youth to petty joys,
And, sore athirst for air, breathes scanty life
Gasping from out the shallows."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. III.* (Zarca).

"Alas! I speak of heaven who am in hell!
I speak of change of days, who know full well
How hopeless now is change from misery:
I speak of time destroyed, when unto me
Shall the world's minutes be as lapse of years;
I speak of love who know how my life bears
The bitter hate which I must face to-day—
I speak of thee, and know thee passed away,
Ne'er to come back to help or pity me."
  WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise, The Lovers of Gudrun: Kiartan brought dead to Bathstead, ll. 45–53* (Eodli).

Weary and worldly, she
Had quite resigned herself to misery
In this sad vale of tears, but fully meant
To nurse her sorrow in a sumptuous fashion.
  WALTER C. SMITH, *Olrig Grange: Editorial III., ll. 23–6.*

A gorgeous, pious, comfortable life
Of misery.
  WALTER C. SMITH, *Olrig Grange: Editorial III., ll. 40–1.*

O—children—there is nothing upon earth
More miserable than she that has a son
And sees him err.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, III., ll.* 242–4 (Ida).

Misjudging.

Ah! half in darkness on this earth we dwell,
Not in the light, but shadow, of the truth;
Confounding good with evil, heaven with hell,
Misjudging rage and hate for love and ruth.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act III., st.* 237.

Mist.

The muffled mist came trailing up the leas,
Hemmed in the landscape, front, and flank, and rear.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act I., st.* 150.

Look you, from out the margin rush-beds creep
Faint mists which move as ghosts upon the flood
To haunt the night and vanish with the morn.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: a Tale of the Thames, ch. XXII., ll.* 382–4.

The rolling mist came down and hid the land.
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Sands of Dee, st.* 2.

But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist
Like that which kept the heart of Eden green
Before the useful trouble of the rain.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Geraint and Enid, II., ll.* 771–3.

Mistletoe.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
But the Baron's retainers were blythe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.
THOMAS H. BAYLY, *The Mistletoe Bough, st.* 1.

Mistletoe, then, cannot flourish,
Cannot find the food to nourish
But on other plant when planted—
And for kissing two are wanted.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Mistletoe, ll.* 54–7.

Misunderstanding.

Folks never understand the folks they hate:
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. II., Letter* 2.

Moan.

. . . only the low moan
Of the tired waters, like remorseful sighs
Of weary vengeance, rose and fell among
The rocks.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Daphne, etc.: Halcyone X., ll.* 2–5.

Mockery.

"... he never mocks,
For mockery is the fume of little hearts."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Guinevere, ll.* 626–7 (Guinevere).

Mad boys will ride a horse to death, and find
Diversion in destruction; flay live eels;
Stick gilded flies on pins; and do to death
Strength less than theirs; but Mockery is a maid.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece: The Armoury, ll.* 151–4.

Mocking-bird.

The merry-making mocking-bird—
Who long ago had robbed the birds
Of all the songs they ever sang.
"ARISTO," *The Moon of Leaves, ll.* 443–5.

The sweet lay of the mocking-bird
Rings in the morning air.
W. C. BRYANT, *Song, st.* 1.

And when the darkness fell around, a mocking-bird was nigh,
Inviting pleasant, soothing dreams with his sweet lullaby.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse: Plaint of the Missouri 'Coon, ll.* 17–8.

Then from a neighbouring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow-spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Evangeline, Pt. II., 2, ll.* 133–6.

Moderation.

"... and this prayer last of all:
That even in thy victory thou show,
Mortal, the moderation of a man."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Merope* (Merope).

Yields for the time, to gain the far-off end,
By moderation doubling victory.
FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, *The Visions of England: Alfred the Great, Sonnet III., ll.* 13–4.

For some cry "Quick" and some cry "Slow,"
But, while the hills remain,
Up hill "Too-slow" will need the whip,
Down hill "Too-quick" the chain.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Politics, ll.* 9–12.

Monarchy.

And what so fair has the world beholden,
  And what so firm has withstood the years,
As Monarchy bound in chains all golden,
  And Freedom guarded about with peers?
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday: A Word from the Psalmist, V.*

Money. See also **Wealth.**

They may talk as they please about what they call pelf,
And how one ought never to think of one's self,
How pleasures of thought surpass eating and drinking,
My pleasure of thought is the pleasure of thinking
  How pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
  How pleasant it is to have money.
A. H. CLOUGH, *Spectator ab Extra, st. 3.*

Older, but not half so wise:
  Now we have a sense of gold.
Long ago gold might go. . .
  Coin might wait till souls grew old.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Older, st. 2.*

Manners used to make the man,
It is only money can
  Now-a-days.
J. JEMMETT-BROWNE, *Now-a-days, st. 9.* [in *Songs of Society*, ed. W. Davenport Adams].

"It has been truly said by some wise man,
That money, grief, and love cannot be hidden."
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Spanish Student, act II., sc. 3* (Hypolito).

I du believe hard coin the stuff
  Fer 'lectioneers to spout on;
The people's ollers soft enough
  To make hard money out on;
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. I., Letter 6.*

". . . two things divine
Among all delicate things I hold,
Gold even as love, love even as gold,
Neither of them the fairer thing."
ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil: The Dance of the Seven Sins* (Avarice).

Mongrel.

Backward moves the kindly dial;
  And I'm numbered once again
With those noblest of their species
  Called emphatically "Men":
Loaf, as I have loafed aforetime,
  Through the streets, with tranquil mind,
And a long-backed fancy-mongrel
  Trailing casually behind.
C. S. CALVERLEY, *"Hic vir, Hic est," st. 3.*

Monk.

" Be not austere :
Outward austerity, as oft as not,
Is but the friar's serge 'neath which there lurks
More taste for sack than sackcloth."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act I., sc.* 1 (Lorenzo).

Look, two and two go the priests, then the monks with cowls and sandals,
And the penitents dressed in white shirts, a-holding the yellow candles.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics : Up at a Villa—Down in the City, st.* 10.

They were not all bad, and they were not all good
Who wore the Monk's girdle and sandal and hood—
But some of them padded the Cross they bore.
WALTER C. SMITH, *The Abbey, st.* 6 (Raban, p. 84).

" I cannot tell why monks should all be cowards."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Becket, act V., sc.* 2 (Becket).

Monkey.

These four-handed folk,
Monkey, and Ape, and Marmoset, long-tailed,
Fur-bonneted, black-maned, with mocking eyes
And old men's faces, chatter, scream, and crack
The painted bush-rat's nuts, or filch from bees
Their hoarded honey.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Voyage of Ithobal, The Third Day, ll.* 320–5.

. . . the pertest little ape
That ever affronted human shape.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Flight of the Duchess, V., ll.* 1–2.

A misanthropic monkey, grey and grim,
Bearing a lot that has no remedy
For want of concert in the monkey tribe.
" GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. I.*

Quick-chattering apes, that yet in mockery
Of anxious men wrinkle their ugly brows.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise : Story of Cupid and Psyche, ll.* 714–5.

Who asks an ape to throw a coco-nut
Should take it not amiss if it be thrown
On his own head, as echo answers song.
C. G. LELAND, *Songs of the Sea and Lays of the Land : The Story of a Lie, st.* 1.

Monsoon.

. . . the soft monsoon—
Prayed for of Arab sailors—breathing mild
Out of the white North-West, shall waft us on
Whither I know not, nor its winds nor tides.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Voyage of Ithobal: The Second Day*, *ll.* 267–70.

Monsters.

As to and fro about the quivering cage
The monsters rushed in blind and helpless rage.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *Life and Death of Jason, bk. VIII.*, *ll.* 129–30.

Moods.

Her moods, good lack, they pass like showers!
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Tristram and Iseult* (narrative).

"My mood is wild, but careful of offence."
"MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act III.*, *sc.* 4 (Queen Mary).

. . . moods of woman veer
And shift as swallows shift in evening sky;
Our fairest idols one day drop to dust;
And yet we give devotion, for we must.
PERCY E. PINKERTON, *Galeazzo, etc.: Galeazzo*, *st.* 32.

Moon.

Lady! in this night of June,
Fair like thee and holy,
Art thou gazing at the moon
That is rising slowly?
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Lyrics: A Night in June*, *st.* 1.

I hide myself in the cloud that flies
From the west and drops on the hill's grey shoulder,
And I gleam thro' the cloud with my panther-eyes,
While the stars turn paler, the dews grow colder;
I veil my naked glory in mist,
Quivering downward and dewily glistening.
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Undertones, VII.: Selene the Moon*, *st.* 1.

Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *st.* 5.

No more a vision, reddened, largened,
The moon dips toward her mountain nest,
And, fringing it with palest argent,
Slow sheathes herself behind the margent
Of that long cloud-bar in the West.
J. R. LOWELL, *Pictures from Appledore, VI.*, *ll.* 51–5.

The moon was sinking in the dim green west,
Curled upward, half-way to the horizon's brink,
A leaf of glory falling to its rest.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Love's Ordeal*, *st.* 20.

. . . lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : The Passing of Arthur*, *ll.* 359–60.

Moon, Harvest.

Like some lone saint with upward eyes,
Lost in the deeps of prayer.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Songs of the Days and Nights : Songs of the Autumn Nights, I.*, *st.* 4.

Moon, New.

That glimmering curve of tender rays
Just planted in the sky.
W. C. BRYANT, *The New Moon*, *st.* 2.

Moonbeam.

In through the window a moonbeam comes,
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings.
EUGENE FIELD, *A Little Book of Western Verse : Japanese Lullaby*, *st.* 3.

Moor.

A lonely moor
Without one beaten way,
And slow clouds drifting dull before
A wind that will not stay.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Tell Me*, *st.* 4.

Moorhen.

. . . where beside the woodland's edge,
In dells of grass and fern,
The moorhen flutters to the sedge
That rims the sparkling burn.
ALFRED COCHRANE, *Philosophy of the Summer*, *st.* 5.

Moorland.

A wild brown moorland underneath,
And four pools breaking up the heath
With white low gleamings, blank as death.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Vision of Poets*, *st.* 42.

Morning.

Now the "rosy morn appearing"
Floods with light the dazzled heaven;
And the schoolboy groans on hearing
That eternal clock strike seven:—
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Ode : "On a Distant Prospect" of Making a Fortune*, *st.* 1.

A poet's face asleep is this grey morn.
ALICE MEYNELL, *Poems : Sonnet : In February, l.* 4.

. . . morn
Has lifted the dark eyelash of the Night
From off the rosy cheek of waking day.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Akbar's Dream, ll.* 190–2.

Mortgage.

Worm or beetle—drought or tempest—on a farmer's land may fall ;
But for first-class ruination, trust a mortgage 'gainst them all.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals : The Festival of Industry ; The Tramp's Story, ll.* 7–8.

Moss.

With blackest moss the flower-pots
Were thickly crusted, one and all.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Mariana, st.* 1.

Moth.

Moth's wings, like missals scrolled
With capitals of gold,
That sombre covers fold,—
ANON., *Songs of Lucilla : To ", st.* 4.

The happy moth that once has found its flame
Will fly to kiss't and singed will fly again,
And even when shrivelled up in agony
Will crawl once more to kiss it, and to die.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell : A Tale of the Thames, ch. VII., ll.* :–5

The long-mantled moths that sleep at noon
And rove in the light of the gentler moon.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Lessons for a Child, ll.* 11–2.

. . . woodland birds discoursing on the wrongs
Of madcap moths and bachelor butterflies.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc. : First Litany, Virgo Dulcis, st.* 18.

The moth will singe her wings, and singed return,
Her love of light quenching her fear of pain—
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Ballads, etc. : Sir John Oldcastle. Lord Cobham, ll.* 145–6.

Mother ; Motherhood.

The low, heart-broken, and wailing strain
Of a mother that mourns her children slain.
W. C. BRYANT, *Rizpah, ll.* 13–4.

Many men, my lord,
Of hardihood sufficient have been known
To hold the memories of their mothers dear.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *The Last Ballad, etc. : The Ordeal, ll.* 241–3.

. . . she was the dawn of beauty;
Fit mother for a group of stalwart sons
To roll along the universe of duty.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. II.: Eve, st. 2.*

What matter if the cheek show not the rose,
Nor eyes divine are there nor queenly grace?
The mother's glory lights the homely face.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life: The Ode of Perfect Years, Pt. II., ll. 77–9.*

"The bearing and the training of a child
Is woman's wisdom."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, V., ll. 455–6* (King).

We cannot tell what blessed forces move,
And so transform the careless girlish heart
To bear so high a part.
We cannot tell; we can but praise.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life: The Ode of Perfect Years, Pt. II., ll. 53–6.*

Mother Carey's Chickens.

When you see Mother Carey's chickens,
Yo ho oh!
Then look out to catch the dickens!
C. G. LELAND, *Songs of the Sea and Lays of the Land: Mother Carey, st. 3.*

Motion

We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was seething free.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Lotos-Eaters, Choric Song, VIII.*

Motor-car.

I seed it in the stable yard—it fairly turned me sick—
A greasy, wheezy engine as can neither buck nor kick.
You've a screw to drive it forrard, and a screw to make it stop,
For it was foaled in a smithy stove an' bred in a blacksmith shop.

It didn't want no stable, it didn't ask no groom,
It didn't need no nothin' but a bit o' standin' room.
Just fill it up with paraffin an' it would go all day,
Which the same should be agin the law if I could 'ave my way.
A. CONAN DOYLE, *Songs of Action: The Groom's Story, st. 6–7.*

What rushes through the crowded streets
With whirring noise and throbbing beat,
Exhaling odours far from sweet?
The motor-car.
Motor Questions, st. 1 (in Punch, etc., CXXIII., No. 3196, 8 Oct., 1902).

Mourners.

So gentle was her death—so blest—
  Under the covering cross,
That even those who loved her best
  Could scarcely mourn their loss.
SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards : Lady Agnes*, st. 62.

Mouth.

. . . sure, the South
Crept up the wall and kissed her mouth,—
That wistful mouth, which comes to me
Linked with her name of Dorothy.
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Vignettes in Rhyme : Dorothy*, st. 2.

The mouth with steady sweetness set,
  And eyes conveying unaware
The distant hint of some regret
  That harboured there.
JEAN INGELOW, *The Letter L. : Absent*, st. 13.

Mowers.

The wide-ranked mowers wading to the knee,
Their sharp scythes panting through the thick-set grass.
J. R. LOWELL, *An Indian-Summer Reverie*, st. 18.

Murder ; Murderer.

"Murder!—but what *is* murder? When a wretch
For private gain or hatred takes a life,
We call it murder, crush him, brand his name.
But when, for some great public cause, an arm
Is, without love or hate, austerely raised,
Against a power exempt from common checks,
Dangerous to all, to be but thus annull'd—
Ranks any man with murder such an act?
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Merope* (Polyphontes).

Nothing absolute, nought settled—from the murderer's point of view
Murder, doubtless, seems quite different, quite a saintly thing to do.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Crucifixion of Man, Pt. III. : Life of Caleb Smith*, st. 300.

Christians sitting at their breakfast o'er their sausage and their toast,
Reading in the morning paper that a murderer is to die,
Feel a thrill of keen excitement. Murders have a charm for most.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. III. : Christ and the Philosopher*, st. 11.

Soon falls the house mark'd with the cross of Cain!"
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Napoleon Fallen* (Strophe II).

"My child, most of our dearest friends are murderers:
They murder time and life and wit and oddity,
They murder God in Sabbath's hideous wearisome,
They murder poetry by making prose of it,
They murder love in fashionable marriages,
They murder beauty through the odious milliners,
They murder truth in the atrocious newspapers."
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Comedy of Dreams* (Astrologos).

"Truly, murder is like the small-pox; those infected, if they be of sound habit, may recover, and no blemish on their skin; others there are—it will be up hill down dale with their complexions to their lives' end . . ."
"MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act IV., sc. 2* (Lethington).

Murmur.

A murmur such as west winds weave in June.
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Undertones, III.: Pan., l. 3.*

The bee-like murmur of the busy street.
SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc.: Gythia, st. 17.*

In the stream the trees sway, but the murmur of these
Is lost in the murmur of waters, that bound,
Like an echo asleep, the return of the sound.
LAURENCE HOUSMAN, *Green Arras: The Gazing Fawn, st. 1.*

Surely a hollow murmur stole
From wizard bough and ghostly bole.
WILLIAM WATSON, *The Father of the Forest, Pt. II., st. 1.*

Muse.

Mine is an urban Muse, and bound
By some strange law to paven ground;
Abroad she pouts;—she is not shy
On London stones!
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Essays in Old French Forms: "On London Stones," st. 3.*

Mushrooms.

Oh meadows, where were wont to camp,
White mushrooms, rosy-gilled,
At dawn we gathered, dewy-damp,—
Until the basket filled!—
ANON., *Songs of Lucilla: Reminiscences of Childhood, st. 1.*

Music.

For music's soul and passion's soul are one;
And music still will reign while young hearts dream.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Crucifixion of Man, Dedication, st. 13.*

"Or what can add a mystery to the dark,
As doth his measured music when it moves
With rhythmic sweetness through the void of night?"
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Prometheus the Firegiver, ll.* 748–50 (Prometheus).

"... 'tis music's skill
To comfort and wean sorrow's heart away
With beautiful distractions from its woe."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *The Return of Ulysses, act IV., ll.* 1488–90 (Penelope).

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by-and-by.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae: Abt Vogler, st.* 10.

"Music is the stalk
And flower of health, and most remedial."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Self's the Man, act IV.* (Physician).

"Nature in Gluck inspiring Orpheus,
Has done with nightingales. Are bird-beaks lips?"
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Legend of Jubal, etc.: Armgart,* sc. 1., *ll.* 95–6 (Leo).

"If music is played soft
At amorous, dusky hour,—why, poets say,
It draws reluctant lovers to its course,
As a lone, female dove with luring note,
Draws her mate homeward on firm, open wings."
MICHAEL FIELD, *The Tragic Mary, act II., sc.* 4 (Queen Mary).

We know they music made
In heaven, ere man's creation;
But when God threw it down to us that strayed,
It dropt with lamentation,
And ever since doth its sweetness shade
With sighs for its first station.
JEAN INGELOW, *A Cottage in a Chine, st.* 9.

The sound of singing and the gurgling throb
Of lute and viol,—meant for many things
But most for misery.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc.: Eighth Litany, Domina Exaudi, st.* 10.

Oft times the sweetest music is made
By the voices of the sad.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. I.: Alone, ll.* 45–6.

The music of a noble life and true!
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends: The Singing of the Magnificat, st.* 32.

Some heard him chanting, though but to himself,
The old heroic names: and went their way:
And hummed his music on the march to death.
HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race: The Non-Combatant*, *ll.* 15–7.

. . . a strange, pathetic air
Wherein both love and tears had met;
It spoke of passion, of despair,
And all the anguish of regret.
PERCY E. PINKERTON, *Galeazzo, etc.: Musica Veneziana*, *st.* 4.

The half of music, I have heard men say,
Is to have grieved; when comes the lonely wail
Over the mind.
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Poems: Marpessa*, *ll.* 244–6.

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Lotos-Eaters, Choric Song I.*

Music, the soul of all things beautiful.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece: Anaktoria XIII.*, *l.* 28.

. : : sweet melodies heard carelessly,
But singing in the heart for years to come.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece: Sappho, VIII.*, *ll.* 56–7.

Musician.

The inspired musician what a range,
What power of passion, wealth of change!
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Epilogue to Lessing's Laocoön*, *ll.* 81–2.

Musing.

These musing fits in the green wood
They cloud the brain, they dull the blood!
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Tristram and Iseult* (Narrative).

Must.

For work we must, and what we see, we see,
And God He knows, and what must be, must be.
A. H. CLOUGH, *Ite domum saturae, venit hesperus*, *st.* 7.

"Must! by God,
I know not *must* but as a word of mine,
My tongue's and not mine ear's familiar."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Mary Stuart*, *act IV.*, *sc.* 1 (Elizabeth).

Mystery.

What use to brood? this life of mingled pains
And joys to me,
Despite of every Faith and Creed, remains
The Mystery.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *To Mary Boyle, st.* 13.

Nagging.

Not good it is to harp on the frayed string.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: Bellerophon at Argos, Argument, l.* 479.

Naiad.

A gleaming shoulder cut the stream, and lo!
I saw the glistening Naiad rise:
She floated, like a lily white as snow,
With half-closed eyes.
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Undertones, IX.: Orpheus the Musician, st.* 4.

Nap.

The barons swore, with many words,
'Twas but an after-dinner's nap.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Day-Dream, The Revival: st.* 3.

Napoleon III.

"A crafty, strange, mysterious sort of birth,
Jealous, green-eyed, big-brain'd, and weak of feet."
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *The Drama of Kings: The Teuton against Paris* (Chancellor).

Narrow Way.

Pursue the slenderest path across a lawn:
Lo! on the broad highway it issues forth,
And, blended with the greater track, goes on,
Over the surface of the mighty earth.
W. C. BRYANT, *The Path, st.* 10.

Nations.

Nations are long results, by ruder ways
Gathering the might that warrants length of days;
They may be pieced of half-reluctant shares
Welded by hammer-strokes of broad-brained kings.
Or from a doughty people grow, the heirs
Of wise traditions widening cautious rings.
J. R. LOWELL, *Under the Old Elm, IV., 2, ll.* 1–6.

Not with dreams, but with blood and with iron,
Shall a nation be moulded to last.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday: A Word for the Country, st.* 13.

Nationalist.

Each nation master at its own fireside—
The claim is just, and so one day 'twill be;
But a wise race the time of fruit will bide,
Nor pluck th' unripen'd apple from the tree.

J. K. INGRAM, *Nationality.*

Native Land.

. . . the world is great,
But each has but his own land in the world.

A. C. SWINBURNE, *Mary Stuart at Solway Firth, May 16, 1568* [from *Chronicle History of Bothwell, act V., sc. 13*].

Nativity.

How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world for ever!
To that still moment, none would heed,
Man's doom was linked no more to sever—
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

ALFRED DOMETT, *The Nativity, st. 4.*

Nature.

For Nature is a mirror, to reflect
Man's many moods, faith, doubt, fear, fancy, aught
That may rejoice his spirit or deject.

ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act I., st. 161.*

If Nature is to be my guide,
I doubt her fitness for the part,
Rebuke her ruthlessness, and chide
Her lack of soul, her want of heart.

ALFRED AUSTIN, *At the Gate of the Convent, etc.: Nature and the Book, st. 13.*

"Know, Nature, like the cuckoo, laughs at law,
Placing her eggs in whatso nest she will."

ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act I., sc. 1* (Lorenzo).

Ah, Nature—baffled she recurs, alas!
Nature imperiously exacts her due,
Spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.

ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, IX.: Juris Doctor Johannes-Baptista Bottinius, ll. 732–4.*

Wisely, my son, while yet the days are long,
And this fair change of seasons passes slow,
Gather and treasure up the good they yield.

W. C. BRYANT, *The Old Man's Counsel.*

God takes great care of Mammoths, Mastodons, and Whales,
Of course too of Leviathan,—
But sprats and centipedes, the myriad worms and snails,
Poor things, must get on as they can.

WALTER EARLE, *Home Poems: All or Nothing, st. 1.*

The song of Nature's singing
Is as a mighty psalm
A sea where life is winging
O'er soundless depths of calm.

MAY EARLE, *Cosmo Venucci, Singer, st.* 14.

I cleave
To Nature's blunders, evanescent types
Which sages banish from Utopia.

"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Legend of Jubal, etc. : A Minor Prophet, ll.* 174–6.

That's Northun natur', slow an' apt to doubt,
But when it *doos* git stirred, there's no gin-out!

J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. II., Letter* 6.

What we call Nature, all outside ourselves,
Is but our own conceit of what we see,
Our own reaction upon what we feel.

J. R. LOWELL, *The Cathedral, ll.* 104–6.

"Nature overstrained
Beyond the tension of her proper use,
Snaps with a sudden injury to him
Who does her violence."

REV. CANON G. E. MASON, *Claudia, act I., sc.* 1 (Victor).

All things are bound in one
In earth and heaven, nor is there any gulf
'Twixt things that live,—the flower that was a life,
The life that is a flower,—but one sure chain
Binds all.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades, bk. II., Hades : Narcissus, ll.* 182–6.

. . . even nature is sometimes kind—

SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. I., In Trafalgar Square, st.* 7.

The soft south wind, the flowers amid the grass,
The fragrant earth, the sweet sounds everywhere,
Seemed gifts too great almost for man to bear.

WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise : The Story of Rhodope, st.* 23.

Nature will have her way;
Will mend by night what you mar by day,
And laugh at the man who would say her Nay.
Tree cannot pluck up its roots and go,
Restless stream cannot cease to flow,
Each must obey the high Law given
To the things of earth by the Lord of Heaven.

WALTER C. SMITH, *A Heretic, etc. : A Heretic, ll.* 87–93.

Are God and Nature then at strife,
  That Nature lends such evil dreams?
  So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, LV., st. 2.*

For nature is one with rapine, a harm no preacher can heal,
The Mayfly is torn by the swallow, the sparrow spear'd by the shrike,
And the whole little wood where I sit is a world of plunder and prey.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, P'. I., IV., st. 4.*

. . . calm heights and breadths
Of vision, whence I saw each blade of grass
With roots that groped about eternity,
And in each drop of dew upon each blade
The mirror of the inseparable All.
WILLIAM WATSON, *To Edward Dowden, ll. 33–7.*

Naughtiness.

"Love and naughtiness are always in their teens."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Prince Lucifer, act III., sc. 1* (Crone).

Naval Brigade.

His march is a go-as-you-please;
  He most keeps step with hisself!
For his boots ain't conducive to ease,
  Bein' mostly kept packed on a shelf!
Tho' he isn't so span or so spic—
  Tho' his marchin' ain't what you'd call grand—
He gets to the front just as quick
  Does the elegant Lower Deck Hand!
EDGAR WALLACE, *Writ in Barracks: The Naval Brigade, st. 2.*

Naval Manoeuvres.

Naval manoeuvres please the heart of the average Englishman.
ANTHONY C. DEANE, *New Rhymes for Old: An Object Lesson, l. 4.*

Necessity.

The distaff of Necessity works true,
  And wheels the rolling universe for ever—
SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc.: The Pamphylian, st. 41.*

O, doth a bird deprived of wings
    Go earth-bound wilfully!
THOMAS HARDY, *Wessex Poems, etc.: The Impercipient, st. 5.*

Nelson.

They rest beyond the speech of human pride
Who served with Nelson and with Nelson died.
HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race: For a Trafalgar Cenotaph, ll. 3–4.*

Nemesis.

And, though circuitous and obscure,
The feet of Nemesis how sure.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Europe at the Play*, *ll.* 33–4.

Nest.

There is no bird in any last year's nest!
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Old-World Idylls : The Dying of Tanneguy du Bois* (refrain).

Net.

In vain in the sight of the Bird is the net of the Fowler displayed.
RUDYARD KIPLING, *Certain Maxims of Hafiz*, (Maxim 18).

Who weaveth nets is often caught in them.
C. G. LELAND, *Songs of the Sea and Lays of the Land : The Story of a Lie*, *st.* 6.

Nettle.

It nods and curtseys and recovers
When the wind blows above,
The nettle on the grave of lovers
That hanged themselves for love.
A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad : XVI.*, *st.* 1.

Never.

When Lawyers strive to heal a breach,
And Parsons practise what they preach.
THOMAS HARDY, *Wessex Poems, etc. : The Sergeant's Song*, *st.* 1.

Nevermore.

What was it we swore?
" Evermore!
I and Thou,"
Ah, but Fate held the pen
And wrote an N
Just before:
So that now,
See, it stands,
Our seals and our hands,
" I and Thou,
Nevermore!"
R. LE GALLIENNE, *English Poems : Love Platonic ; Love Afar*, *st.* 3.

New.

There is nothing that's new to us under the sun,
And certainly not in the shade.
" OWEN SEAMAN," *The Battle of the Bays : To a Boy-Poet of the Decadence*, *st.* 2.

News.

Some great good news has come to me,
I know. But who averr'd it?
And is it true? And was it she
That whisper'd, I that heard it.
"OWEN MEREDITH" [LORD LYTTON], *Marah: Corroboration, st. 2.*

Newspapers.

"Newspapers flap o'er the land,
And darken the face of the sky;
A covey of dragons, wide-vanned,
Circle-wise clanging, they fly."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Fleet Street Eclogues: New Year's Day* (Brian).

Oh, but it takes agility,
Combined with versatility,
To run a country daily with appropriate ability.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse: The "St. Jo Gazette," ll. 59–61.*

The Newspapers of either side,
These joys of every Englishman!
ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode: The New Millennium, st. 2.*

Night.

. . . he rose from me,
Wrapped his striped izar-cloth about his head,
And, lifting up the inner curtain, paced
Into the jewelled stillness of the night.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Tenth Muse: The Passing of Muhammad, ll. 114–7.*

The grey sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: Meeting at Night, st. 1.*

May's warm slow yellow moonlit summer nights.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Pippa Passes, Pt. VI., l. 82.*

Night sank: like flakes of silver fire
The stars in one great shower came down.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs: In Romney Marsh, st. 6.*

As the dream of a moment, the night is gone by and the darkness is past;
MAY EARLE, *Cosmo Venucci, Singer.*

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Voices of the Night: Hymn to the Night, st. 1.*

Night, with her power to silence day.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Violin Songs: My Heart, st. 1.*

The breadth and beauty of the spacious night.
P. B. MARSTON, *A Last Harvest: The Breadth and Beauty of the Spacious Night, st. 1.*

There is no moon, no star, no visible cloud.
But land, and sky, and sea are swathed in one
Sepulchral shroud.
"OWEN MEREDITH" [LORD LYTTON], *Marah : Perturbation*, *st.* 3.

Drag on, long night of winter, in whose heart,
Nurse of regret, the dead spring yet has part!
Drag on, O night of dreams! O night of fears!
Fed by the summers of the bygone years!
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise : The Fostering of Aslaug : Epilogue*, *ll.* 17–20.

The greenly silent and cool-growing night.
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Marpessa*, *l.* 66.

Stand with forehead bathed in sunset on a mountain's summer crown,
And look up and watch the shadow of the great night coming down.
ALEXANDER SMITH, *Poems : A Life-Drama*, *sc.* 2.

The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud*, *Pt. I.*, *XXII.*, *st.* 5.

One night when earth was winter-black,
And all the heavens flash'd in frost.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *To E. Fitzgerald*, *ll.* 21–2.

Night of south winds—night of the large few stars!
Still nodding night—mad naked summer night.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass : Song of Myself*, 21, *ll.* 15–6.

Night, Midsummer.

Midsummer night is, they say, made for dreaming.
J. ASHBY-STERRY, *The Lazy Minstrel : Haytime*, *st.* 1.

Nightingale.

"O nightingale! tell me true,
Is your music rapture or weeping?
And why do you sing the whole night through,
When the rest of the world is sleeping?"
* * * * *
"And why should my notes be hushed at night?
Why sing in the sunlight only?
Love loves when 'tis dark, as when 'tis bright,
Nor ceaseth because 'tis lonely."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Love's Widowhood, etc. : In the Heart of the Forest*, *stt.* 18, 21.

"And I build my song of high pure notes,
Note over note, height over height,
Till I strike the arch of the Infinite,
And I bridge abysmal agonies
With strong, clear calms of harmonies."
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Drama of Exile* (Bird-spirit)

" Hush ! hark ! the nightingale, the lover's bird,
The throbbing pulse of night, panting its joy."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *An Unhistorical Pastoral, act. V., sc.* 1 (Rupert).

" . . . I had rather sleep and eat and dance
Than hear a nightingale any day o' the week ! "
" JOHN OLIVER HOBBES," *Osbern and Ursyne, act. I., sc.* 1 (Muriel).

" And all about us peal'd the nightingale,
Rapt in her song, and careless of the snare."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, I., ll.* 217–8 (Prince).

Nightjar.

Weird utterance, wafted over heath and wood
That evening's precious odours impregnate,
Whose sound with some vague fear freezes the blood,
Like whirring of the spinning-wheel of Fate !
ANON., *Songs of Lucilla : The Nightjar's Note, st.* 3.

Nirvana.

When love hath coloured life with hues divine,
What poet seeks Nirvana's hueless goal ?
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *The Coming of Love, etc. : Leconte de Lisle, ll.* 13–4.

No.

And No. You know what " No " I mean—
There's no one yet at present :
The Benedick I have in view
Must be a something wholly new—
One's father's *far* too pleasant.
AUSTIN DOBSON, *The Last Despatch, st.* 9.

Noble ; Nobleness.

The aids to noble life are all within.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Worldly Place, l.* 14.

Noble thought enhances
Life and all its chances,
And noble self is noble song.
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Undertones : Prologue, To David in Heaven, st.* 17.

As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.
J. R. LOWELL, *Yussouf, st.* 3.

" One of our noblest, our most valorous,
Sanest and most obedient."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Geraint and Enid, II., ll.* 912–3 (Arthur).

" Better not be at all
Than not be noble."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, II., ll.* 78–80 (Ida).

Plowmen, Shepherds, have I found, and more than once, and still could find,
Sons of God, and kings of men in utter nobleness of mind.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Sixty Years After, st.* 61.

Nobleman.

Our true noblemen will often through right nobleness grow humble,
And assert an inward honour by denying outward show.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Lady Geraldine's Courtship, st.* 31.

And with an air as dainty, and with a step as light,
As they moved among the masquers, they went into the fight.
G. SMYTHE [VISCOUNT STRANGFORD], *The Aristocracy of France.*

Nobodies.

"(Nobodies who would fain be somebodies,
Starving king-haters who would fain play kings.)"
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *The Drama of Kings: Epilude* (Lucifer).

North and South.

"Where the tree falleth, Marie, it must lie;
It falls to northern dolour, stricken north—
Inclining south, to life and blessedness."
"MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act V., sc.* 1 (Mary Seton).

". . . bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, IV., ll.* 79–80 (Prince's Song).

Nose.

"Hush! you must treat it solemnly. It is a dull nose that cannot scent hartshorn."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *An Unhistorical Pastoral, act V., sc.* 1 (Felice).

. . . lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Gareth and Lynette, ll.* 576–7.

And how unlike your genuine Vere de Vere's
Frigid, indifferent, half-ignoring glance
At everything outside the sacred pale
Of things De Veres have sanctioned from the Flood.
The unweariable curiosity
And universal open-mindedness
Of that all-testing, all inquisitive nose!
WILLIAM WATSON, *A Study in Contrasts, Pt. I., ll.* 47–53.

Nothing.

Hemmed in and vexed with the persistent crowd
Of things to do, that done are nothingness.
REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets Round the Coast: Sea Sympathy, ll.* 3–4.

A life of nothings, nothing worth,
From that first nothing ere his birth
To that last nothing under earth.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Two Voices, st.* 3.

His trick of doing nothing with an air,
His *salon* manners and society smile
Were but skin-deep.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Collected Poems : A Study in Contrasts, Pt. I., ll. 17–9.*

November.

Come, O November, with thy dank, moist breath,
Scented with mouldering death!
ANON., *Songs of Lucilla : To November,' st. 1.*

O month of mist, miasma, murky skies,
Fogs, fires, and civic feeds
MORTIMER COLLINS, *To My Muse in November, st. 5.*

Yea, I have looked and seen November there;
The changeless seal of change it seemed to be,
Fair death of things that, living once, were fair;
Bright sign of loveliness too great for me,
Strange image of the dread eternity.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise : November, st. 3.*

The month was November,
And the weather a subject for prayer.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends : Unofficial, st. 1.*

O bleak November morning chill,
When trees are bare, and haws are ripe!
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda ; Among the Broken Gods : Blooming, st. 1.*

Now. See **Present, The.**

Nun.

I was not good enough for man,
And so am given to God.
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Ugly Princess, st. 4.*

I'll never be a nun, I trow,
While apple bloom is white as snow.
ANDREW LANG, *Grass of Parnassus : Nightingale Weather, st. 1.*

Nuts to crack.

I've heard my grandmother say that Heaven gives almonds
To those who have no teeth. That's nuts to crack.
I've teeth to spare, but where shall I find almonds?
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Spanish Student, act III., sc. 4* (Chispa).

Oafs.

Then ye returned to your trinkets; then ye contented your souls
With the flannelled fools at the wicket or the muddied oafs at the goals.
RUDYARD KIPLING, *The Islanders, ll. 27–8.*

Oak-apple.

The rife oak-apple in its crimson globe,
  A secret worm conceals,
And through the clear complexion, if one probe,
  The rank cause it reveals.
ANON.: *Songs of Lucilla: Song a Disease, st.* 1.

Oars.

The measured pulse of racing oars
Among the willows.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam LXXXVII., st.* 3.

Obedience.

"But hear ye this, ye sons of men!
They that bear rule, and are obey'd,
Unto a rule more strong than theirs
Are in their turn obedient made."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *The Sick King in Bokhara* (King).

Only obedience can be great;
  It brings the golden age again:
Even to be still, abiding fate,
  Is kingly ministry to man!
JOHN DAVIDSON, *New Ballads: A Ballad of a Workman, st.* 51.

Where strictest law is gladness to the sense,
And all desire bends towards obedience.
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Legend of Jubal, ll.* 349–50.

When the strong command
Obedience is the best.
HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race: A Ballad of John Nicholson, st.* 20.

"Obedience is the courtesy due to kings."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Lancelot and Elaine, l.* 713 (Arthur).

"Deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Passing of Arthur ll.* 261–2 (Bedivere).

"Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?"
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Passing of Arthur, ll.* 263–4 (Bedivere).

Oblivion. See also **Forgetfulness; Forgotten.**

The listless ripple of Oblivion.
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Poems: Christ in Hades, l.* 77.

Oblivion, the cold shadow of dead hope.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece: Anaktoria, II., l.* 184.

Obscurity.

No, in renouncing fame, my loss was light,
Choosing obscurity my chance was well!
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, XII. : The Book and the Ring, ll.* 645–6.

Remember those who tread life's stage
With weary feet and scantest wage,
And ne'er a leaf for laurel!
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Vignettes in Rhyme : Before the Curtain, st.* 8.

And fought to build Britain above the tide
Of wars and windy fate;
And passed content, leaving to us the pride
Of lives obscurely great.
HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race : Minora Sidera, st.* 6.

Occupation.

Castilian gentlemen
Choose not their task—they choose to do it well.
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. I.*

"All callings want their proper 'prentice time."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act I., sc.* 2 (Walter).

Oceanus.

Old King Oceanus,
Blue-eyed, and wrinkled as the sand is wrinkled,
A fair wide face, hoary and ample-browed,
Smiling a sort of helpless animal smile,
And whispering in the tangles of its beard
Of intervolving sea weeds: a vague bulk
Of human godship, whom the fisher-folk
See floating, like the limpet-crusted oar
Of some old Argosy wrecked long ago.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical : Phaethon, ll.* 23–31.

October.

Give me October's meditative haze,
Its gossamer mornings, dewy-wimpled eyes.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Love's Widowhood, etc. : A Dialogue at Fiesole.*

O the golden-crowned October!
Golden, gorgeous in decay:
Through the woods the leaves for ever
Drift, and in the sluggish river
Yellow and brown they drift away.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *October, st.* 2.

October breathing on the bowers,
Through the yellow woods is stealing;
'Mid falling leaves and faded flowers,
Nature's dying form revealing.
JANET HAMILTON, *October*, 1859, *st.* 3.

Odd and Even.

"There's more of odd than even in this world."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. III.* (Jean).

Odd Numbers.

"Now, Rory, leave off, sir; you'll hug me no more;
That's eight times to-day that you've kiss'd me before;"
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.
SAMUEL LOVER, *Rory O'More, st.* 3.

Old Age.

"Old age is more suspicious than the free
And valiant heart of youth, or manhood's fierce
Unclouded reason."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Merope* (Polyphontes).

There is a holy joy in growing old
If but the soul grows as the strength declines.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. II.: Growing Old, st.* 1.

Perfect peace
Of spirit should be the sweet lot of the old.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. II.: Growing Old, st.* 4.

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith "A whole I planned,
"Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae: Rabbi Ben Ezra, st.* 1.

What's a man's age? He must hurry more, that's all;
Cram in a day, what his youth took a year to hold;
When we mind labour, then only, we're too old.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Flight of the Duchess, XVII., ll.* 49–51.

Age loves through ways of golden days
With Memory's lamp to grope;
As proud Youth peers at future years,
Lit by the torch of Hope.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals: The Festival of Reminiscence II., ll.* 5–8.

For crushed old age, in heart-enlightened lands,
Carries a pathos with it that commands.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals: The Festival of Industry, V., ll.* 11–2.

The privilege of age is to be called
Out of life's whitening ashes, to a clime
And region of calm thought, a glorious realm,
Where Truth and Freedom reign, divine exchange
For passions which enslave and overwhelm.
SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc. : The Old Age of Sophocles, Sonnet IV., ll.* 10–14.

For you the To-come,
But for me the Gone-by,
You are panting to live,
I am waiting to die.
R. LE GALLIENNE, *English Poems : An Old Man's Song, st.* 3.

Mourn not my friends, that we are growing old :
A fresher birth brings every new year in.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *A Book of Sonnets : Death, ll.* 1–2.

Thou, Shadow of the Heart, the Brain, the Life,
Who art that dusk *What-is* that is already *Has-Been.*
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream : The Rune of Age, st.* 2.

. . . the growing sum of pain,
The failing ear and eye, the slower limbs,
Whose briefer name is Age.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades, bk. I. : Tartarus ; Sisyphus, ll.* 173–5.

It is not sad to turn the face towards home,
Even though it shows the journey nearly done ;
It is not sad to mark the westering sun,
Even though we know the night doth come.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life : The Ode of Age, ll.* 6–9.

But never twice is a woman young,
And never twice to the year comes June,
And Age is the echo of songs once sung,
With never again the time or the tune.
LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, *At the Wind's Will : A Song for Rosalys, st.* 5.

Old age comes never—Oh, rejoice—
Except to those who beckon him.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends, Ser. II. : Old Age, st.* 7.

So for reward of life-long truth
He lives again, as good men can,
Redoubling his allotted span
With memories of a stainless youth.
HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race : Felix Antonius, st.* 4.

But we shall sit with luminous holy smiles,
Endeared by many griefs, by many a jest,
And custom sweet of living side by side.
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Marpessa, ll.* 296–8.

" A shambling shadow, a wrecked, mumbling ghost,
A man no more."
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Ulysses, act I., sc.* 2 (Antinous).

Indeed I hold it for a truth,
That age alone is well and fair
When youth's ideal, boyhood's prayer
Lives ever in the heart of age.
C. W. STUBBS, *The Conscience: A Prayer of Age, ll.* 28–31.

I have climbed to the snows of Age, and I gaze at a field in the Past,
Where I sank with the body at times in the sloughs of a low desire,
But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the Man is quiet at last
As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height that is higher.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *By an Evolutionist: Old Age, II.*

Old age hath yet his honour and his toil.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Ulysses, l.* 50.

Old Hundredth.

A noble tune, a high becoming mate
Of the capped mountains and the deep broad firth;
A simple tune and great,
The fittest utterance of the voice of earth.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *The Last Ballad, etc.: In the Isle of Dogs, ll.* 68–71.

Old-Maid.

Higgledy! piggledy! needles and pins!
Matrimony and sorrow begins,
As maid I've lived, and a maid I'll die,
For a wedded life is all my eye!
ANON., *I'm Ninety-Five, st.* 2.

A lady lovable, who love has missed,
Is like a rosebud by hot noon unkissed—
Cool shadows all her purity prolong,
And her faint fragrance lasts till evensong.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Maiden Ladies, ll.* 3–6.

Their souls have been made fragrant with the spice
Of costly virtues lit for sacrifice.
ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil: The Unloved, ll.* 11–2.

Old-Man.

An old, old man, whose shrivelled skin, sun-tanned,
Clung like a beast's hide to its fleshless bones.
Bent was his back with load of many days,
His eyepits red with rust of ancient tears.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. III.*

How these old men like giving youth a push!
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, XII.: The Book and the Ring, l.* 301.

A sweet old man, of clean-cut plan
And undissembling air.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals: The Festival of Reminiscence, ll.* 37–8.

Us old chaps like to set around, away from folks 'nd noise,
'Nd think about the sights we seen and things we done when boys.
EUGENE FIELD, *A Little Book of Western Verse: Casey's Table d'Hôte, ll.* 15–6.

An old man, with the mournfull'st, thin, grey hair.
GERALD MASSEY, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc.: New Year's Eve in Exile, l.* 41.

Old Times.

For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Passing of Arthur, ll.* 397–9 (Bedivere).

Old Woman, Old Lady.

I kneel to you! Of those you were,
Whose kind old hearts grow mellow,—
Whose fair old faces grow more fair
As Point and Flanders yellow.
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Old World Idylls: A Dead Letter, Pt. III., st.* 10.

Her dull cheeks channelled were with tears,
Shed in the storms of eighty years;
Her wild hair fell in gusty flow,
White as the foamy brook below.
T. BUCHANAN READ, *Brushwood, p.* 2.

Aged she was yet beautiful in age.
Her beauty, thro' the cloud of years and grief,
Shone as a wintry sun.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Daphne, etc.: Niobe, Pt. II., 1, ll.* 60–2

"A charr'd and wrinkled piece of womanhood."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, V., l.* 58 (Prince).

Oleander.

. . . every channel fringed
With rosy lanes of oleander sprays;
And every hollow thick with oak, and fig,
Palm, and pomegranate—where the tree-doves coo.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of the World: The Magus.*

Olives.

Dotting the fields of corn and wine,
Like ghosts the huge, gnarled olives stand.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *A Southern Night, st.* 2.

Omens.

"A sense of something coming on the world,
A crying of dead prophets from their tombs,
A singing of dead poets from their graves."
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Herod, act I., sc.* 1 (Young Councillor).

Omnibus.

"It comes, it comes! Ah rest is sweet,
And there is rest, my babe, for us!"
She ceased, as at her very feet
Stopp'd the St. John's Wood omnibus.
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Waiting, st.* 7.

The Piccadilly 'buses with their constant roll and shake.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse: The Schnellest Zug, l.* 41.

Once.

Once is enough for all best things!
ANON., *Once, st.* 1.

Oncelot.

The eyed skin of a supple oncelot.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae: Caliban upon Setebos, l.* 156.

One.

More than one man spoils everything.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Pippa Passes, Pt. VI., l.* 108.

Only one youth, and the bright life was shrouded.
Only one morning, and the day was clouded.
And one old age with all regrets is crowded.
ALICE MEYNELL, *Poems: A Letter from a Girl to her own Old Age, st.* 16.

Opal.

. . . this cloudy, flaming opal ring.
The fields of earth are in it, green and glimmering,
The waves of the blue sky, night's purple flower of noon,
The vanishing cold scintillations of the moon,
And the red heart that is a flame within a flame.
ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil: Opals, ll.* 1–5.

Opinion.

(Men get opinions as boys learn to spell,
By re-iteration chiefly).
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. VI., ll.* 6–7.

Opportunity.

"Patience and time
Bring us all opportunities: we need
But watch and wait."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *The First Part of Nero, act II., sc.* 2, *ll.* 708–10 (Domitia).

Lost opportunities can ne'er return.
SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards : Demosthenes, Sonnet VIII.*

"Pooh, man, I have done nothing but lose chances all my days."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act II., sc. 5* (Peasant).

O Lost Occasion! what a thing art thou:—
A three-fold key,—the when, the where, the how,—
The past, the present and the future tense,—
All thrown aside.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc. : Eighth Litany ; Domina Exaudi, st. 18.*

"But the man who loses his opportunity, loses himself."
GEORGE MOORE, *The Bending of the Bough, act V.* (Kirwan).

"What chance God sends, that chance I take."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *The Tale of Balen, II., st. 20* (Balen).

Oracle.

'Tis true that when the dust of death has choked
A great man's voice, the common words he said
Turn oracles, the common thoughts he yoked
Like horses, draw like griffins: this is true
And acceptable.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Casa Guidi Windows, Pt. I. ll. 251–5.*

Orator.

Loud as a scandal on the ears of town,
And just as brief, the orator's renown!
Year after year debaters blaze and fade—
Scarce mark'd the dial ere departs the shade;
LORD LYTTON, *The Orator, st. 1.*

Orchard.

As when the spring sweeps out in wild desire
Weeping and panting o'er the unmelted snow,
And the red orchards blossom all too soon.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical : Phaethon, ll. 55–7*

Orchis.

Dark bluebells drench'd with dews of summer eves,
And purple orchises with spotted leaves.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *The Scholar-Gipsy, st. 9.*

Organ-Grinder.

Grinder, gentle-hearted Grinder!
Ruffians who lead evil lives,
Soothed by thy sweet strains, are kinder
To their bullocks and their wives.
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Lines on Hearing the Organ, st. 8.*

Oriole.

The oriole in the elm ; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Tales of a Wayside Inn : The Poet's Tale*, st. 13.

Orion.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, st. 4.

Osiers.

"The osier-peelers—ragged bands—
In osier-holts their business ply ;
Like strokes of silver willow-wands
On river banks a-bleaching lie."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Fleet Street Eclogues : Good Friday* (Menzies).

Ostler.

Wrinkled ostler, grim and thin!
Here is custom come your way.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Vision of Sin, IV.*, st. 1.

Otter.

Yon otter, sleek-wet, black, lithe as a leech.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae : Caliban upon Setebos* l. 46.

Oubit.

This feckless hairy oubit cam' hirpling by the linn.
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Oubit*, st. 2.

Out.

A very potent little word,
"Out!"
How often have we sadly heard
"Out!"
NORMAN GALE, *Cricket Songs : Out*, st. 1.

Outcast.

She was only a wretched outcast,
A waif of the London slums.
GEORGE R. SIMS, *The Dagonet and other Poems : The Magic Wand*, st. 11.

Overwisdom.

'Tis worst unwisdom to be overwise,
And not to use, but still correct one's eyes.
A. H. CLOUGH, *Thesis and Antithesis*, st. 4.

Owl.

When have you, lingering in the forest marches
Through twilight of July,
Seen the big brown owl stoop between the larches,
A noiseless passer-by?
ALFRED COCHRANE, *To the Street-Bred People*, st. 6.

"The owl has heard and learnt through day-long dreams
The wind's high note when pines in ranks are blown,
Bent, rent, and scattered with their roots in air,
And sounds his echo loud and dwindling long,
Fearfully as he flutters past our door."

JOHN DAVIDSON, *Bruce, act IV., sc.* 4 (Bruce).

For the Owl was born so poor and genteel
What could he do but pick and steal?
He scorned to work for honest bread—
"Better have never been hatched!" he said.

GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Owl and the Bell, st.* 4.

I think I almost understand
Thy owl, his muffled swiftness, moon-round eyes, and intoned hooting;

GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Sparrow, st.* 4.

But the owl sees the sunshine, and winks in its nest.

WALTER C. SMITH, *Olrig Grange, bk. V.: Loquitur Rose, st.* 18.

Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Owl, st.* 1.

Oxford.

Mother of ancient lore and Attic wit,
And discipline severe.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D., *Oxford and her Chancellor, st.* 5.

A city of young life astir for fame,
With generations each of three years' date,—
The waters fleeting, yet the fount the same,—
Where old age hardly enters thro' the gate.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D., *Oxford in* 1885, *st.* 1.

And that sweet City with her dreaming spires,
She needs not June for beauty's heightening
Lovely all times she lies—

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Thyrsis, stt.* 2–3.

Yet have I seen no place, by inland brook,
Hill-top, or plain, or trim arcaded bowers,
That carries age so nobly in its look
As Oxford with the sun upon her towers.

F. W. FABER, *Aged Cities, ll.* 11–4.

A land of waters green and clear,
Of willows and of poplars tall,
And, in the spring time of the year,
The white may breaking over all.

ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode: Almæ Matres, ll.* 35–8.

Oxford! of whom the poet said
That one of your unwritten laws is
To back the weaker side and wed
Your gallant heart to wobbling causes.
"OWEN SEAMAN," *In Cap and Bells: The Scholar-Farmer, st.* 1.

From old foundations where the nation rears
Her darlings, came that flower of England's youth,
And here in latest teens, or riper years,
Stood drinking in all nobleness and truth.
J. C. SHAIRP, *A Remembrance, st.* 3.

Paganism.

What the Christian finds in Jesus, other loving souls have found
In the golden light of morning, in the rushing river's sound.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Crucifixion of Man, Pt. III: Life of Caleb Smith, st.* 33.

Pain.

In the eyes of God
Pain may have purpose and be justified:
Man's sense avails to only see, in pain,
A hateful chance no man but would avert
Or, failing, needs must pity.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies VI.: Mihrab Shah, ll.* 124–8.

If out of sand comes sand and nought but sand,
Affect not to be quaffing at mirage,
Nor nickname pain as pleasure.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies, II.: A Pillar of Sebzevah, ll.* 117–9.

Call me selfish, indolent, vain,
But I don't and won't see the virtue of pain,
Be it of body, or be it of brain.
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Undertones, XVII.: Fine Weather on the Digentia, st.* 7.

The man of calm, imaginative brain,
The man who loves the birds and flowers and trees,
Who fathoms pleasure and finds power in pain.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Sonnet, ll.* 10–12.

Souls shrivel up in these extremes of pain,
Or issue diamonds to engrave the world.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *A Woman and her Son, ll.* 61–2.

One of those ardent minds who suffer pain,
And call it pleasure, so it be but borne
For one they love, and above all, for God.
HARRIET E. HAMILTON KING, *The Disciples: Ugo Bassi, Pt. II.*

Men may scoff, and men may pray,
But they pay
Every pleasure with a pain.
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems: Ballade of Truisms, ll.* 28–30.

Pain that alone survives, gaunt hound of the shadowy years.
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream (Foam of the Past): The End of Aoah-of-the-Songs, st. 3.*

They may wake that need no sleep,
Sing, that feel no pain.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical: He May Who Can, st. 2.*

Disease and her ravening offspring, pain with the thousand teeth.
WILLIAM WATSON, *The Dream of Man, l. 15.*

Paint.

Paint the soul, never mind the legs and arms!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Men and Women: Fra Lippo Lippi, l. 193.*

Palate.

"That palate is insane which cannot tell
A good dish from a bad, new wine from old."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Becket, Prologue* (Becket).

Palm.

And see!—dear Heaven, but it is the Spring!—
See yonder, yonder, by the river there,
Long glittering pearly fingers flash
Upon the warm bright air:
Why, 'tis the heavenly palm,
The Christian tree,
Whose budding is a psalm
Of natural piety:
Soft silver notches up the smooth green stem—
Ah, Spring must follow them,
It is the spring!
R. LE GALLIENNE, *Robert Louis Stevenson, etc.: An Ode to Spring, ll. 53–63.*

High and clear stood the palms in the eye of the brightening east.
R. L. STEVENSON, *Ballads: The Feast of Famine, Pt. III.*

The kingly palm's imperial stem,
Crowned with its leafy diadem.
J. G. WHITTIER, *Toussaint L'Ouverture, ll. 21–2.*

Palsy.

What drug can make
A wither'd palsy cease to shake?
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Two Voices, st. 19.*

Pampas.

Fancy the Pampas' sheen!
Miles and miles of gold and green.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: A Lovers' Quarrel, st. 6.*

Pan.

Pan is no cloudy ruler in dim haze,
No king of air-belts delicate afar,
But in the ripening slips, and tangled ways
Of the blue cork-woods where the goat-herds are.
And we may find him by the bulrush pits,
Where the hot oxen chin-deep soaking lie;
Or in the mulberry orchard grass he sits
With milky kex and marrowy hemlocks nigh.
Where silken floating under-darnels tie
And mat the herbage of the summer floor.

LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical: Ode to Pan, ll.* 87–96.

Pandora.

"Fresh as a sea-flower, polished as its sea;
With a sweet subtle sadness haunting her,
And ruling all her beauty with a calm
That is the crown of beauty."

LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical: Pandora, ll.* 95–8 (Prometheus).

Pang.

. . . the pang
That makes a man, in the sweet face of her
Whom he loves most, lonely and miserable.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Geraint and Enid, I., ll.* 121–3.

Panic.

A horrible moment that, when murderous panic appears,
That tramples on pity, and heeds not grey hairs or the tenderest years,
Nor kith nor kin nor aught but the wretched self it would save
At the cost of its better self, from the coward-dreaded grave!

WALTER C. SMITH, *A Heretic, etc.: A Pulpiteer, ll.* 183–6.

Panther.

The ounce and panther down the mountain-side
Creep thro' dark greenness in the eventide;
And at the fountain's brink
Casting great shades they drink.

ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Undertones: IV., The Naiad, st.* 2.

Paradise.

And feign like truth, for one mad day,
That Earth is Paradise?

THOMAS HARDY, *Poems of the Past and Present: To Life, st.* 3.

Pardon.

Go, be sure of my love, by that treason forgiven;
Of my prayers, by the blessings they win thee from Heaven;

Of my grief—(guess the length of the sword by the sheath's)
By the silence of life, more pathetic than death's!
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *That Day, st.* 4.

"If it were more of this world it might be
More of the next. A policy of wise pardon
Wins here as well as there."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Becket, act V., sc.* 2 (John of Salisbury).

Your pardon, O my love, if I ever gave you pain.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Happy, st.* 17.

Parent.

What is a parent but a daughter's slave,
A son's defender when the lad is ill?
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc.: A Song of Servitude, st.* 3.

Paris.

Paris, half Angel, half Grisette,
I would that I were with thee yet,
But London waits me, like a wife,—
London, the love of my whole life.

Tell her not, Paris, mercy me!
How I have flirted, dear, with thee.
R. LE GALLIENNE, *Robert Louis Stevenson, etc.: Paris Day by Day, sll.* 10–11.

Parks.

Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and order'd gardens great.
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Lord of Burleigh, ll.* 29–32.

Parliament.

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall, st.* 61.

"The Council,
The Parliament as well, are troubled waters."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act II., sc.* 2 (Howard).

Parnassus.

Whoso picnics on Parnassus
Need not look for cakes and ale,
Yet the climbers ever pass us—
Don't we know them in their trail?
COTSFORD DICK, *The Ways of the World: Coming Thro' the Rhyme, st.* 9.

Parnassus, Grass of.

Grass of Parnassus, flower of my delight.
ANDREW LANG, *Grass of Parnassus, l.* 5.

Parson.

"But the Pazin—no!
True and kind; and the ebb and the flow
Of all men's hearts went through and through him—
The sweet ould man, if you'd only knew him!"
T. E. BROWN, *The Doctor, par.* 13 (Tom Baynes).

What's the gud of these Pazons? They're the most despard rubbage goin',
Reglar humbugs they are. Show me a Pazon, show me a drone!
Livin' on the fat of the land, livin' on the people's money
The same's the drones is livin' on the beeses honey.
T. E. BROWN, *Old John, etc.: In the Coach, No. V.; The Pazons, ll.* 1–4.

"Alas! God knows, he has his foe to fight,
His closet-atomy, severe and grim;
All others claim his comfort as of right,
But, hapless parson! who shall comfort *him?*"
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *The Parson's Comforter: a Photograph from Life, st.* 4.

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Tales of a Wayside Inn: The Poet's Tale, st.* 7.

Well—sin ther beä church-wardens, ther mun be parsons an' all,
An' if t'one stick alongside t'uther the church weänt happen a fall.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Church-warden and the Curate, st.* 3.

Part and Whole.

Sure, if the whole be good, each several part
May for its private blots forgiveness gain."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act V., sc.* 2 (Conrad).

Parting.

I dare not let thee leave me, sweet,
Lest it should be for ever;
Tears dew my kisses ere we meet,
Foreboding we must sever.
"MICHAEL FIELD," *Underneath the Bough: The Third Book of Songs, Song* 2.

The memory of a parting kiss
And what poor solace comes of tears.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. II.: Gilbert Beckett and the Fair Saracen, st.* 2.

Partridge.

A brown partridge whirring near us till we felt the air it bore,—
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Lady Geraldine's Courtship, st.* 39.

Thy feathers they are soft and sleek,—
So pretty, pretty!
Long is thy neck, and small thy beak,

The color of thy plumage far
More bright than rainbow colors are.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse : The Partridge, st.* 4.

Party.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
Vhere ish dat barty now ?
Vhere ish de lofely golden cloud
Dat float on de moundain's prow ?
Vhere ish de himmelstrahlende stern—
De shtar of de shpirit's light ?
All gone afay mit de lager beer—
Afay in de ewigkeit !
C. G. LELAND, *The Breitmann Ballads : Hans Breitmann's Barty, st.* 6.

Parvenue.

A Money-lord, unheralded,
I issue from a vulgar strain
Of churls, who spiced their daily bread
With hungry toil in sun and rain,
A secret dower of patience, power
And courage in my blood and brain.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *The Last Ballad, etc. : The Aristocrat, st.* 3.

Passing.

That oversong of Father Time—*Passing away !*
W. BELL SCOTT, *Below the Old House, l.* 14.

Passing Bell

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,
One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever look'd with human eyes.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, LVII., st.* 3.

Passion-flower.

The Passion Flower blooms red or white,
A shadowed white, a cloudless red ;
Caressingly it droops its head,
Its leaves, its tendrils, from the light.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses : Songs for Strangers and Pilgrims, No.* 55, *st.* 1.

And the red passion-flower to the cliffs, and the dark blue clematis, clung,
And starr'd with a myriad blossom the long convolvulus hung.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Voyage of Maeldune, V., ll.* 3–4.

The passion-flower, with symbol holy,
Twining its tendrils long and lowly—
J. G. WHITTIER, *Toussaint L'Ouverture, ll.* 17–8.

Past, The.

O, the great days, in the distance enchanted,
  Days of fresh air, in the rain and the sun,
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—
  Hardly believable, forty years on!
EDWARD BOWEN, *Forty Years On*, *st.* 3.

We do not serve the dead—the past is past.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Casa Guidi Windows*, *Pt. I.*, *l.* 218.

If we tried
To sink the past beneath our feet, be sure
  The future would not stand.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Casa Guidi Windows*, *Pt. I.*, *ll.* 411–3.

Not Fate itself
Can e'er recall the irrevocable Past.
  SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Britain : Llyn y Morwynion*, *ll.* 67–8.

There's a far bell ringing,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of renown for ever clinging
  To the great days done.
HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race : The Fighting Téméraire*, *st.* 5.

Where is the man whose soul has never waked
To sudden pity of the poor torn past?
D. G. ROSSETTI, *Versicles and Fragments.*

What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-coffins at last,
Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence, drown'd in the deeps of a meaningless Past?
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Vastness*, *st.* 17.

Past and Present.

"Is it not plain the experienced Past must be
Wiser than any Present and mankind
Surer than you or I?"
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist*, *act III.*, *sc.* 2 (Franklin).

Ah me, where the Past sowed heart's-ease,
  The Present plucks rue for us men!
J. R. LOWELL, *The Dead House*, *st.* 6.

Past, Present, and Future.

  Our past is clean forgot,
  Our present is and is not,
  Our future's a sealed seedplot,
And what betwixt them are we?
D. G. ROSSETTI, *The Cloud Confines*, *st.* 5.

Pasty.

. . . a pasty costly-made,
Where quail and pigeon, lark and leveret lay,
Like fossils of the rock, with golden yolks
Imbedded and injellied.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Audley Court*, *ll.* 22–5.

Paternity.

But after all what is paternity?
When what is round us breeds to ill or good
More than the force of any fatherhood.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: A Tale of the Thames*, *ch. II.*, *ll.* 20–2.

Patience.

Sad patience, too near neighbour to despair.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *The Scholar-Gipsy*, *st.* 20.

God's fruit of justice ripens slow.
Men's souls are narrow; let them grow
My brothers, we must wait.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Tale of Villafranca*, *st.* 10.

"We must not pluck death from the Maker's hand,
As erst we plucked the apple: we must wait
Until He gives death as He gave us life,
Nor murmur faintly o'er the primal gift
Because we spoilt its sweetness with our sin."
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Drama of Exile* (Adam).

"But there are times when patience proves at fault."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus*, *III.* (Paracelsus).

Ah, "All things come to those who wait"
(I say these words to make me glad),
But something answers soft and sad—
"They come, but often come *too late!*"
VIOLET FANE, *Poems*: "*Tout vient à qui sait attendre*," *st.* 10.

When troubles come of God,
When men are frozen out of work, when wives
Are sick, when working fathers fail and die,
When boats go down at sea—then nought behoves
Like patience; but for troubles wrought of men
Patience is hard—I tell you it is hard.
JEAN INGELOW, *Brothers and a Sermon*, *ll.* 499–504.

Wait, nor against the half-learned lesson fret,
Nor chide at old belief as if it erred,
Because thou canst not reconcile as yet
The Worker and the word.
JEAN INGELOW, *Honours*, *Pt. II.*, *st.* 56.

Long is it to the ending of the day,
And many a thing may hap ere eventide;
And well is he who longest may abide.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise, February: Bellerophon in Lycia, ll.* 2857–9.

O ye who love to-day,
Turn away
From Patience with her silver ray:
For Patience shows a twilight face,
Like a half-lighted moon
When daylight dies apace.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses: Gifts and Graces, No.* 4, *ll.* 1–6.

Patient thro' life's long-drawn reprieve.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses: New Jerusalem and its Citizens, No.* 24, *st.* 3.

Oh! holy is the patience of the poor.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece: Alcaeus, III., l.* 61.

Patience, not Passion, builds up the great heart.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece: Antimenidas, III., l.* 42.

Patrimony.

". . . a man with a lean patrimony is but a browsing goat."
"MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act III., sc.* 3 (Morton).

Patriotism.

"Of all our feigned affections, there is none
So hollow, selfish, and injurious,
As what we christen Patriotism."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act I., sc.* 2 (Fortunatus).

"You hucksters, have you still to learn
The things which money will not buy?
Can you not read that, cold and stern
As we may be, there still does lie
Deep in our hearts a hungry love
For what concerns our island story?
We sell our work—perchance our lives,
But not our glory.
SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, *Songs of Action: H.M.S. "Foudroyant," st.* 4.

As patriots who seem to die in vain
Make liberty more sacred by their pangs.
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Legend of Jubal, etc.: A Minor Prophet, ll.* 314–5.

When shall the saner softer polities
Whereof we dream, have play in each proud land,
And patriotism, grown Godlike, scorn to stand
Bondslave to realms, but circle earth and seas?
THOMAS HARDY, *Poems of the Past and the Present: Departure, ll.* 11–4.

Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Evangeline, Pt. II., 3, l.* 128.

". . . not this gift or this,
Or what best likes us or were gladdest given
Or might most honourably be parted with
For our more credit on her best behalf,
Doth she we serve, this land that made us men,
Require of all her children; but demands
Of our great duty toward her full deserts
Even all we have of honour or of life,
Of breath or fame to give her."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Mary Stuart, act I., sc.* 2 (Phillipps).

Love thou thy land, with love farbrought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Love thou thy Land, st.* 1.

"Some sense of duty, something of a faith,
Some reverence for the laws ourselves have made,
Some patient force to change them when we will,
Some civic manhood firm against the crowd."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess: Conclusion, ll.* 54–7 (Member's Son).

No sound is breathed so potent to coerce,
And to conciliate, as their names who dare
For that sweet mother land which gave them birth
Nobly to do, nobly to die.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Tiresias, ll.* 116–9.

Patriots.

Drink to those Papist halls
That rang with shouts from rush to rafter,
Whate'er the bans the winds may waft her,
England's true men are we and Pope's men after,
When England calls."
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *The Coming of Love and other Poems: Christmas at the Mermaid; Ben Jonson,* 16–20.

Patronage.

". . . getting Patronage is the whole art of life. A man can't have a career without it."
BERNARD SHAW, *Three Plays for Puritans: Captain Brassbound's Conversion, act III.* (Lady Cicely).

Pauper.

Lift up the shrouding rags—a female face
Is seen; there human feeling leaves no trace;

A dreary blank is o'er the features spread—
The very sense of want and pain is dead.
JANET HAMILTON, *Contrasted Scenes from Real Life, sc. 2, ll.* 15–8.

False Priests, dare ye say 'tis the will of your God,
(And shroud the Christ's message in dark sophistry,)
That these millions of paupers should bow to the rod?
Up, up, trampled hearts, it's a lie! it's a lie!
GERALD MASSEY, *Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc.: Merry Christmas Eve, st.* 6.

Pavilion.

An old storm-beaten, russet, many-stain'd
Pavilion.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Gareth and Lynette, ll.* 1086–7.

Peace.

This is peace,
To conquer love of self and lust of life,
To tear deep-rooted passion from the breast,
To still the inward strife.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. VIII.*

"Peace on Earth and Goodwill!"
Souls that are gentle and still
Hear the first music of this
Far-off, infinite bliss!
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of the World: At Bethlehem.*

There is a peace in absolute despair.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. V.: Satan, st.* 63.

"He who did well in war, just earns the right
To begin doing well in peace, you know!"
ROBERT BROWNING, *Luria, act II.* (*Luria*).

O Peace! thy famous mantle is a lovely thing to view,
But what unimportant matters can suffice to tear it through!
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals: The Festival of Dis-Reason, st.* 2.

In harmony the seeds of glory shoot,
And peace at home makes little kingdoms great.
EDMUND GOSSE, *In Russet and Silver: Friendship, ll.* 13–4.

Peace wun't keep house with Fear:
Ef you want peace, the thing you've gut to du
Is jes' to show you're up to fightin' tu.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. II., Letter* 2.

Come, Peace! not like a mourner bowed
For honour lost an' dear ones wasted,
But proud, to meet a people proud,
With eyes that tell o' triumph tasted!
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. II., Letter* 10.

When shall the supplications of the Church,
Rising like incense to the altar-throne,
Win from the wisdom and the love of God
That peace for which we pine and long in vain?
CANON G. E. MASON, *Claudia, act I., sc. 2* (Claudia).

There is a peace in sombre skies
Where no sun even tries to shine.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends: Love's Suicide, st. 3.*

Peace more sweet
Than music, light more soft than shadow.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Sunset, st. 4.*

Sweet peace, more welcome than the noon of joy.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece: Chios, VI., l. 15.*

The sun is sunken, and the winds are still,
And all things to their spirits whisper 'peace.'
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece: Euthanasia, VII., ll. 8-21.*

But peace whose names are also rapture, power,
Clear sight, and love: for these are parts of peace.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Wordsworth's Grave, Pt. II., st. 5.*

Peace-maker.

"I know that one who comes
To make peace in a quarrel that he knows not,
Needs other knowledge than he is like to get
From either party."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Palicio, act II., sc. 2, ll. 593-6* (Blasco).

Peach.

A little peach in the orchard grew,—
A little peach of emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,
It grew.
EUGENE FIELD, *Little Book of Western Verse: The Little Peach, st. 1.*

This peach is pink with such a pink
As suits the peach divinely.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. I., Song, st. 1.*

. . . where the pink-cheek'd peach
Hued like the delicate clear shells, that sleep
On sunny shores, and drink into themselves
The rathest blushes of the dawning East.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Daphne, etc.: Hesperides, Hesperia, VII., ll. 32-5.*

Pearl.

"Better a pure pearl than a damaged diamond."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Plays: Smith, act I.* (Brown).

Pears.

Large pears of divers shapes, red, ruddy-brown,
And amber-colour'd, clung so thick together
The very leaves were hidden under them.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Daphne, etc. : Hesperides, Hesperia, VII., ll. 47–9.*

Peasant ; Peasantry.

What rears a country's glory or disgrace
Rests on the rustic bottom of its race.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell : A Tale of the Thames, ch. XIX., ll. 22–3.*

The day's slow path from dawn to west
Has left them soil-bestained, distrest,
No thought beyond the nightly rest—
New toil to-morrow.
EARL OF CREWE, *Millet and Zola, st. 2.*

Pebbles.

Listen ! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Dover Beach, ll. 9–14.*

Pedant.

"Of all cruelties, save me from your small pedant,—your closet philosopher, who has just courage enough to bestride his theory, without wit to see whither it will carry him."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act II., sc. 8* (Walter).

Pedigree.

Each the herald is who wrote
His rank, and quartered his own coat.
R. W. EMERSON, *Astraea, ll. 1–2.*

They talk about their Pilgrim blood,
Their birthright high and holy !
A mountain-stream that ends in mud
Methinks is melancholy.
J. R. LOWELL, *An Interview with Miles Standish, st. 11.*

I care not how men trace their ancestry,
To ape or Adam ; let them please their whim.
J. R. LOWELL, *Under the Willows, ll. 84–5.*

Why should we be ashamed to own
Our humble kindred in the Past ? . . .
Shall we not love all creatures more
That they are of our flesh and blood,
And that our ancestors of yore
Squatted upon the oozy mud.
WALTER C. SMITH, *A Heretic, etc. : Herr Professor Kupfer-Nickel, ll. 83–4, 87–90.*

"Men
May bear the blazon wrought of centuries, hold
Their armouries higher than arms imperial, yet
Know that the least their countryman, whose hand
Hath done his country service, lives their peer
And peer of all their fathers."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Marino Faliero, act V., sc.* 1 (Faliero).

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Lady Clara Vere de Vere, st.* 7.

The stream is brightest at its spring,
And blood is not like wine;
Nor honoured less than he who heirs
Is he who founds a line.
J. G. WHITTIER, *Amy Wentworth, ll.* 102–5.

Pen.

Lift up the weak, and cheer the strong,
Defend the truth, combat the wrong!
You'll find no sceptre like the pen
To hold and sway the hearts of men.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse: Poet and King, st.* 5.

Penance.

. . . men
Fear so to die they are afraid to fear.
Lust so to live they dare not love their life,
But plague it with fierce penances, belike
To please the Gods who grudge pleasure to man.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. V.*

Pendulum.

"See, Charles the Martyr leads to Charles the Profligate:
But for the Wesleyans there had been no Puseyites."
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Comedy of Dreams* (Astrologos).

Honeycomb is weighed against a sting;
Hope and fear take turns to touch the sky;
Height and depth respond alternating.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses: Songs for Strangers and Pilgrims, 75, st.* 2.

Penelope.

I sit and weave a weary housewife's web,
Pale as the silkworm in the cone; all day
I sit and weave this weary housewife's web,
And in the night with fingers swift as frost
Unweave the weary labour of the day.
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Undertones, XI.: Penelope, ll.* 35–9.

Pension.

Nor toil for title, place, or 'touch
  Of pension, neither count on praise:
  It grows to guerdon after-days:
Nor deal in watch-words overmuch.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Love thou thy Land, st. 7.*

People.

. . . all those people born beneath the throne,
Otherwise housed than kings, otherwise fed,
And yet so like—perchance—in joys and griefs.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. II.*

"A people is no army, train'd to fight,
A passive engine, at their general's will;
And, if so used, proves, as thou sayest, unsure.
A people, like a common man, is dull,
Is lifeless, while its heart remains untouch'd;
A fool can drive it, and a fly may scare.
When it admires and loves, its heart awakes:
Then irresistibly it lives, it works;
A people, then, is an ally indeed."

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Merope* (Aepytus).

It takes a soul,
To move a body: it takes a high-souled man,
To move the masses, even to a cleaner stye.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. II., ll. 479–81.*

"Yet the people of the earth
Are helpless, seeing those that lead are blind."

ROBERT BUCHANAN, *The Drama of Kings: Buonaparte, ll. 42–3* (Officer).

"A people is a law unto itself,
The law of God will shape that lesser law,
And if there come a time when kings are doom'd,
Why let them like a feast-day pageant pass
And be forgotten, or like some old tale
Become a goodly theme for the fireside."

ROBERT BUCHANAN, *The Drama of Kings: Buonaparte, ll. 221–6* (Stein).

No power can bar a people's will,
  A people's right to gain.

JOHN O'HAGAN, *Ourselves Alone, st. 6.*

A spot that owns the priceless charm
  Of gentle human hearts and minds—
A people whom the roughest storm
  True to its kindlier impulse finds.

GEORGE F. SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG, *Wicklow, st. 20.*

England, France, all man to be
Will make one people ere man's race be run.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *To Victor Hugo, ll. 10–11.*

Perfection.

'Tis a life-long toil till our lump be leaven—
  The better! What's come to perfection perishes.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: Old Pictures at Florence*, st. 17.

  Each but'ress, arch, and wall,
  Pillar, and column, all
  Rose up in silent praise;
Each workman gave his best, his very soul,
That every Part should be a perfect Whole,
    To last for endless days.
    WALTER EARLE, *Home Poems: Christ-Church Priory*, st. 3.

Erewhile I strove for perfect truth,
  And thought it was a worthy strife;
But now I leave that aim of youth
  For perfect life.
  WALTER C. SMITH, *Thoughts and Fancies: One Thing I of the Lord desire.*

"That passionate perfection, my good lord—"
  ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Lancelot and Elaine*, *l.* 122 (Guinevere).

"For courtesy wins woman all as well
As valour may, but he that closes both
Is perfect.
    ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Last Tournament*, *ll.* 702–4 (Isolt).

To keep in sight Perfection, and adore
  The vision, is the artist's best delight.
    WILLIAM WATSON, *Collected Poems: Epigrams*, *ll.* 1–2.

In this broad earth of ours,
Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,
Enclosed and safe within its central heart
Nestles the seed perfection.
  WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: Birds of Passage; Song of the Universal*, *I.*, *ll.* 4–7.

Perhaps; Perchance.

Dreams that bring us little comfort, heavenly promises that lapse
Into some remote It-may-be, into some forlorn Perhaps.
  S. R. LYSAGHT, *Poems of the Unknown: A Ritual, A Confession of Unfaith*, st. 32.

But this 'perchance' is a wide slippery word,
And in its foldings there are many deaths.
    LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical: Pandora*, *ll.* 338–9.

Periwinkle (flower).

When from deep banks, with tangled tussocks heaped,
The roguish periwinkle, laughing, peeped.
    ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy*, *act I.*, *st.* 39.

Roguish eyes of periwinkle.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Lyrics : A Spring Carol, IV., l.* 23.

Permanence.

Then seek not thou too soon that permanence
Of changeless joy that suits unchanging gods,
In whom no tides of being ebb and flow.
WILLIAM LARMINIE, *The Speech of Ewer, ll.* 21–3.

Persuasion.

There is persuasion in the tempest's breath
Not known in calm.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc. : Fourth Litany, Gratia Plena, st.* 5.

Persecution.

" . . . to persecute
Makes a faith hated, and is furthermore
No perfect witness of a perfect faith
In him who persecutes."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act III., sc.* 4 (Pole).

Petticoat.

In fact for you I sound this solemn note
Beware the dangers of the petticoat !
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell : a Tale of the Thames, ch.* 2, *ll.* 214–5.

Phantasies.

" I love the man but not his phantasies."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Harold, act I., sc.* 1 (Harold).

Pheasant.

The blackbird screaming from the wood,
The sudden whirr of pheasants' wings.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Defence of Guinevere, etc. : Spell-bound, st.* 13.

Philanthropy.

" But your appeal's for home,"—you say,—
For home and English poor ! Indeed !
I thought Philanthropy to-day
Was blind to mere domestic need
However sore—.
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Vignettes in Rhyme : A Virtuoso, st.* 5.

Philosopher.

" And I know you, sir : a philosopher ;
One that has given in to fate ; that bows
The knee to the inevitable ; ass
Of the world's old burden, thought ; and turnspit, wheeled
To reason in a circle endlessly."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Self's the Man, act I.* (Junipert).

"I never look
At two sides of a coin; for I can make
The false go farther than most men the true—
Or I were no philosopher!"
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Self's the Man, act II.* (Philadelphus).

Scarce friends, not lovers (each avers),
But sexless, safe Philosophers.
AMY LEVY, *A London Plane Tree: Odds and Ends, Philosophy, st. 7.*

A laughing philosopher, gallant and gay.
FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON, *Piccadilly, st. 6.*

. . . the philosopher.
All brain, but little heart, may boast in vain
Mind's victories.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Harvest-Tide: A Georgian Romance, ll. 16–18.*

Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet woodland ways,
Where if I cannot be gay let a passionless peace be my lot,
Far-off from the clamour of liars belied in the hubbub of lies.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., IV., st. 9.*

Philosophy.

"A houseless stranger in a well-roofed world,
A whimsical refuser of man's needs,
A system-seeker in a round of chance,
A palimpsest of wisdom,—O so wise,
That all our wants are folly, all our passions
Mere matter for conclusions. To despise
What others cherish,—that's philosophy."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Prince Lucifer, act I., sc. 2* (Abdiel).

"Well, as I take it, all philosophy
Is questionable guessing, but the sense
A man grows up with bears the stamp of nature."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *The First Part of Nero, act I., sc. 1, ll. 180–2* (Otho).

Idle shot or coming bill,
Hapless love or broken bail,
Gulp it (never chew your pill!)
And if Burgundy should fail,
Try the humbler pot of ale!
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems: Bric-à-Brac. Double Ballade of Life and Fate, st. 3.*

The philosophic brain soothes not the stricken heart.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Harvest-Tide: Rhyme, the Consoler, st. 3.*

The outcome this
Of all philosophies,
'Who seeks shall miss.'
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. II.: The Touchstone, st. 29.*

Photography.

Photography, you are a flatt'ring jade!
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals : The Festival of Industry, III., l.* 58.

Phrases.

I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Courtship of Miles Standish II. : Love and Friendship, l.* 67.

Piccadilly.

Piccadilly! shops, palaces, bustle, and breeze,
The whirring of wheels, and the murmur of trees;
By night or by day, whether noisy or stilly,
Whatever my mood is, I love Piccadilly!
FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON, *Piccadilly, st.* 1.

Picnic.

De picknock oud at Spraker's wood:—
Id melt de soul und fire de plood.
Id softly slid from cakes und cream;
Boot busted oop on brandy shdeam.
C. G. LELAND, *The Breitmann Ballads : The Picnic, st.* 1.

Pictures.

Pictures there are that do not please
With any sweet surprise,
But gain the heart by slow degrees
Until they feast the eyes.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Disciple, XXIX, st.* 5.

Piety.

Her plain-song piety preferred
Pure life to precept. If she erred,
She knew her faults. Her softest word
Was for the erring.
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Old-World Idylls : A Gentlewoman of the Old School, st.* 10.

Men may be bad, but still they like
A pious wife that lives for heaven.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Olrig Grange, bk. III. : Loquitur Mater Domina, st.* 15.

Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,
Made wet the crafty crowsfoot round his eye.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Sea-Dreams, ll.* 182–3.

Pigmies.

Of marvellous tribes she babbled, pigmy folk
Mouse-skinned and munching roots.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Voyage of Ithobal : The First Day, ll.* 279–80.

Pigs.

The squeals and scampering round the sty
Of little pigs, with hard-nailed hoofs,
The sleeping sow's half-woken sigh.
ANON., *Songs of Lucilla : In the Farmyard, st.* 4.

Pike.

Hist! That's a pike. Look—nose against the river
Gaunt as a wolf,—the sly old privateer!
Enter a gudgeon. Snap,—a gulp, a shiver;—
Exit the gudgeon. Let us anchor here.
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Vignettes in Rhyme : An Autumn Idyll, st.* 3.

Pilgrim.

"It is a band of pilgrims, moving slowly
On their long journey, with uncovered feet."
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Golden Legend, V* (Elsie).

Pimpernel.

Like a ruby of the mosses
Here the marish pimpernel,
Glowing crimson, still embosses
Velvet verdure with its bell;
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs : Autumn I., st.* 3.

A pimpernel, clutching the earth's warm breast,
Rocked by the traffic and sleeping safe.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *New Ballads : A Highway Pimpernel, st.* 2.

First rose the scarlet pimpernel
With burning purple heart.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *A Book of Dreams, Pt. I. : III., st.* 5.

Pines.

"The herded pines commune and have deep thoughts,
A secret they assemble to discuss
When the sun drops behind their trunks which glare
Like grates of hell."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus, V.* (Paracelsus).

Pines, ef you're blue, are the best friends I know,
They mope an' sigh an' sheer your feelin's so.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. II., Letter* 6.

In the storm, like a prophet o'ermaddened,
Thou singest and tossest thy branches;
Thy heart with the terror is gladdened,
Thou forebodest the dread avalanches.
J. R. LOWELL, *To a Pine-Tree, st.* 2.

Pioneer.

When the hill of toil was steepest,
When the forest-frown was deepest,
  Poor, but young, you hastened here;
Came where solid hope was cheapest—
  Came—a pioneer.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festival: The Festival of Reminiscence; Sleep, Old Pioneer!* ll. 15–9.

The first discoverer starves—his followers, all
Flower into fortune—our world's way—
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Columbus*, ll. 162–3.

Pipe.

Eat our bread and bacon,
Smoke the pipe of peace.
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Invitation*, ll. 21–2.

Pity.

. . . pity comes
To those that pity.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Voyage of Ithobal: The First Day*, ll. 474–5.

"To share the suffering
Of them we pity ranks above redress."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Palicio, act II., sc. 3*, ll. 797–8 (Margaret).

For purest pity is the eye of love
Melting at sight of sorrow.
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Legend of Jubal, etc.: A Minor Prophet*, ll. 202–3.

The word of pity that was kin to hate,—
  The voice of reason that was reason's foe.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc.: Fourth Litany; Gratia Plena*, st. 13.

Pity should cover both sin and woe.
HUME NISBET, *The Matador, etc.: October*, st. 7.

Now, pity is the touch of God
  In human hearts.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda; among the Broken Gods: The Self-exiled*, st. 25.

To pity woman is an evil thing;
She will avenge upon you all your tears,
She would not that a man should pity her.
ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil: The Dance of the Daughters of Herodias*, ll. 72–4.

The sorrowful, who have loved, I pity not;
But those, not having loved, who do rejoice

To have escaped the cruelty of love,
I pity, as I pity the unborn.
ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil : Divisions on a Ground, Pt. II., ll.* 1–4.

. . . pray for those and pity them,
Who thro' their own desire accomplish'd bring
Their own grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Aylmer's Field, ll.* 774–5.

God called the nearest angels who dwell with Him above:
The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one was Love.
J. G. WHITTIER, *The Two Angels, st.* 1.

Places.

Places are too much
Or else too little, for immortal man,—
Too little, when love's May o'ergrows the ground,
Too much, when that luxuriant robe of green
Is rustling to our ankles in dead leaves.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. VII., ll.* 492–6.

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying:
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Cowper's Grave, st.* 1.

Plagues.

"The plagues
That smite the city spare the solitudes."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Becket, act V., sc.* 2 (Rosamund).

Plain.

A wide waste plain, where rushes grow beside
The trickling threads that lose themselves in pools
Beneath old stones, all thick and dark with moss.
HARRIET E. HAMILTON KING, *The Disciples : Ugo Bassi, Pt. IV.*

"Thou seest the level plains,
The hills, and the all-folding blue
Of heaven, and those high wells of dew
Wind-drifted o'er it chariot-wise:
LAURENCE HOUSMAN, *Green Arras : Antæus, ll.* 14–7 (Earth).

Plain Living, high-thinking.

"That the best life is oft inglorious.
Since the perfecting of ourselves, which seems
Our noblest task, may closelier be pursued
Away from camps and cities and the mart
Of men, where fame as it is called, is won."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Achilles in Scyros, ll.* 1670–4 (Lycomedes)

"Courtier of many courts, he loved the more
His own gray towers, plain life and letter'd peace."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act II., sc.* 1 (Wyatt).

I know, indeed, that wealth is good;
But lowly roof and simple food,
With love that hath no doubt,
Are more than gold without.
J. G. WHITTIER, *The Maids of Attitash, st.* 12.

Planet.

And each glad, obedient planet like a golden shuttle sings
Through the web which Time is weaving in his never-resting loom.
J. R. LOWELL, *Anti-Apis, st.* 10.

Plays.

I will write no plays;
Because the drama, less sublime in this,
Makes lower appeals, submits more menially,
Adopts the standard of the public taste.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. IV., ll.* 266–9

Pleasance.

A lovely pleasance, set with flowers, foursquare
On three sides ending in a cloister fair.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *Life and Death of Jason, bk. XIII., ll.* 326–7.

Pleasures.

Cleave to pleasures of the Present! Adam, judging otherwise
Lost his altered House of Peace; the lovely lawns of Paradise.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Tenth Muse: The Four First Ghazals of Hafiz; Ghazal IV., ll.* 5–6.

"But for the pleasure women get out of pain, there would be mighty little of it for them in this world."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Prince Lucifer, act V., sc.* 1 (3rd Peasant).

Duty is very sweet, but pleasure's sweeter,
And pleasure wins the day.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. II.: The Poet and the Pessimist, st.* 9.

". . . very sure it is,
Pleasure is not for him who pleasure serves."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Achilles in Scyros, ll.* 1700–1 (Lycomedes).

Since pleasure with the having disappeareth,
He who has least in hand hath most at heart,
While he keep hope: as he who alway feareth
A grief that never comes hath yet the smart.
ROBERT BRIDGES, *The Growth of Love: Sonnet XLIX., ll.* 9–12.

And the winds and the waters in pastoral measures
Go winding around us, with roll upon roll.
Till the soul lies within in a circle ot pleasures
Which hideth the soul.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Rhapsody of Life's Progress, IV., ll.*, 1–4.

Reflected possibilities of pain,
Forsooth, just chasten pleasure!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies, XII. : A Bean-Stripe : also Apple-Eating, ll.* 190–1.

Nay, pleasure flits, and we must sail,
And seek him everywhere.
ANDREW LANG, *Grass of Parnassus : A Sunset of Watteau, st.* 4.

Pleasure doos make us Yankees kind o' winch,
Ez though 'twuz sunthin' paid for by the inch;
But yit we du contrive to worry thru,
Ef Dooty tells us thet the things to du,
An' kerry a hollerday, ef we set out,
Ez stiddily ez though 'twuz a redoubt.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. II.*, Letter 6.

"And pleasure comes unsought,
To those who take but thought
For that, they ought."
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. II. : The Touchstone, st.* 32.

Sweet to snare the thoughtless rabbit,
Break the next-door neighbour's pane;
Cultivate the smoker's habit
On the not-innocuous cane;
Leave the exercise unwritten;
Systematically cut
Morning school, to plunge the kitten
In his bath, the water-butt.
Q[UILLER COUCH], *Green Bays : Retrospection, st.* 5.

Pleasure who flaunts on her wide down-way with her flying robe and her poison'd rose.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Vastness, st.* 8.

I will not lament
That I have tasted the good things of Time,
Tho' their remember'd sweetness seems like sorrow.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece : The Return, V., ll.* 19–21.

Too avid of earth's bliss, he was of those
Whom Delight flies because they give her chase.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Byron the Voluptuary, ll.* 1–2.

Pledge.

I don't appruve o' givin' pledges;
  You'd ough' to leave a feller free,
An' not go knockin' out the wedges
  To ketch his fingers in the tree.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. I., Letter 7.*

Pleiads.

Many a night I saw the pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall, st. 3.*

Ploughshare.

Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil as a keel through the water.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Evangeline, Pt. II., 3, l. 104.*

Plover.

O little plover still circling over
  Your nest in clover, your house of love,
Sure none dare harm it and none alarm it
  While you are keeping your watch above.
KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON, *Cuckoo Songs: A Plover on Guard, st. 1.*

Poem.

Is the poem but the poet as he dares to live and die?
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda; among the Broken Gods: Luke Sprott, st. 26.*

Poet.

The world but feels the present's spell,
The poet feels the past as well.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Bacchanalia*, or *The New Age, II., ll. 65–6.*

Not deep the poet sees, but wide.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Resignation, l. 214.*

Well may we mourn, when the head
Of a sacred poet lies low
In an age which can rear them no more!
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *The Youth of Nature, ll. 48–50.*

"But, alas!
Poets are few, and poets that are wise
Are—well, where *are* they? Sleeping in their graves."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act II., sc. 6* (Fortunatus).

O souls perplexed by hood and cowl,
  Fain would you find a teacher,
Consult the lark and not the owl,
  The poet, not the preacher.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Love's Widowhood, etc.: The Owl and the Lark, st. 19.*

What though commandment, dogma, rite,
One after one, shall perish quite,
The Poet still will keep
The Sanctuary's lamp alight,
And, in the body's deepest night,
Forbid the soul to sleep.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Lyrics : Poet's Corner, st.* 13.

"Nay, marry not a poet. He will have
As many changeling mistresses as moods.
He wantons with the February winds,
And toys with March's forward daffodils.
He is an April fool each cuckoo-call
Can set a-gaping, and he falls in love
With every lamb that frisks its pretty tail."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act I., sc.* 1 (Grosso).

Alas, what poet ever fully spoke
The mastering thought that held him like a dream?
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Crucifixion of Man, Dedication, st.* 36.

To be a poet is the greatest thing
On earth, and, being the greatest, the most hard
To compass.
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. II. : A Poet's Letter to his Son, ll.* 7–9.

The highest poethood is ever this:
To love as Christ loved, and to save the race.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. II. : The Poet, st.* 2.

Those virtuous liars, dreamers after dark,
Exaggerators of the sun and moon,
And soothsayers in a tea cup.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. I., ll.* 856–8.

I do distrust the poet who discerns
No character or glory in his times,
And trundles back his soul five hundred years,
Past moat and drawbridge, into a castle-court,
To sing—
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. IV., ll.* 188–92.

The poet hath the child's sight in his breast
And sees all new.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *The Poet, ll.* 1–2.

"I trust no poets. They are moonshine men,
And like the folk in Persia fall abash'd
At sunlight."
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *The Drama of Kings : Buonaparte, ll.* 229–31 (Jahn).

Tom was goin' for a poet, an' said he'd a poet be;
  One of these long-haired fellers a feller hates to see;
One of these chaps for ever fixin' things cute and clever;
Makin' the world in gen'ral step 'long to tune un' time,
An' cuttin' the earth into slices an' saltin' it down into rhyme.
  WILL CARLETON, *Farm Ballads: Tom was goin' for a Poet, st.* 1.

The poet may tread earth sadly,
  Yet is he Dreamland's king,
And the fags at his bidding gladly
  Visions of beauty bring.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Coming of Age, st.* 1.

"A poet is he, sweetheart! Lack-a-day!
Bid him go hang or drown without ado."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *A Romantic Farce, act II* (Clown).

"Poets must rove—are honey-sucking birds
And know not constancy."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. I* (Fedalma).

The poet was not born to teach
  A moral lesson to mankind;
He hath no solemn creed to preach,
  But, fancy-free and unconfined,
By sunlit glade or grey sea-beach
  His lyre wakes to the shifting wind.
VIOLET FANE, *Poems: The Poet, st.* 1.

Poets as their heads grow gray,
Look from too far behind the eyes,
Too long experienced to be wise
In guileless youth's diviner way.
J. R. LOWELL, *Ode for Fourth July, 1876, III.*, 1, *ll.* 1–4.

Where dull to deafness is the hearing ear,
Vain is the poet.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *A Book of Sonnets, XIV., ll.* 5–6.

Methinks a bard (and thou art one) should suit his song to sorrow,
And tell of pain, as well as gain, that waits us on the morrow.
ERICK MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc.: The Waking of the Lark, st.* 2.

O Poet, more than ocean, lonelier!
ALICE MEYNELL, *Later Poems: A Poet's Wife, st.* 2.

Singer of songs, most simple and most sweet,
With artlessness that only art commands.
REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets at the English Lakes, I.: In Memoriam Charles Tennyson Turner, ll.* 1–2.

The poet will still be a child,
  And will curtain the sun to his slumbers.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda; among the Broken Gods: Winifred Urquhart, st.* 103.

One whom the strong sons of the world despise;
For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and share
And mellow metres more than cent for cent.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Brook*, *ll.* 3–5.

"For every fiery prophet in old times,
And all the sacred madness of the bard,
When God made music through them, could but speak
His music by the framework and the chord."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls of the King: The Holy Grail*, *ll.* 871–4 (Arthur).

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, *XXI.*, *st.* 6.

For I had hope, by something rare,
To prove myself a poet:
But, while I plan and plan, my hair
Is gray before I know it.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Lyrical Monologue*, *Pt. II.*, *st.* 3.

The passionate heart of the poet is whirl'd into folly and vice.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud*, *Pt. I.*, *IV.*, *st.* 7.

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Poet*, *st.* 1.

Vex not thou the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit:
Vex not thou the poet's mind;
For thou canst not fathom it.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Poet's Mind*, *st.* 1.

Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,
And kings a dubious legend of their reign;
The sword of Caesars, they are less than rust:
The poet doth remain.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Lachrymae Musarum*, *ll.* 114–7.

On earth what hath the poet? An alien breath.
Night holds the keys that ope the doors of Day.
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *The Coming of Love, etc.: In a Graveyard, Oliver Madox Brown*, *ll.* 13–4.

The maker of poems settles justice, reality, immortality,
His insight and power encircle things and the human race,
He is the glory and extract thus far of things and of the human race.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: Song of the Answerer*, 2, *ll.* 6-8.

Poetry.

". . . verse sheds the husk
And is the core of everything that's good."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act I., sc.* 4 (April).

O Poesy, thou nymph of fire,
Grandest of that fair quire
Which in the dim beginning stoop'd and fell,—
"So beauteous yet so awful, standing tall
Upon the mountain-tops where mortals dwell,
Seeing strange visions of the end of all,
And pallid from the white-heat glare of Hell!"
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Undertones, XIII. : The Syren, ll.* 184-90 (Syren).

O if billows and pillows and hours and flowers,
And all the brave rhymes of an elder day,
Could be furled together, this genial weather,
And carted, or carried on "wafts" away,
Nor ever again trotted out—ah me!
How much fewer volumes of verse there'd be!
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Lovers, and a Reflection, st.* 14.

It is not sweet content, be sure,
That moves the nobler Muse to song,
Yet when could truth come whole and pure
From hearts that inly writhe with wrong?
A. H. CLOUGH, *In the Depths, st.* 1.

"Poetry,
Divine sincerity, is undeveloped
Craftiness, intelligence in the rough."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Self's the Man, act V.* (Junipert).

Ah! for the age when verse was glad
Being godlike, to be bad and mad.
EDMUND GOSSE, *In Russet and Silver : Impression, st.* 8.

But oh, good Lord, the verse you make,
It gives a chap the belly-ache.
The cow, the old cow, she is dead;
It sleeps well, the horned head:
We poor lads, 'tis our turn now
To hear such tunes as killed the cow.
A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad, LXII., ll.* 5–10.

Rhyme brings with honeyed tones an anodyne to pain.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Harvest-Tide : Rhyme the Consoler, st.* 6.

Potry! I'd burn it, I would, sir—it's that what makes young fellows drink,
And a-leave off a-partin' their hair straight and a-washin' themselves at the sink.

He must work for his livin', that boy must.
  Will wisions put clo's on his limbs?
Will Byron or Tennerson feed him, or old Mr. What's-his-name's
    hymns?
There ain't not no potry in green-stuff—in 'taturs and inguns and
    peas,
And a-workin' from dorn till it's midnight to earn just yer beer,
    bread and cheese.
      G. R. SIMS, *The Dagonet and other Poems: Polly, st. 2.*

Strive for the Poet's crown, but ne'er forget
How poor are fancy's blooms to thoughtful fruits.
      ALEXANDER SMITH, *A Life-Drama, sc. 4.*

"... faint rhyme worn thin
With use of country songsters."
      A. C. SWINBURNE, *Mary Stuart, act I., sc. 2* (Mary Stuart).

Poison.

But the wine is bright at the goblet's brim
  Though the poison lurk beneath;
And the apples still are red on the tree
Within whose shade may the adder be
  That shall turn thy life to death.
      D. G. ROSSETTI, *The King's Tragedy, st. 61.*

Politics.

Wenever an Amerikin distinguished politishin
Begins to try et wut they call definin' his posishin,
Wal, I, fer one, feel sure he ain't gut nothin' to define;
It's so nine cases out o' ten, but jest that tenth is mine.
      J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. I., Letter 9.*

Pond.

Oh stagnant ponds, where we could watch,
  Beneath the alder's shade,
The caddis walk in shell stuck thatch,
  The water-scorpion wade.
      ANON., *Songs of Lucilla: Reminiscences of Childhood, st. 4.*

As languid as a lilied pond.
  NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. II.: A Fortunate Island, st. 1.*

Pool.

No form, no colour in itself, alone,—
  Yet all the image of a perfect sky,—
One drop, an indistinguishable one,
  And yet a sun in full entirety.
      WALTER EARLE, *Home Poems: Only a Rain-Pool, st. 2.*

The pool where drowsy cattle drink,
  NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. II.: The Apology, st. 3.*

Stirred by no breath, the tiny rock-pools lie
Glassing in calm the blue September sky.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Harvest-Tide : Lydstep Caverns, st.* 2.

I loved the brimming wave that swam
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Miller's Daughter, st.* 13.

Poor.

Who are these poor? to pain consign'd—
Do they—or who, make up mankind?
SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc. : The Two Destinies, ll.* 347–8.

The poor, without a single stitch
Of clothes to know them by,
To heaven, far faster than the rich,
Creep through the camel's eye.
C. L. GRAVES, *The Green above the Red : William's Mission, st.* 19.

To fast among the hungering,
To serve among the poor,
To toil among the weary,
Among the sick endure;
To intercede for sinners,
The tempted to secure.
HARRIET E. HAMILTON KING, *Ballads of the North, etc. : Father Mackonochie, st.* 19.

How like a bonny bird of God he came,
And pour'd his heart in music for the Poor;
Who sit in gloom while sunshine floods the land,
And feel through darkness, for the hand of Help.
GERALD MASSEY, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc. : Hood, ll.* 67–70.

. . . the poor that stay
Are better than the great that pass us by.
REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets Round the Coast : On the Harbour Pier, Whitby, ll.* 13–4.

Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp is bad.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Northern Farmer, New Style, st.* 12.

Oh! Heaven forbid
That I should mock the poor man with my tongue,
Or scorn him in my heart; the eldest-born
Of Nature is an honourable man.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece : Alcaeus, III., ll.* 54–7.

Too long, that some may rest,
Tired millions toil unblest.
WILLIAM WATSON, *A New National Anthem, st.* 3.

Pope.

There sits the Pope, his thoughts for company.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, I., l.* 1240.

On earth I never took the Pope for God,
In heaven I shall scarce take God for the Pope.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, XI. : Guido, ll.* 2391–2.

"The Lord was God and came as man—the Pope
Is man and comes as God."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Harold, act III., sc.* 2 (Harold).

Poplar Leaves.

When with exquisite tremors the poplar leaves quiver,
And a breeze like a kiss wakes the slumbering river.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends, Ser. II. : July, st.* 1.

Poppy.

And the poppy flaunting atop of the wall,
Which proud as glory, will fade as fast.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Lyrics : A Country Nosegay, st.* 3.

"... tall poppy stems
Almost as long as your sword, and O with heads
Plump as a gourd."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act IV., sc.* 6 (Candida).

These sanguine poppies of pale Autumn-time
That have outstayed the prime,
Whose waves of crimson erst
The wolds immersed,
Are like last drops of blood
From Frenzy's flood!
ANON., *Songs of Lucilla : Autumn Poppies, st.* 1.

A poppy grows upon the shore,
Bursts her twin cup in summer late:
Her leaves are glaucous-green and hoar,
Her petals yellow delicate.
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Shorter Poems, bk. I., No. II., st.* 1.

Large dropping poppies, and Queen hollihocks,
With butterflies for crowns—tree peonies
And pinks and goldilocks.
JEAN INGELOW, *Honours, Part I., st.* 5.

thin and bright
The horned poppies' blossoms shone
Upon a shingle-bank, thrust on
By the high tide to choke the grass;
And nigh it the sea-holly was,
Whose cold grey leaves and stiff stark shade
On earth a double moonlight made.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise, January : The Ring given to Venus, ll.* 992–8.

As bright as the golden poppy is
That the beach breeds for the surf to kiss.
D. G. ROSSETTI, *The White Ship, st.* 113.

The crumpled poppies garnered among sheaves.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical : Ode to Pan, l.* 103.

More crumpled than a poppy from the sheath.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, V., l.* 28.

Popularity.

Such kings of shreds have wooed and won her,
Such crafty knaves her laurel owned,
It has become almost an honour
Not to be crowned.
T. B. ALDRICH, *XXXVI Lyrics and XII Sonnets : Lyric XXV., Quatrains, No.* 5.

Rest now—and weep—thou praised of Earth!
And own, when all is done,
A world's false worship is not worth
The deep tried love of one!
HELEN, LADY DUFFERIN, *Songs, Poems, and Verses : Fame, st.* 4.

Positivists.

Life and the Universe show spontaneity;
Down with ridiculous notions of Deity!
Churches and creeds are all lost in the mists;
Truth must be sought with the Positivists.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *The Positivists, st.* 1.

Possession.

"Possession's naught;
A parchment ghost; a word I am ashamed
To claim even here" (Lewis).
"Possession's naught? Possession's beef and ale—
Soft bed, fair wife, gay horse, good steel.—Are they naught?
Possession means to sit astride of the world,
Instead of having it astride of you" (Walter).
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saints' Tragedy, act I., sc.* 2.

Possibilities.

We know not fully what we are,
Still less what we might be;
But hear faint voices from the far
Dim lands beyond the sea.
W. E. H. LECKY, *Undeveloped Lives, st.* 8.

Postscript.

Wit in the letter will prate, but wisdom speaks in a postscript.
A. H. CLOUGH, *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich, Pt. IX.*

Poster; Placard. See also **Advertisements.**

Such awful colours as are blent
On terrible placards.
ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode : Art's Martyr, st.* 5.

And he held in his hand a "poster," big-lettered in black and red.
WALTER C. SMITH, *A Heretic, etc. : A Pulpiteer, l.* 5.

Potatoes.

The merriest-eyed potatoes, nursed in gloom,
Just resurrected from their cradle-tomb.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals : The Festival of Industry, ll.* 13–4.

Poteen.

I've reeked with song a whole night long over a brown poteen.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse : The Red, Red West, st.* 2.

Poverty.

God blesses want with larger sympathies.
J. R. LOWELL, *A Legend of Brittany, Pt. I., 4, l.* 2.

The Lady Poverty was fair :
But she has lost her looks of late,
With change of times and change of air.
Ah slattern, she neglects her hair,
Her gown, her shoes. She keeps no state
As once when her pure feet were bare.
ALICE MEYNELL, *Later Poems : The Lady Poverty, st.* 1.

Here's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o' care,
By the luck o' love ! I'd still go light for all I did go bare.
"MOIRA O'NEILL," *Corrymeela, st.* 4.

"Poor men, when yule is cold,
Must be content to sit by little fires."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON *Idylls : The Holy Grail, ll.* 611–2 (Monk).

Poverty and Contentment.

God fills the scrip and canister,
Sin piles the loaded board.
R. W. EMERSON, *Wood-Notes, II., ll.* 52–3.

Where love makes plenty of sunshine, there poverty casts no shade.
G. R. SIMS, *The Dagonet and other Poems : The Old Actor's Story, st.* 6.

Power.

Before beginning, and without an end,
As space eternal, and as surety sure,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. VIII.*

No, to respect men's power, I needs must see
Men's bare hands seek, find, grasp and wield the sword
Nobody else can brandish !
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies, VI. : Mihrab Shah, ll.* 54–6.

Destiny works on a curious plan,
And is often kind to the charlatan;
But the man who has power is the happy man,
Whoever has Fortune's favour.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Fragment, st.* 2.

Mildly secure in power that needs no guile.
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Legend of Jubal, l.* 134.

No power can die that ever wrought for Truth.
J. R. LOWELL, *Elegy on the Death of Dr. Channing, st.* 8.

"To me it seems that they who grasp the world,
The Kingdom and the power and the glory,
Must pay with deepest misery of spirit,
Atoning unto God for a brief brightness,
And ever ransom, like this rigid king,
The outward victory with inward loss."
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Herod, act III.* (Physician).

Strong in the power that all men adore.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., X., l.* 14.

Mine be the power which ever to its sway
Will win the wise at once, and by degrees
May into uncongenial spirits flow.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Early Sonnets, III., ll.* 9–11.

Practice.

Whom do you count the worst man upon earth?
Be sure, he knows, in his conscience, more
Of what Right is, than arrives at birth
In the best man's acts that we bow before:
This last *knows* better—true; but my fact is,
'Tis one thing to know, and another to practise.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day, XVII., ll.* 17–22.

Prairies.

These are the gardens of the Desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The Prairies.
W. C. BRYANT, *The Prairies, ll.* 1–4.

Praise.

To maiden ear and heart
There is nothing in all the scale of sound
So sweet as unpremeditated praise.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Love's Widowhood, etc.: A Fragment, Pt. I., ll.* 138–40.

And if we look for any praise on earth
'Tis in man's love: all else is nothing worth.
ROBERT BRIDGES, *The Growth of Love, Sonnet* 20, *ll.* 13–4.

There's such a thing as praisin' a thing for the good that it has done.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Ballads : Out of the Old House Nancy, st.* 6.

" An enemy's praise heralds all treachery,
And grows the sweeter as revenge looks surer ! "
" JOHN OLIVER HOBBES," *Osbern and Ursyne, act III., sc. I.* (Ursyne).

" Earth's child am I, for Heaven unfit.
But I deserve some earthly praise
For kindliness, good looks, and wit,
Altho' not wings I wear, but stays."
"OWEN MEREDITH" [LORD LYTTON], *Marah : Horace and Lydia* (Lydia).

Man may not praise a spirit above
Man's : life and death shall praise him : we can only love.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Sunset, st.* 8.

To breathe my loss is more than fame,
To utter love more sweet than praise.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, LXXVII., st.* 4.

Prayer.

Pray not ! the Darkness will not brighten ! Ask
Nought from the Silence, for it cannot speak !
Vex not your mournful minds with pious pains !
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. VIII.*

By hushing controversy, let
Man catch earth's undertone of prayer.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *At the Gate of the Convent, st.* 33.

It is that every tender sound
Art can evoke, or Nature yield,
Betokens something more profound,
Hinted, but never quite revealed.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *At the Gate of the Convent, st.* 49.

I have prayed for thee with bursting sobs,
When passion's course was free ;
I have prayed for thee with silent lips,
In the anguish none could see :
They whispered oft, " She sleepeth soft "—
But I only prayed for thee.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *The Poet's Vow : The Words of Rosalind's Scroll, st.* 4.

To pray means—substitute man's will for God's :
Two best wills cannot be : by consequence,
What is man bound to but—assent, say I ?
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies, IV. : The Family, ll.* 14–6.

For even soulless women sometimes pray
As heedless insects buzz.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *The Last Ballad, etc. : The Ordeal, ll.* 664–5.

"I could pray—*pray*—in my detestation of him, and I am at
my very worst when I conceive a mind for prayer."
"MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act III., sc.* 3 (Lethington).

And hopeless prayer accomplished turned to praise
On lips that had been songless many days.
ANDREW LANG, *Grass of Parnassus: Lost in Hades, ll.* 4–5.

"A martyr's prayers in heaven have power with God."
CANON G. E. MASON, *Claudia, act I., sc.* 2 (Lois).

To pray, to do—
To pray, to do according to the prayer,
Are, both, to worship Alla, but the prayers,
That have no successor in deed, are faint
And pale in Alla's eyes.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Akbar's Dream, ll.* 7–11.

"Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Passing of Arthur,*
ll. 415–6 (Arthur).

"For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?"
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Passing of Arthur,*
ll. 418–21 (Arthur).

Hate me or pity me, as you will,
The Lord will have mercy on sinners still;
And I, who am chiefest, say to all,
Watch and pray, lest ye also fall.
J. G. WHITTIER, *John Underhill, st.* 19.

Preacher.

And the preacher's voice was bold as he rose up then and told
Of the triumph of the righteous, of the patience of the saints,
And the hope of God's assistance, and the greatness of resistance
Of the trust that never wearies and the heart that never faints.
CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, *The Siege of Derry, st.* 18.

'Tis not hard to preach of darkness in the full light of the sun.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Crucifixion of Man: Part III., Life of*
Caleb Smith, st. 144.

Dey vent to hear a breecher of
De last sensadion shtyle,
'Twas 'nough to make der teufel weep
To see his "awful shmile."
C. G. LELAND, *The Breitmann Ballads: Breitmann about Town,*
st. 12

Precedent.

Is not Precedent indeed a King of men?
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday: A Word from the*
Psalmist IV.

Prejudice.

Cut Prejudice against the grain.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Love Thou thy Land with Love far-brought*, st. 6.

Presence.

There are none of England's daughters who can show a prouder presence.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, st. 4.

Present, The ; Now.

"Chide not with the past, but feel the present!"
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Tristram and Iseult* (Iseult of Ireland).

Enjoy the present gift, nor wait to know
The unknowable.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies, XI. : A Pillar at Sebzevah*, ll. 50–1.

The hateful Now each moment mocks
The over-happy Then.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals : The Festival of Praise*, ll. 177–8.

"That humble simple duty of the day
Perform, . . ask not if small or great :
Serve in thy post ; be faithful, and obey,
Who serves her truly, sometimes saves the State.
A. H. CLOUGH, *Wellington*, st. 5.

But the Present is our own still, and I hug and hold it fast,
As the sailor in a tempest fastens wildly to the mast ;
For I know not, if I loose it, what my future fate may be ;
VIOLET FANE, *Poems : "After Long Years,"* ll. 41–3.

Leave larger issues to your God,
But trebly guard the instant day.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, ser. II. : Last Words*, st. 5.

Say, lad, have you things to do ?
Quick then, while your day's at prime,
Quick, and if 'tis work for two,
Here am I, man : now's your time.
A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad, XXIV.*, st. 1.

"Hast thou e'er reflected
How much lies hidden in that one word, *now* ?"
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Spanish Student, act I.*, sc. 5 (Hypolito).

We're curus critters : Now ain't jes' the minute
Thet ever fits us easy while we're in it ;
Long ez 'twus futur', 'twould be perfect bliss—
Soon ez it's past, *thet* time's wuth ten o' this ;
An' yit there ain't a man thet need be told
Thet Now's the only bird lays eggs of gold.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, ser. II., Letter 6.*

The Now is an atom of sand,
  And the Near is a perishing clod:
But Afar is as Faëry Land,
  And Beyond is the bosom of God.
"OWEN MEREDITH" [LORD LYTTON], *Marah: Epilogue, st.* 8.

We, whose hearts unheroically care
More for the moments than the eternities.
"OWEN MEREDITH" [LORD LYTTON], *Marah: Lies, ll.* 22–3.

Strong souls within the present live;
  The future veiled,—the past forgot:
Grasping what is, with hands of steel,
  They bend what shall be, to their will.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, ser. I.: The Treasure of Hope, st.* 4.

Hope the best, but hold the Present, fatal daughter of the Past,
Shape your heart to front the hour, but dream not that the hour will last.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Sixty Years After, st.* 53.

The Present, the Present is all thou hast
  For thy sure possessing,
Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast
  Till it gives its blessing.
J. G. WHITTIER, *My Soul and I, st.* 34.

No mortal, clown or king, shall e'er dissever
  His present glory from his past estate?
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *The Coming of Love, etc: The Open-Air Plays, ll.* 75–6.

Press, The.

  High Muses! be not slow
  Her rights to know
Who comes to sit on the Pierian Hill,
  Turning your Nine to Ten.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Tenth Muse, st.* 6.

  For, clad in living light
  'Gainst Darkness does she fight;
And girt with Knowledge, Ignorance she chases;
  High Muses! welcome her—
  Our World's Interpreter—
Glad and caressing to your heavenly Places.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Tenth Muse, st.* 17.

"The tyrant on the throne
Is the morning and evening press."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Fleet Street Eclogues: New Year's Day* (Brian).

I du believe with all my soul
  In the great Press's freedom,
To pint the people to the goal
  An' in the traces lead 'em.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, ser. I., Letter* 6.

Price.

Each man pays a price
For what himself counts precious, whether true
Or false the appreciation it implies.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Casa Guidi Windows, Pt. II., ll.* 199–201.

Pride.

Pride, that fortune humbles not.
W. C. BRYANT, *The African Chief, st.* 2.

"For pride is hard and love is soft—
But the two together—that's the stuff!
T. E. BROWN, *The Doctor, para.* 39 (Tom Baynes).

Better suspect that thou art proud
Than be sure that thou art great.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Roadside Poems: Better Things, st.* 6.

there are such as fain would be the worst
Amongst all men, since best they cannot be,
So strong is that wild lie that men call pride;
And so to-day it is, perchance, with thee—
Cast it aside, son; cast it clean aside.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise, February: The Hill of Venus, sts.* 84–5.

"For pride with both hands flings away
Unhandled treasures."
ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil: The Dance of the Seven Sins* (Avarice).

"My spirit in Satan was that fire
Which lit the flaming brand he hurled
Into the darkness of the world,
Where men groped dimly after God."
ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil: The Dance of the Seven Sins* (Pride).

"I am that voice which is the faint,
First, far-off sin within the saint,
When of his humbleness he first
Takes thought."
ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil: The Dance of the Seven Sins* (Pride).

O child, you wrong your beauty, believe it, in being so proud.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., IV., st.* 3.

Yea, too, myself from myself I guard,
For often a man's own angry pride
Is cap and bells for a fool.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., VI., st.* 7.

The full-spread pride of man is calming and excellent to the soul.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: Children of Adam,* 6, *l.* 6.

Priest. See also **Parson.**

"Curse on these shaven pates that claim to stand
Betwixt the soul and body!"
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act II., sc. 2* (Tornabuoni).

Money money every turn,
Money money—pay or burn!
And where does it come from? I said it before and I say it again,
Out of the sweat of the workin' man.
Aw these priests! these priests! these priests—
T. E. BROWN, *Old John, etc.: In the Coach*, No. 5; *The Pazons*, *ll.* 61–5.

. . . quiet, priestlike voice,
Too used to syllable damnations round
To make a natural emphasis worth while.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. IV., ll.* 635–7.

Vows can't change nature, priests are only men.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, I., l.* 1057.

"Mothers, wives, and maids,
These be the tools wherewith priests manage men."
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, III.: Tertium Quid*, *ll.* 503–4.

A priest is more a woman than a man.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, VII.: Pompilia, l.* 549.

Still, for all you've so gentle a soul,
Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control;
Checking the crazy ones,
Coaxin' onaisy ones,
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick.
A. P. GRAVES, *Father O'Flynn, st.* 3.

"If you'd sleep sound, sir,
You'll let priests pray for you, but school you never."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act I., sc. 2* (Walter).

"Not men, God knows, are ye or any of you,
Priests, and the flocks of priesthood: sheep or swine
Or wolves at heart man finds you."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Marino Faliero, act IV., sc. 2* (Faliero).

"Why, these priests
Would make the sunshine hellfire, thence to light
The piles whereon they burn with live men's limbs
The heart and hope of manhood."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Marino Faliero, act V., sc. 2* (Faliero).

The menacing poison of intolerant priests,
Those cobras ever setting up their hoods.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Akbar's Dream, ll.* 157–8.

There will shortly be no more priests. I say their work is done.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass ; By Blue Ontario's Shore, XIII.*, *l.* 14.

God's true priest is always free.
J. G. WHITTIER, *The Curse of the Charter-Breakers*, *st.* 16.

Primroses.

Lo! wheresoe'er you onward press
Shine milky ways of primroses.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *At the Gate of the Convent, etc. : A Defence of English Spring*, *ll.* 52–3.

March may bluster up and down,
Pettish April sulk and frown,
Closer to their skirts you cling,
Coaxing Winter to be Spring.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Lyrical Poems : Primroses, II.*, *ll.* 33–6.

'Tis said the primrose is a party flower,
And means coercion, and the coy renown
Of one who toiled for country and for crown.
But, in the circuit of my Lady's bower,
It means content, a hope, a golden hour.
Primroses smile ; and daisies cannot frown!
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc. : Token Flowers*, *ll.* 9–14.

Principles.

A marciful Providunce fashioned us holler
O' purpose thet we might our principles swaller.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. I., Letter* 4.

Printing.

Printing is called the Art of Arts,
And typos then are artists—right—
They are the nobler counterparts
Of those who work in Black and White.
C. G. LELAND, *Songs of the Sea and Lays of the Land : Reflections in a Printing Office*, *ll.* 6–10.

Problem.

The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,
Is—not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be,—but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means : a very different thing.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Men and Women : Bishop Blougram's Apology*, *ll.* 88–92.

'Tis not the calm and peaceful breast
That sees or reads the problem true ;
They only know on whom't has prest
Too hard to hope to solve it too.
A. H. CLOUGH, *Poems : In the Depths*, *st.* 2.

" The solution, as ever, is to be looked for, as the pippin of an apple, at the core."
" MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act II., sc.* 3 (Lethington).

Professor.

The hawk-nosed, high-cheek-boned Professor.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day, XIV., l.* 33.

Profit.

No small profit that man earns,
Who through all he meets can steer him,
Can reject what cannot clear him,
Cling to what can truly cheer him.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *The Second Best, st.* 5.

Profit and Loss.

" East and west, and north and south,
Under the crescent, or under the cross,
One song you hear in every mouth,
Profit and loss, profit and loss."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Scaramouch in Naxos, sc.* 3 (Scaramouch).

Progress.

" Say ye: The spirit of man has found new roads,
And we must leave the old faiths, and walk therein?
Leave then the Cross as ye have left carved gods.
But guard the fire within!
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Progress, st.* 7.

" Children of men! not that your age excel
In pride of life the ages of your sires,
But that you think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well,
The Friend of man desires."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Progress, st.* 12.

The first of the new, in our race's story,
Beats the last of the old; 'tis no idle quiddit.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Old Pictures at Florence, st.* 20.

. . . " progress is
The law of life, man is not Man as yet."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus, v.* (Paracelsus).

Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
Into the new; the eternal flow of things,
Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.
W. C. BRYANT, *An Evening Reverie, ll.* 64–7.

As we surpass our father's skill,
Our sons will shame our own;
A thousand things are hidden still
And not a hundred known.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Mechanophilus, st.* 6.

I held it truth, with him who sings
  To one clear harp in divers tones,
  That men may rise on stepping-stones,
Of their dead selves to higher things.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, I., st.* 1.

Our faith is fixed and moves not with the ages,—
  The Church proclaims, and every prelate proves!
The while we read through past historic pages
  These words so oft repeated, *Still it moves!*
SAMUEL WADDINGTON, *Sonnets, etc.: E pur si muove.*

Property.

Them as 'as munny an' all—wot's a beauty?—the flower as blaws.
But proputty, proputty sticks, an' proputty, proputty graws.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Northern Farmer, New Style, st.* 4.

Prophecy.

My gran'ther's rule was safer 'n 't is to crow:
Don't never prophesy—onless ye know.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. II., Letter* 2.

Prophet.

"Thou art a prophet: ay, but of the prophets
Some have been taken in error, and honest time
Has honoured many with forgetfulness."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Prometheus the Firegiver, ll.* 677–9 (Inachus).

The prophet never dies!
J. G. WHITTIER, *Channing, st.* 24.

Propriety.

Study first Propriety: for she is indeed the Polestar
Which shall guide the artless maiden through the mazes of Vanity Fair;
Nay, she is the golden chain which holdeth together Society;
The lamp by whose light young Psyche shall approach unblamed her Eros.
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Proverbial Philosophy: Of Propriety ll.* 1–4.

Protestants.

"What pleasure can I have among these precise Protestants, who see a street before their noses, whatsoe'er the pied landscape discover?"
"MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act V., sc.* 6 (Lethington).

Proteus.

I, Proteus range.
A weary guest, a power to climb and soar,
  Yet never quit life's bitterness and starkness,
  A groping for God's hand amid the darkness,

The day behind me and the night before,
This is my task for evermore.
BOBERT BUCHANAN, *Undertones, I : Proteus, st. 7.*

Prudence.

"They need have prudence, who in courage lack;
'Twas that I might go on I looked not back."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *New Poems : Eclogue III., Fourth of June at Eton* (Richard).

"Prudence is but conceit
Hoodwinked by ignorance."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. II.* (Don Silva).

"Prudence turns its helm
To flee the storm and lands 'mid pestilence."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. II.* (Don Silva).

The last explanation always remains to be made about prudence,
Little and large alike drop quietly aside from the prudence that suits immortality.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass : Autumn Rivulets : Song of Prudence, ll.* 3–4.

Publisher.

Oh perfect Publishers complete!
ANDREW LANG, *Grass of Parnassus : To Daniel Elzevir, l.* 5.

Punctuality.

"Remember this: Be punctual as the sun,
Though others lag; for deference sits on youth
Better than any garment."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act I., sc.* 1 (Lorenzo).

Punishment.

Each fault must bring its penance,
Each sin the avenging blade,
For God upholds in justice
The laws that He hath made.
JOHN HAY, *Pike County Ballads : Sinai and Calvary, st.* 2.

. . . a man who is accused,
We come to think has reason to be thankful,
If he escape with scourging.
WALTER C. SMITH, *A Heretic, etc. : What Pilate thought of it, ll.* 259–61.

"I tell thee, God is in that man's right hand
Whose heart knows when to strike and when to stay."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Bothwell, act III., sc.* 2 (Bothwell).

Pupils.

There sat along the forms, like morning doves
That sun their milky bosoms on the thatch,
A patient range of pupils.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, II., ll.* 87–9.

Puritan.

He had stiff knees, the Puritan,
That were not good at bending.
J. R. LOWELL, *An Interview with Miles Standish, st.* 12.

Purity.

"Child, if steadfast keep the will,]]
Holy lives are holy still.
Vainly unclean demons lure,
If the heart remaineth pure;
Purer even after trial,
If temptation meet denial."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Prince Lucifer, act II., sc.* 2 (Father Gabriel).

To his love he made
Love's only worthy offering—purity.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *A Hidden Life, ll.* 329–30.

More pure than the dewfall, more holy than stars are that live without stain.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *The Death of Meleager [from Atalanta in Calydon].*

I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure!
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Passing of Arthur, ll.* 412–3 (Arthur).

Purpose. See also **Aim, Aspiration, Ideals, Intention.**

There's too much abstract willing, purposing,
In this poor world. We talk by aggregates,
And think by systems, and, being used to face
Our evils in statistics, are inclined
To cap them with unreal remedies
Drawn out in haste on the other side the slate.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. VIII., ll.* 800–5.

. . . the most he gleans
Who works and never swerves.
JEAN INGELOW, *Honours, Pt. I., st.* 28.

A soul that, watch'd from earliest youth,
And on thro' many a brightening year,
Had never swerved for craft or fear,
By one side-path, from simple truth.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *To the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, st.* 7.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall, st. 66.*

Quack.

The geese's cackle, the hen's cluck,
As with her chicklings she proceeds,
The "quack-quack" of sleek-plumaged duck,
Squabbling for slimy waterweeds.
ANON., *Songs of Lucilla : In the Farmyard, st. 3.*

Quadrille.

. . . quadrilles,
That poetry of old-fashioned motion.
ALFRED COCHRANE *Aunt Caroline, st. 2.*

Quarrel. See also **Feud.**

For it's aisier risin' a quarrel than sthrikin' a match on a wall.
JANE BARLOW, *Bog-Land Studies : By the Bog-Hole, VII., l. 12.*

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was something concerning heaven—a difference in our creed ;
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the thing at tea,
And the more we arg'ed the question, the more we didn't agree.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Ballads : Betsy and I are Out, st. 5.*

Is it worth while to quarrel and upbraid,
Life being so little and love so great a thing?
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends, Ser. II. : The Quarrel, st. 4.*

"As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, ll. 1–5* (Lilias' 1st Song).

Queen, Queenly.

"A queen? Aye, queen all over to the small,
Protesting foot that beats against my words."
"MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act IV., sc. 7* (Bothwell).

Of churchyard stone
I have made my throne ;
My locks are looped with a dead man's bone.
Mine eyes are red
With the tears I shed,
And I am the queen of Astrofelle.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc. : Zulalie, st. 3.*

Queen, as true to womanhood as Queenhood.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Demeter, etc. : On the Jubilee of Queen Victoria, st. 5.*

A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *A Dream of Fair Women, st.* 32.

To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The May Queen, Pt. I., st.* 11.

Queenly.

More queenly—wearing sorrow's dreary crown,
And robed in bitter wrongs—than when she moved
In youthful beauty, and the diadem
Paled in more golden hair.
ALEXANDER SMITH, *Edwin of Deira, bk. III., ll.* 29–32.

Quiet.

Ah, Quiet, all things feel thy balm!
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *On the Rhine, st.* 5.

It was as quiet as could quiet be,
And all the place seemed lapped in vacancy.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act II., st.* 76.

Rabbit.

A wise, respectable, clean-furred old rabbit!
GEORGE MACDONALD, *A Make-Believe, l.* 20.

Race.

Chestnut and bay, and sorrel and grey,
See how they glimmer and gleam!
Bending and straining, and losing and gaining,
Silk jackets flutter and stream;
They are over the grass as the cloud shadows pass,
They are up to the fence at the top;
It's 'hey then!' and over, and into the clover,
There wasn't one slip at the drop.
SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, *Songs of Action : The Farnshire Cup, st.* 9.

Railway ; Train.

Do railways, or with broad or narrow gauge,
Bring us one station nearer unto Heaven?
ALFRED AUSTIN, *A Fragment, Pt. I., ll.* 281–2.

Crash under bridges,
Flash over ridges,
And vault the downs;
The road is straight—
Nor stile, nor gate;
For milestones—towns!
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs : Song of a Train, ll.* 11–6.

It runs its thundering race,
The monster taught
To come to hand
Amain,
That swift as thought
Speeds through the land,
The train.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs : Song of a Train, ll.* 44–50.

The creeping Southern railroads with their other creeping things.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse : The Schnellest Zug, l.* 39.

We charge the tunnels headlong—
The blackness roars and shatters.
We crash between embankments—
The open spins and scatters.
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems : Echoes, XXI., st.* 3.

Like an awful alligator
Breathing fire and screeching hell-some,
With a pack of hounds behind him,
As if hunted by the devil,
Came the smoking locomotive,
Followed by the cars and tender.
C. G. LELAND, *Songs of the Sea and Lays of the Land : In Nevada, st.* 1.

With three great snorts of strength,
Stretching my mighty length,
Like some long dragon stirring in his sleep,
Out from the glare of gas
Into the night I pass,
And plunge alone into the silence deep.
COSMO MONKHOUSE, *The Night Express, st.* 1.

The swift train swept with rhythmic tune,
By endless pastures hurrying down,
White farm, lone chapel, castle town,
Then, fringed with weed, the salt lagune.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Britain : In Pembrokeshire,* 1886, *st.* 2.

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle,
All through the meadows the horses and cattle,
All of the sights of the hill and plain
Fly as thick as driving rain.
R. L. STEVENSON, *A Child's Garden of Verses : From a Railway Carriage, st.* 1.

Fierce throated beauty!
Roll through my chant with all thy lawless music, thy swinging lamps at night,

Thy madly-whistled laughter, echoing, rumbling like an earthquake, rousing all,
Law of thyself complete, thine own track firmly holding.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass : From Noon to Starry Night ; To a Locomotive in Winter, ll.* 18–21.

Rain.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind—and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain !
T. B. ALDRICH, *XXXVI Lyrics and XII Sonnets : Lyric XVII., Before the Rain, st.* 3.

Who is not awed that listens to the Rain,
Sending his voice before him ? Mighty Rain !
The upland steeps are shrouded by thy mists ;
Thy shadow fills the hollow vale ; the pools
No longer glimmer, and the silvery streams
Darken to veins of lead at thy approach.
W. C. BRYANT, *A Rain-Dream, ll.* 13–8.

And there were days when dismal sobbing Rain
Made melancholy music for the brain.
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Undertones, XIII. : The Syren, ll.* 79–80.

O soft noise of the rain
Over earth, on the roof !
For a heart sick with pain
O the song of the rain !
"MICHAEL FIELD," *Underneath the Bough : The Fourth Book of Songs, Song* 33.

I visit every humble roof ;
I mingle with the low :
Only upon the highest peaks
My blessings fall in snow ;
Until in tricklings of the stream,
And drainings of the lea,
My unspent bounty comes at last
To mingle with the sea.
BRET HARTE, *A Sanitary Message, st.* 4.

O, the brilliance of blossoming orchards !
O, the savour and thrill of the woods,
When their leafage is stirred
By the flight of the Angel of Rain !
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems : In Hospital, XXII ; Pastoral, ll.* 21–4.

Rain, rain, glistening rain,
Bidding us to hope again.
F. ROBERTSON, *Torquil, etc. : Rain, st.* 2.

All day the rain is on the lake,
All night the rain drips from the thatch;
I stand at the cabin door and watch
The drifting rain beat on the lake.
ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil : By Lough-Na-Gar, st. 2.*

Then fell thick rain, plume droopt and mantle clung,
And pettish cries awoke, and the wan day
Went glooming down in wet and weariness.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : The Last Tournament, ll. 213–5.*

I am the Poem of Earth, said the voice of the rain,
Eternal I rise impalpable out of the land and the bottomless sea,
Upward to heaven, whence, vaguely form'd, altogether changed,
and yet the same,
I descend—
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass : Sands at Seventy : The Voice of the Rain, ll. 3–6.*

Rainbow

'Twas a moon-rainbow, vast and perfect,
From heaven to heaven extending, perfect
As the mother-moon's self, full in face.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day, VI., ll. 11–3.*

I upleap, and seem to fade
In a humid flash of light.
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Undertones, VIII. : Iris the Rainbow, st. 2.*

A rainbow painted on a thundercloud,
That faints away with the ascending sun.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece : Eumenides, VI., ll. 71–2.*

Rank.

Time's epitaph on Rank and Gold—
"This noble mansion to be sold."
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Harvest-Tide : On an Empty House, st. 7.*

Rapids.

The lowland rapid crisp with ruffled flags.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical : Pandora, l. 390.*

Rapscallion.

Bearded and burly, short and thick,
Rough of speech and in temper quick,
A hard-faced old rapscallion.
SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, *Songs of Action : Corporal Dick's Promotion, st. 2.*

Rashness.

"Not till the ways of prudence all are tried,
And tried in vain, the turn of rashness comes."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Merope* (Merope).

First showing the world the calm open-eyed rashness of Englishmen
born!
FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, *The Visions of England : Sidney at Zutphen, l.* 40.

Rats.

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Romances : The Pied Piper of Hamelin, st.* 7.

Day by day we pass'd them—
Met them unaware,
Shambling through the lobbies,
Squatting on the stair.
Not a rat among them
Moved to give us place,
Staring with its cruel eye
And its aged face.
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *Ballads and Legends : The Bald Rat, st.* 1.

Raven.

Raven, dreary flake of night
Drifting in the eye of day.
WILLIAM WATSON, *The Raven's Shadow, st.* 1.

Reading.

We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits,—so much help
By so much reading.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. I., ll.* 702–5.

Read not Milton, for he is dry; nor Shakespeare, for he wrote of
common life;
Nor Scott, for his romances, though fascinating, are yet intelligible;
Nor Thackeray, for he is a Hogarth, a photographer who flattereth
not;
Nor Kingsley, for he shall teach thee that thou shouldest not dream,
but do.
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Verses and Translations : Proverbial Philosophy : Of Reading, ll.* 1–4.

For reading new books is like eating new bread,
One can bear it at first, but by gradual steps he
Is brought to death's door of a mental dyspepsy.
J. R. LOWELL, *A Fable for Critics, ll.* 104–6.

Real, The.

And if thou canst not realize the Ideal, thou shalt at least idealize
the Real.

C. S. CALVERLEY, *Of Reading*, *l.* 17.

Realities.

. . . learn the lesson rough
That to seem is not to be,
As to know is not to see;
That to man or book, *appearing*
Gives no title to revering.

GEORGE MACDONALD, *My Room*, *ll.* 254–8.

"I tell you we are fooled by the eye, the ear,
These organs muffle us from that real world
That lies about us, we are duped by brightness.
The ear, the eye doth make us deaf and blind;
Else should we be aware of all our dead,
Who pass above us, through us and beneath us."

STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Herod*, *act III.* (Herod).

Reap must Sow, He who would.

"It never will rain roses: when we want
To have more roses we must plant more trees."

"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy*, *bk. III.* (Fedalma).

Reason.

". . . it is
The privilege of reason to grow wise
By noting tricks of instinct."

ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola*, *act III.*, *sc.* 6 (Del Nero).

"O thou sophist, Man!
Reason by reason proved unreasonable,
Continues reasoning still! Confronted close,
What is this Reason? Like the peacock's tail,
Just useful for a flourish, nothing more;
And when 'tis down, the world goes on the same."

ALFRED AUSTIN, *Prince Lucifer*, *act I.*, *sc.* 3 (Abdiel).

"In vain was reason given, if man therewith
Shame truth, and name it wisdom to cry down
The unschooled promptings of his best desire."

ROBERT BRIDGES, *Prometheus the Firegiver*, *ll.* 645–7 (Prometheus).

. . . "glorious passion in us once appeased,
Our reason's calm cold dreadful voice begins."

ROBERT BROWNING, *Luria*, *act III.* (Luria).

I would make
Reason my guide, but she should sometimes sit
Patiently by the wayside, while I traced

The mazes of the pleasant wilderness
Around me. She should be my counsellor,
But not my tyrant.
W. C. BRYANT, *The Conjunction of Jupiter and Venus, ll.* 3–8.

('Tis strange, when one sly reason fills the heart,
How many honest ones will take its part.)
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals : The Festival of Reminiscence ; The First Settler's Story, ll.* 285–6.

"We had not walked
But for Tradition ; we walk evermore
To higher paths, by brightening Reason's lamp."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. II.* (Sephardo).

"Reason ! A fool can give more reasons for his folly than a saint can urge for his wisdom. We have five senses, but only one conscience. That explains everything. The game is unequal."
"JOHN OLIVER HOBBES," *The Wisdom of the Wise, act. II.* (Appleford).

Wisdom is much, my brother : thou art wise.
But reason over-strained is Folly's thrall.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical : Pandora, ll.* 244–5.

Rebellion.

"What sword of execution is so fine
That it can roll rebellion in the dust,
Yet leave the rebel standing ?"
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act. III., sc.* 9 (Candida).

"Noble rebellion lifts a common load ;
But what is he who flings his own load off
And leaves his fellows toiling ?"
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Legend of Jubal, etc. : Armgart, sc.* 5, *ll.* 164–6 (Walpurga).

My Chief, in his wine-cups, forgave twelve men ;
And of these a dozen rebelled again !
AUBREY DE VERE, *From The Bard Ethell, st.* 10.

Re-birth.

And ah for a man to arise in me,
That the man I am may cease to be !
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., X., st.* 6.

Who toiled a slave may come anew a Prince
For gentle worthiness and merit won ;
Who ruled a King may wander earth in rags
For things done and undone.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. VIII.*

Rebuke.

Soft rebukes, in blessings ended.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Voices of the Night : Footsteps of Angels, st.* 9.

Recruit.

. . a raw recruit, smooth-cheeked and fair,
Half grown, half drilled, with the weedy air
Of a draft from the home battalion.
SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, *Songs of Action : Corporal Dick's Promotion, st. 2.*

Come you home a hero,
Or come not home at all,
The lads you leave will mind you
Till Ludlow tower shall fall.
A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad, III. : The Recruit, st. 4.*

Red.

Any colour, so long as it's red,
Is the colour that suits me best,
Though I will allow there is much to be said
For yellow and green and the rest.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse : Red, st. 1.*

Redstart.

The redstart shakes its crimson plume,
Singing alone till evening's fall
Beside the pied and homely bloom
Of wallflower on the crumbling wall.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs : Spring, IV., st. 2.*

Reef.

We passed flat reefs
Where sea-fowls nest, and sleek seals drowse i' the sun.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Voyage of Ithobal : The Fourth Day, ll. 89–90.*

Reformer.

"You're a bachelor; all reformers are bachelors, all extreme reformers have been bachelors."
GEORGE MOORE, *The Bending of the Bough, act I.* (Pollock).

Let your reforms for a moment go!
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Riflemen Form! st. 3.*

Refuge.

. . . a king has no refuge
Betwixt the throne and the tomb.
FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, *The Visions of England : The Fugitive King, st. 4.*

Regret.

There's a regret
So grinding, so immitigably sad,
Remorse thereby feels tolerant, even glad . . .
Do you not know it yet?
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems : Rhymes and Rhythms, VII., st. 1.*

Relief.

The lone heart's changeless longing for relief.
Relief from wretched memories of things lost,
Relief in words that find no utterance now,
Relief from dead love's still undying ghost,
Relief in tears that long have ceased to flow.
"OWEN MEREDITH" [LORD LYTTON], *Marah : Semper Eadem, sts.* 1, 2.

Religion.

"Children of men! the unseen Power, whose eye
For ever doth accompany mankind,
Hath look'd on no religion scornfully
That men did ever find.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Progress, st.* 10.

The deep religion of the heart,
That never will be dumb.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Lyrics : Poet's Corner, st.* 16.

A value for religion's self,
A carelessness about the sects of it.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day, XIX., ll.* 11–2.

Religion's all or nothing; it's no mere smile
O' contentment, sigh of aspiration, sir—
No quality o' the finelier-tempered clay
Like its whiteness or its lightness; rather stuff
O' the very stuff, life of life, and self of self.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae : Mr. Sludge, "The Medium," ll.* 1006–10.

"Take your religion as 'twas found you."
And say no more of it, confound you."
A. H. CLOUGH, *Dipsychus, Pt. II., sc.* 1 (Spirit).

"What we all love is good touched up with evil—
Religion's self must have a spice of devil."
A. H. CLOUGH, *Dipsychus, Pt. I., sc.* 3 (Spirit).

"Ladies' religion, like their love, we know,
Requires a gloss of verbal exaltation,
Lest the sweet souls should understand themselves;
And clergymen must talk up to the mark."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act III., sc.* 3 (Conrad).

"I hate overdoing anything—especially religion."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act III., sc.* 3 (Bishop).

Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy views;
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, XXXIII., st.* 2.

Remembrance.

Yet do thou think of me, child of my soul:
That, when the waves of forgetfulness roll,
Part may survive in the wreck of the whole.

Still let me count on the tear in thine eye,
"Thus she bent o'er me, thus went her reply,
Sitting and thinking when no one was nigh."
HENRY ALFORD, *Filiolae Dulcissimae, stt.* 18–19.

(For people's lives, you know full well,
Two sets of things recall:
The one of which they often tell,
The other not at all.)
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals: The Festival of Praise, ll.* 109–12.

'Tis sweeter to remember than forget.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Britain: On a Thrush singing in Autumn, l.* 51.

"Mother, thou sole and only, thou not these,
Keep me in mind a little when I die
Because I was thy first-born; let thy soul
Pity me, pity even me gone hence and dead,
Though thou wert wroth, and though thou bear again
Much happier sons, and all men later born
Exceedingly excel me; yet do thou
Forget not, nor think shame; I was thy son."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon* (Meleager).

Remorse.

He, by remorse consumed and shamed,
No cancer needs to have to learn
What 'tis to bear a growth inflamed,
And in the flesh to feel it burn.
ANON., *Songs of Lucilla: Metaphor, st.* 4.

Remorse is virtue's root; its fair increase
Are fruits of innocence and blessedness.
W. C. BRYANT, *Mutation, ll.* 9–10.

. . . the joy that is sweetest
Lurks in stings of remorse.
R. W. EMERSON, *The Sphinx, st.* 12.

If we fall in the race, though we win, the hoofslide is scarred on the course.
Though Allah and Earth pardon Sin, remaineth for ever Remorse.
RUDYARD KIPLING, *Certain Maxims of Hafiz* (Maxim 17).

Rent.

God bless the land; 'twas a famous invintion
For rearing men, women, and children, and pigs,
While the rint was for ever a bone of contintion
'Twixt landlords and tinants, and lawyers in wigs.

But we'll all enjoy peace and require no more killin'
When, under the rule of O'Brien and Dillon,
'Tis decreed that the man is a traitor and villain
Who pays or asks rint in the Emerald Isle.
C. L. GRAVES, *The Green above the Red : The Land and the Rint.*

Repentance.

And he, that tastes repentance, knows
How bitter is the taste of brine.
ANON., *Songs of Lucilla : Metaphor, st. 2.*

"Repent? Not I. Repentance is the weight
Of indigested meals ta'en yesterday."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. III.* (Juan).

"See, I sinn'd but for a moment. I repented and repent,
And trust myself forgiven by the God to whom I kneel."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Happy, st. 22.*

"The world will not believe a man repents:
And this wise world of ours is mainly right.
Full seldom doth a man repent, or use
Both grace and will to pick the vicious quitch
Of blood and custom wholly out of him
And make all clean, and plant himself afresh."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Geraint and Enid, II., ll. 902–7* (Arthur).

"For what is true repentance but in thought—
Not ev'n in inmost thought to think again
The sins that made the past so pleasant to us."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Guinevere, ll. 370–2* (Guinevere).

Repose.

That energetic passion of repose.
J. R. LOWELL, *Under the Old Elm, V., 4, l. 14.*

Reputation.

". . . political reputations are made by saying what you think, and they are kept by saying what you don't think!"
"JOHN OLIVER HOBBES," *The Wisdom of the Wise, act II.,* (St. Asaph).

Resignation.

. . . after all, the best thing one can do
When it is raining, is to let it rain.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Tales of a Wayside Inn : The Poet'sTale, st. 6.*

Resolve.

"Resolve will melt no rocks."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. II.* (Sephardo).

Rest.

There remaineth a rest for the people of God.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics : Old Pictures in Florence, st. 22.*

"With no more effort than exprest
The need and naturalness of rest."
A. H. CLOUGH, *Dipsychus, Pt. II., sc. 2* (Dipsychus).

For this of old is sure,
That change of toil is toil's sufficient cure.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life : The Ode of Perfect Years, Pt. IV., ll. 62–3.*

"Rest! rest! Oh, give me rest and peace!
The thought of life that ne'er shall cease
Has something in it of despair,
A weight I am too weak to bear!
Sweeter to this afflicted breast
The thought of never-ending rest!
Sweeter the undisturbed and deep
Tranquillity of endless sleep!"
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Golden Legend I*, (Henry).

One white sea-bird, poised with scarce a motion,
Challenges the stillness with a shriek—
Challenges the stillness, upward wheeling
Where some rocky peak containeth her rude nest;
For the shadows o'er the waters they come stealing,
And they whisper to the silence: "There is Rest."
P. S. PAYNE, *Rest, st. 1.*

She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Day-Dream : The Sleeping Beauty, st. 3.*

This hardest penal toil, reluctant rest!
WILLIAM WATSON, *To a Friend, l. 3.*

For plenteous health was his, exceeding store
Of joy, and an impassioned quietude.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Wordsworth's Grave, Pt. III., st. 5.*

Reticence.

Be wise: not easily forgiven
Are those, who setting wide the doors, that bar
The secret bridal chambers of the heart,
Let in the day.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Gardener's Daughter, ll. 242–5.*

Retrogression.

Vain! vain! can ye roll backward
The world for fifty years?

From thrice three glowing millions drain
Their strength and substance, heart and brain?
Where thought and daring impulse reign,
  Plant old derided fears?
Get their strong limbs your yoke to bear,
  Your grasp upon their purse?
Your maddest madman would not dare
  So wild a dream to nurse—
Awake! awake! your paths to take
  For better or for worse.
JOHN O'HAGAN, *Protestant Ascendency, st.* 4.

Return Ticket.

"We'll meditate
Upon return-tickets for a while:
How beautifully suited to our need,
Spendthrifts like us! Devise some praise for them."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Smith, act II.* (Smith).

Revenge.

"Revenge with hell, not heaven with pardon."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Marino Faliero, act V.* (Faliero).

Womanlike, taking revenge too deep for a transient wrong
Done but in thought to your beauty.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., III., ll.* 5–6.

Thank God! that I lived to see the time
  When the great truth begins at last to find
  An utterance from the deep heart of mankind,
Earnest and clear, that ALL REVENGE IS CRIME!
That man is holier than a creed,—that all
  Restraint upon him must consult his good,
Hope's sunshine linger on his prison wall,
  And love look in upon his solitude.
J. G. WHITTIER, *Lines upon Abolition of Gallows, IV., ll.* 1–8.

Revenue.

Now the King of Oojee-Moojee is a little coloured kid;
An' 'e rules some thousand niggers, an' 'e does as 'e is bid,
For the Government of England, with 'is interests in view,
'As civilised 'is country—an' collects 'is revenue!
EDGAR WALLACE, *Writ in Barracks; The King of Oojee-Moojee, st.* 3.

Reverence.

. . . a sudden sense
Of unresisted reverence.
SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc.: The Night and the Day, ll.* 42–3.

. . . reverence,
Dearer to true young hearts than their own praise.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls of the King: Lancelot and Elaine, ll.* 416–7.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
  But more of reverence in us dwell;
  That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.
  ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam: Dedication, st. 7.*

Make knowledge circle with the winds;
  But let her herald, Reverence, fly
  Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds.
  ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, "*Love thou thy land with love far-brought,*" *st.* 5.

Revolution.

All new-old revolutions of Empire—change of the tide—what is all of it worth?
  ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Vastness*, 15.

Reward.

  So surely not in vain we strive
Like other men for our reward.
  WILLIAM MORRIS, *Life and Death of Jason, bk. XII., ll.* 352–3.

Rhetoric.

Rhetoric is not for God, any more than are pearls for swine.
  WALTER C. SMITH, *A Heretic, etc., : A Pulpiteer, l.* 146.

Rhine, The.

"On with great immortal waters
  Brightening to a day divine,
Through the fields of many slaughters
  Freely roll, O German Rhine."
  ROBERT BUCHANAN, *The Drama of Kings: The Teuton against. Paris* (Chiefs).

Rhinoceros.

Huge pigs that wore horned daggers on the nose.
  SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Voyage of Ithobal: The First Day, l.* 306.

First did I view that creature of the waste
Which hath two horns upon his snout, and tail
Swine-like, and armoured plates like Gammadin,
Eyes of the pig, and body of the steer;
Surely in sport the high Gods fashioned it.
  SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Voyage of Ithobal: The Second Day, ll.* 428–32.

Riches; Wealth.

  Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.
  ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, CVI., st.* 3.

There's something, undoubtedly, in a fine air,
To know how to smile and be able to stare,
High breeding is something, but well bred or not,
In the end the one question is, What have you got?
A. H. CLOUGH, *Spectator ab Extra, st.* 16.

Riches won but mock the old, unable years.
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems: Echoes II., l.* 6.

Is not this wealth, to bask supine
Beneath a roof of jessamine?
P. E. PINKERTON, *Galeazzo, etc.: In an Arbour, Asolo, ll.* 50–1.

Ridicule.

"Tho' men may bicker with the things they love,
They would not make them laughable in all eyes,
Not while they loved them."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls of the King: Geraint and Enid, II., ll.* 326–8 (Limours).

Riding-whip.

. . . with a riding whip
Leisurely tapping a glossy boot.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., XIII., st.* 2.

Rifleman.

Rifleman, true is your heart, but be sure that your hand be as true!
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON: *The Defence of Lucknow, IV., l. ii.*

Rift.

There's a crack somewhere, something that's unsound
I' the rattle!
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, VI., Giuseppe Caponsacchi, ll.* 1879–80.

"It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Merlin and Vivien, ll.* 248–50 (Vivien's Song).

Right.

Hold by the right, you double your might.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: Marching Along, st.* 4.

"You may undo
Injustice by injustice, but the right
Can be established only by the right."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Self's the Man, act III.* (Bishop).

Courage brother! do not stumble,
Tho' thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble,
Trust in God, and do the right.
NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D., *Trust in God and Do the Right, st.* 1.

One thrilling shout for England, Ho!
  Then, naked for the fight, men,
Dash in like fire upon the foe,
  And God defend the Right, men!
  GERALD MASSEY, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc.: The Fleet before Sebastopol, st. 5.*

For what is Right
But equipoise of Nature, alternating
The Too Much and Too Little?
  SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades, bk. I.: Tartarus; Tantalus, ll. 273–5.*

And when the precious hours are done,
How sweet at set of sun,
To gather up the fair laborious day!
To have struck some blow for right
With tongue or pen;
To have smoothed the path to light
For wandering men!
To have chased some fiend of Ill away.
  SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life: The Ode of Age, ll. 52–9.*

The victories of Right
Are born of strife.
  SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life: The Ode of Evil, ll. 110–11.*

Commune with the voice of truth;
England! on thy knees to-night
Pray that God defend the Right.
  HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race: The Vigil, st. 2.*

And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.
  ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Oenone, ll. 147–8.*

Right and Wrong.

Who doth right deed
Is twice-born, and who doeth ill deeds vile.
  SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. VI.*

Every man
And every woman is to those around
A blessed angel or infernal fiend,
And every act of ours done ill or well
Stands but as monitor to heaven or hell.
  HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: A Tale of the Thames, ch. XXIV., ll. 22–6.*

. . . "rise up; be strong;
And learn how right avenges wrong.
  ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Vision of Poets, st. 71.*

"There's always a right and a wrong way, and the wrong way always seems the more reasonable."
  GEORGE MOORE, *The Bending of the Bough, act IV.* (Dean).

The passionate love of Right, the burning hate of Wrong.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Harvest-Tide : The Diamond Jubilee, l.* 11.

So little turns
The stream of our lives from the right ;
So like is the flame that burns
To the hearth that gives warmth and light ;
So fine the impassable fence,
Set for ever 'twixt right and wrong,
Between white lives of innocence
And dark lives too dreadful for song.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. III. : The Enigma, st.* 13.

We shall do—we shall dare—and our faith has no limit,
Wrong must go down 'neath the sword of the right.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends : Christmas, st.* 2.

" Death and life
In God's clear eyes are one thing, wrong and right
Are twain for ever : nor though night kiss day
Shall right kiss wrong and die not.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Marino Faliero, act IV.*, sc. 2 (Faliero).

Rights of Man.

" And why is it, that still
Man with his lot thus fights ?—
'Tis that he makes this *will*
The measure of his *rights*.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Empedocles on Etna, act I., sc.* 2 (Empedocles).

Give us our share of our food and our land,
Give us our rights, make us equal and free—
Let us be all we are not, but might be.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends : A Last Appeal, st.* 3.

Talking gunpowder and bayonets about the rights of man.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda ; Among the Broken Gods : Luke Sprott, st.* 2.

Ring.

. . . who had seen the ring of gold,
Just the saddest of all tokens, worn to shirk the social ban,
Worn to link her to her sisters, not to link her to the man ?
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Crucifixion of Man, Pt. III. : Life of Caleb Smith, st.* 214.

" This golden ring, which thou hast worn
Upon thy finger since the morn,
Is but a symbol and a semblance,
An outward fashion, a remembrance,
Of what thou wearest within unseen."
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Golden Legend, VI.* (Prince Henry).

Ripple.

"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Passing of Arthur, ll.* 238–9 (Bedivere).

Risk.

"But boundless risk must pay for boundless gain."
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise, Prologue—The Wanderers: The Wanderer, l.* 310.

Ritualist.

Dey vent to see de Ritualisds,
Who vorship Gott mit vlowers,
In hobes he'll lofe dem pack again,
In winter among de showers.
C. G. LELAND, *The Breitmann Ballads: Breitmann about Town, st.* 11.

River.

Where runs the river? Who can say
Who hath not followed all the way
By alders green and sedges grey
And blossoms blue?
F. BOURDILLON, *Where Runs the River, st.* 1.

"The river like a sleepless eye looks up."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Smith, act III.* (Hallowes).

Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,
To the sandy lonesome shore;
JEAN INGELOW: *The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire* (1571), *st.* 21.

And a music rises ever,
As of peace and low content,
From the pebble-paven river
Like an odour upward sent.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Journey, st.* 5.

The softly lapsing river,
It whispers in its flow
Of dear days gone forever,
Those days of long ago.
P. B. MARSTON, *A Last Harvest: The River, st.* 3.

The midnight moaning stream
Draws down its glassy surface through the bridge.
That o'er the current casts a tower'd ridge,
Dark sky-line forms fantastic as dream.
FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, *The Visions of England: London Bridge, ll.* 1–4.

How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelid still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Lotus Eaters : Choric Song, VII.*

River-head.

Man may enlarge or narrow his bed
For the water's play, but the water head—
How can he multiply or reduce it.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day, V., ll.* 57–9.

River-spirit.

" River-spirits, golden tressed,
With blue eye, and light-blue vest.
None can sing so sweet as we,
Joyfully or mournfully ;
And our chant is ever ringing :
Such a spell is in our singing,
Every listener hears aright
His own thought from the water-sprite."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *An Unhistorical Pastoral, act V., sc.* 1 (5th Fairy).

Roar.

And the stern menace of the lion's roar
Made horrible the city of the dead.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends : Tekel, st.* 5.

Robin.

But only in the robin's breast there beats
What pitiful mortals know,—
The plaintive sweetness of remembered sweets,
And loves of long ago.
ANON., *Songs of Lucilla : The Robin, st.* 5.

The Robin, O the Red Man's friend,
The singers, when they sing their songs
Up in the winter land of snow,
And in the rock land of the west,
And in the pine land of the south,
Do they not tell the braves and squaws,
The children and the anxious maids,
All listening on their beaver skins,
The story of the Red Man's friend—
The Robin, O the Red Man's friend ?
" ARISTO," *The Moon of Leaves : White Cloud, ll.* 29–38.

A robin the bare boughs among,
Let loose his little soul in song—
Quick liquid gushes fresh and strong !
ROSE KAVANAGH, *St. Michan's Churchyard, st.* 6.

Holy, Holy, Holy,
  A wee brown bird am I:
But my breast is ruddy
  For I saw Christ die.
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream: The Bird of Christ, st. 7.*

He brings cool dew in his little bill,
  And lets it fall on the souls of sin;
  You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.
J. G. WHITTIER, *The Robin, st. 4.*

Rocking Horse.

He stands in the desolate chamber,
  Snorting and pricking his ears,
With the dauntless glance
And the spirited prance
  That we knew in the bygone years.

He wears saddle and stirrups, and snaffle,
  And frontlet of faded blue,
And a bridle rein
On his flowing mane,
  And a tail that fits on with a screw.
VIOLET FANE, *Poems: The Old Rocking Horse, sts. 1 and 13.*

Rogue.

The rogue who being what stronger rogues have made him
Is proud of infamy.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece, Alcaeus III., ll. 93–4.*

Roman.

Oh, brothers, I can well declare, who read it like a scroll,
What Roman characters were stamp'd upon that Roman soul.
The courage, constancy and love—the old-time faith and truth—
The wisdom of the sages—the sincerity of youth—
T. D'ARCY MACGEE, *To Duffy in Prison, st. 3.*

Hard Romans brawling of their monstrous games.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *St. Telemachus, l. 40.*

Romance.

Romance,
The Angel-Playmate, raining down
His golden influences
On all I saw, and all I dreamed and did,
Walked with me arm in arm,
Or left me, as one bediademed with straws
And bits of glass, to gladden at my heart
Who had the gift to seek and feel and find
His fiery-hearted presence everywhere.
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems: Arabian Nights' Entertainments, ll. 345–53.*

Oh, where are the endless Romances
Our grandmothers used to adore?
ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode: Ballade of Literary Fame, st. 1.*

Rome.

In Rome no wrong but has its remedy.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, II.: Half-Rome, l. 1212.*

"Brickwork I found thee, and marble I left thee!" their Emperor vaunted;
"Marble I thought thee, and brickwork I find thee!" the Tourist may answer.
A. H. CLOUGH, *Amours de Voyage, Canto I.: Claude to Eustace, II.*

Rome the Republic—Empire—she
The footstool of three hundred Popes—
Rome of the newer, wider hopes
That pulse through Italy.
G. A. GREENE, *The Return, st. 8.*

. . . they say that one may do
More for one's soul by one day's walk in Rome
Than by a hundred years of penances.
'Tis next to going to Heaven to go to Rome!
HARRIET E. HAMILTON KING, *The Disciples: Ugo Bassi, Pt. I.*

The world-imprinting power of perished Rome.
THOMAS HARDY, *Poems of the Past and the Present: In the old Theatre, Fiesole, st. 3.*

Time's central city, Rome;
THOMAS HARDY, *Poems of the Past and Present: Rome, st. 1.*

Some girls who love to ride and race,
And live for dancing, like the Bruens,
Confess that Rome's a charming place—
In spite of all the stupid ruins!
FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON, *An Invitation to Rome, st. 3.*

"In Rome a whisper echoes like a shout."
CANON G. E. MASON, *Claudia, act I., sc. 1* (Victor).

Rome in the ages, dimmed with all her towers.
ALICE MEYNELL, *Poems: Spring on the Alban Hills, l. 7.*

Old art thou, Rome, and worn:
So old that scarce our eyes can trace
The seam of centuries on thy face:
So thick beneath thy soil the empires lie
That Heaven's own air above thee seems to die.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. III.: An Ode to Free Rome, ll. 19–23.*

Rome,
The slowly-fading mistress of the world.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls of the King: The Coming of Arthur, ll. 503–4.*

Rooks.

The old rooks, busy bearing sticks and straw
To build upon the pine's precipitous height,
Bewitch the world with their slow, sleepy, caw.
ANON., *Songs of Lucilla : In Spring, ll.* 9–11.

. . . " the slow flight of labouring rooks,
When on the leafless tree-tops in young March
Their glossy herds assembling soothe the air
With cries of solemn joy and cawings loud."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Prometheus the Firegiver, ll.* 153–6 (Prometheus).

It was a cloud of rooks in morning's beam,
Which, rising from the neighbouring convent trees,
With all their pinions open to the breeze,
Swam down the steep in one majestic stream.
F. W. FABER, *Bamberg, st.* 12.

And now the mustering rooks innumerable
  Together sail and soar,
While for the day's death, like a tolling knell,
Unto the heart they seem to cry, Farewell,
  No more, farewell, no more!
D. G. ROSSETTI, *Sunset Wings, st.* 5.

Hush, noisy tongues! Be still, thou black-robed bird,—
  Dogmatic babbler, building near the sky
  Thy airy mansion,—cease, I say, to cry;
And let the sweet-voiced nightingale be heard!
SAMUEL WADDINGTON, *Sonnets, etc. : A Rookery, ll.* 1–4.

Roses.

" Now that milch-cows chew the cud,
  Everywhere are roses, roses;
Here a-blow, and there a-bud,
  Here in pairs, and there in posies.
Roses from the gable's cliff
  With pale flaky petals strowing
All the garden-paths, as if
  Frolic Summer took to snowing."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act II., sc.* 2 (Urania).

" It is
A rose enraptured with a thought unshaped,
A longing unconfessed."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act II., sc.* 5 (Urania).

" Round my casement blow
Those clustering roses fancy hath baptized
Maids-of-the Village; and adown they hang,
Like to a waterfall you see far off,
That foams but moves not."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act IV., sc.* 6 (Candida).

Which is loveliest in a rose?
Its coy beauty when it's budding, or its splendour when it blows?
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Crucifixion of Man, Part III.: Life of Caleb Smith, st.* 8.

For the rose, ho, the rose! is the eye of the flowers,
Is the blush of the meadows that feel themselves fair,
Is the lightning of beauty that strikes through the bowers
On pale lovers who sit in the glow unaware.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Song of the Rose, ll.* 5–8.

Lives bright at first, in heaviest gloom may close,
Rich wines shold poison, asps infect the rose.
SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc.: The Pamphylian, st. XLVIII.*

I found there is scant sun in spring;
I found the blast a riving thing;
And yet even ruined roses can
No other than be sweet to man.
"MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act III., sc.*1 (Song).

I sent my love two roses,—one
As white as driven snow,
And one a blushing royal red,
A flaming Jacqueminot.
JOHN HAY, *Pike County Ballads: The White Flag, st* 1.

O fair immaculate rose of the world, Rose of my Dream, my Rose
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream: The Rose of Flame, st.* 3.

"Then I pluck'd a faint wild rose,
Hard by where the linden grows,
Sighing over silver rows
Of the lilies tall."
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Defence of Guinevere, etc.: The Chapel in Lyoness, st.* 12 (Sir Galahad).

A red, red rose, all wet with dew,
With leaves of green by red shot through.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends, Ser. II.: Rondeau, st.* 1.

As rich and purposeless as is the rose:
Thy simple doom is to be beautiful.
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Marpessa, ll.* 51–2.

'Mid the shrubs
A strong white forest-rose had taken root
* * * * *
And all the stem and lower boughs concealed
Amid the thicker evergreens, its top
Had struggled upwards towards the heaven above
'Gainst obstacles incredible, till now

Far o'er my head, among dark, polished leaves
Of laurel and stiff holly, it outspread
Its clusters exquisite of bud and bloom.
MARGUERITE A. POWER, *A Hidden Rose-tree, ll.* 15–6, 19–25.

One rose, my rose, that sweeten'd all mine air—
I cared not for the thorns; the thorns were there.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Pelleas and Ettarre, ll.* 394–5 (Song).

Ambushed in Winter's heart the rose of June is furled.
WILLIAM WATSON, *The Hope of the World, st.* 13.

Rosemary.

And dark rosemary ever a-dying
That, spite the wind's wrath,
So loves the salt rock's face to seaward.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Romances: The Englishman in Italy, ll.* 163–5.

Roughness.

" Ever a rough, blunt, and uncourtly fellow— "
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act V., sc.* 5 (Mary).

Rowan-berries.

The clustered rowan berries red
And autumn's may, the clematis.
ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode: Desiderium, st.* 3.

Ruby.

" It is an ancient saying, that the ruby
Brings gladness to the wearer, and preserves
The heart pure, and, if laid beneath the pillow,
Drives away evil dreams."
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Spanish Student, act I., sc.* 3 (Preciosa).

Ruin.

Flower-fondled, clasp'd in ivy's close caress,
It seems allied with Nature, yet apart:—
WILLIAM WATSON, *The Ruined Abbey, ll.* 1–2.

Rule.

" . . . the lowest, on true grounds,
Be worth more than the highest rule, on false:
Aspire to rule, on the true grounds!"
ROBERT BROWNING, *Colombe's Birthday, act III.* (Valence).

Ruler.

" A very model Ruler for To-day,
Whose fetish, if you peel it to the core,
Public opinion, is no more than this,
What people think that other people think."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Prince Lucifer, act VI., sc.* 2 (Lucifer).

They handle best the helm of State
Whose dignity scorns envious hate.
WALTER EARLE, *Home Poems : Balaam, Pt. III.* (Refrain).

"He who rules
Must humour full as much as he commands ;
Must let men vow impossibilities ;
Grant folly's prayers that hinder folly's wish
And serve the ends of wisdom."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. IV.* (Zarca).

"All callings want their proper 'prentice time
But this of ruling ; it comes by mother-wit ;
And if the wit be not exceeding great,
'Tis best the wit be most exceeding small."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act I., sc. 2* (Walter).

Rumour.

"How shall a man deal with rumour ?" 'Tis the question of the hour ?
"MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act I., sc. 6* (Lethington).

". . . let rumours be :
When did not rumours fly ?"
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Lancelot and Elaine, ll.* 1186-7 (Lancelot).

Rushes.

And, round the pastures, whispering rushes lend
Their voice to swell the murmur of the coast.
REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets Round the Coast : The Lincolnshire Marsh, ll. 7–8.*

Russia.

The Hercules of nations, shaggy-browed,
Enormous-limbed, supreme on steppe and plain.
WILLIAM WATSON, *On a Certain European Alliance, ll.* 1–2.

Rustics.

"Alas ! poor rustics !
They too have ta'en the virus of the time,
And sicken for more leisure to discover
The heaviest load of all is life itself."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act I., sc. 2* (Fortunatus).

Rye.

A little town that stands upon a hill,
Against whose base the white waves once leaped high ;
Now spreading round it, even, green and still,
The placid pastures of the marshes lie.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends, Ser. II. : Rye, st.* 1.

Sadness.

. . . that soul
Hath done with sadness which knows Christ aright.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of the World : The Parables.*

An idle man has so much to do
That he never has time to be sad.
JOHN HAY, *Pike County Ballads : The Enchanted Shirt, Fytte the Second*, st. 6.

'Tis sometimes natural to be glad,
And no man can be always sad
Unless he wills to have it so.
JEAN INGELOW, *Scholar and Carpenter*, st. 39.

Listless and sad, without complaint,
Like dead men in a dream.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Disciple, XI.*, st. 8.

Even old rose-leaves have a mournful scent,
And old brown letters are more sad than graves.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *A Hidden Life*, ll. 1004–5.

I care not if I tell you something sad ;
Sad, though the life I tell you of passed by,
Unstained by sordid strife or misery ;
Sad, because though a glorious end it tells,
Yet on the end of glorious life it dwells,
And striving through all things to reach the best,
Upon no midway happiness will rest.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise : June*, ll. 22–8.

This is of all things saddest in the world,
Not that men love, not that men die for love,
But that they dare be cowards of their joy,
Even unto death.
ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil : Divisions on a Ground, Pt. II.*, ll. 24–7.

Let me hear music, for I am not sad,
But half in love with sadness.
ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil : Divisions on a Ground, Pt. III.*, ll. 1–2.

Let not all that saddens Nature blight thy hope or break thy rest.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Faith*, l. 2.

Saffron.

The watery saffron, gentian, bloom of light,
The lilies of the moorland amber-eyed.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical : Pandora*, ll. 408–9.

Sage.

. . . True sage is he
Who doubts all doubt, and takes the soul on trust.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc. : Visions, ll.* 13–4.

Sailing.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea.
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail.
And bends the gallant mast.
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, *A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea, st.* 1.

Sailor.

Square built, hearty, and strong, with an odour of ocean about him.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Courtship of Miles Standish, V. : The Sailing of the Mayflower, l.* 73.

Did you mark what a frank air they wore,
The sea's hardy sons, that will stand beside their guns,
'Spite of batteries afloat and of bristling forts ashore?
Stript bare to the waist, with their strong loins braced,
As fearless and as frank they will tread the ruddy plank,
Where the border slips to rise no more.
SIR FRANKLIN LUSHINGTON, *The Fleet Under Sail,* 1854, *st.* 4.

Sea-faring men with their sea-weary eyes.
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Marpessa, l.* 204.

A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Enoch Arden, l.* 585.

Strange, fur to goä fur to think what saäilors a' seëan an' a' doon.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Northern Cobbler, st.* 1.

Saint.

Saints, to do us good,
Must be in heaven, I seem to understand:
We never find them saints before, at least.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, VI. : Giuseppe Caponsacchi, ll.* 175–7.

"I always mistrust those wall-eyed Saints."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act II., sc.* 2 (Walter).

Only those are crowned and sainted
Who with grief have been acquainted.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Birds of Passage : Prometheus, st.* 4.

A saint is hard to move,
And quick to chide, and slow,—as I can prove,—
To do what's just.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc. : Eighth Litany, Domina Exaudi, st.* 3.

The legends, always foolish, sometimes fair,
Of saints who set all natural laws at naught.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. I. : The Wanderer, st.* 163.

I saw a Saint. How canst thou tell that he
Thou sawest was a Saint?
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses : Some Feasts and Fasts : Embertide, st.* 1.

Saints are like roses when they flush rarest,
Saints are like lilies when they bloom fairest,
Saints are like violets sweetest of their kind.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses : Some Feasts and Fasts, "I gave a sweet smell," ll.* 1–3.

St. Andrew.

A little city, worn and grey,
The grey North Ocean girds it round.
And o'er the rocks, and up the bay,
The long sea-rollers surge and sound.
ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode : Almae Matres, ll.* 3–6.

St. James's.

St. James's Street, of classic fame,
The finest people throng it.
St. James's Street? I know the name,
I think I've pass'd along it!
FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON, *St. James's Street, st.* 1.

St. Peter's.

Over the dumb Campagna-sea,
Out in the offing through mist and rain,
Saint Peter's Church heaves silently
Like a mighty ship in pain
Facing the tempest with struggle and strain.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A View across the Roman Campagna, st.* 1.

Salamander.

And salamander in his dripping cave
Satanic ebon-amber.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical : Circe, ll.* 53–4.

Salmon.

But deep, deep the stream in,
I saw his sides a-gleamin',
The King o' the Saumon, sae pleasantly lay he;
I thought he was sleeping',
But on further peepin',
I saw by his teeth he was lauchin' at me.
GEORGE OUTRAM, *Legal and Other Lyrics : The Saumon, st.* 3.

Samphire.

Grow, samphire, at the tidal brink,
  Wave pansies of the shore.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical : The Churchyard on the Sands, st.* 17.

Sanctimoniousness.

. . . a rogue in grain
Veneer'd with sanctimonious theory.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, Prologue, ll.* 116–7.

Sandal-wood.

In the isles of the East and the West
  That are sweet with the cinnamon trees
Let the sandal-wood perfume the seas.
ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode : Ballade of his own Country, st.* 1.

Sandpiper.

"Where the quick sandpipers flit
In and out the marl and grit
That seems to breed them, brown as they."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus, V.* (Festus).

Sanity.

It's fitter being sane than mad.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae : Apparent Failure, st.* 7.

Sarasate.

This is the young Endymion out of Spain
Who, laurel-crowned, has come to us again
To re-intone the songs of other times
  In far-off climes;

To prove again that Music, by the plea
Of all men's love, has linked from sea to sea
All shores of earth in one serene and grand
  Symphonic land.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc. : Pablo de Sarasate, stt.* 11, 12.

Satiety.

Sweet, sweet, and sad, the toiling year's last breath,
Too satiate of life to strive with death.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise : October, st.* 2.

For life with nothing to vanquish seemed but the shadow of life.
WILLIAM WATSON, *The Dream of Man, l.* 101.

The torment of all-things-compassed, the plague of naught-to-desire.
WILLIAM WATSON, *The Dream of Man, l.* 105.

Satire.

I loathe it: he had never kindly heart,
Nor ever cared to better his own kind,
Who first wrote satire, with no pity in it.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Sea Dreams, ll.* 195-7.

Satyr.

The trunk of this tree,
  Dusky-leaved, shaggy rooted,
  Is a pillow well suited
To a hybrid like me,
  Goat-bearded, goat-footed;
For the boughs of the glade
  Meet above me, and throw
A cool pleasant shade
  On the greenness below.
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Undertones, V.: The Satyr, st.* 1.

Savage.

Better far the foolish savage
  Who on twenty Gods will call,
Than the scholar doubts can ravage,
  Till he knows no God at all.
GEORGE R. SIMS, *The Dagonet and Other Poems: A Legend of Love, st.* 2.

Scandal.

"I am small and scandalous,
And love to hear bad tales."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act V., sc.* 2 (Alice).

Scarab.

You brought me once, from a distant land
  A sacred scarab, 'graven o'er
  With mystic characters,—It bore . . .
A chapter from the Book of Death,
That oldest of all books,—
VIOLET FANE, *Poems: The Scarab, ll.* 1–3 and 5–6.

Thou mightest be a tortoise,—by thy size,—
  Thy wings are scored like the eternal hills;—
Thou seem'st to me superlatively wise
  And old, and staid, and numb to earthly ills!
VIOLET FANE, *Poems: The Scarab, ll.* 113–6.

Scent, Smell, Odour.

The smell of tasselled larch-woods, and the hum
Of happy bee bearing its honey home.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act I., st.* 37.

The very fragrance of earth's choicest rose
  Suggests a fragrance more supreme:
The wind that from the sweet furze-bushes blows
  Of something sweeter makes us dream.
    GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. III.: Christ and the Spiritual Lover, st. 7.*

Of all de schmells I efer schmelt,
  Py gutter, sink, or well,
At efery gorner of Cologne
  Dere's von can peat dat schmell.
Vhen dere you go you'll find it so,
  Don't dake de ding on troost;
De meanest skunk in Yankee land
  Vould die dere of disgoost.
    C. G. LELAND, *The Breitmann Ballads: Breitmann am Rhein—Cologne, st. 12.*

And deathly odours crept about,
  And chill, as of the churchyard mould.
    E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends, Ser. II.: The Devil's Due, st. 16.*

Why should, at times, a passing scent,
  Just sniffed a moment on the breeze,
Its sensuous power so swiftly spent,
  Come laden with more memories
Than the low hum of honey bees,
  Or sound of old familiar strains,
Or rustling of the autumn grains,
  Or voices from the whispering trees,
Or the running brooks, or the pattering rains?
    WALTER C. SMITH, *Olrig Grange, bk. VI.: Loquitur Thorold, st. 4.*

"Wandering odours come and go,
They are the souls of flowers that grow
Too faint with ecstasy to live."
    ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil: The Dance of the Seven Sins* (Sloth).

Oh! is not perfume of a wildflower sweeter
Than incense in the temples?
    FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece: Phaon, VII., ll. 1–2.*

And smell the sea! no breath of wood or field,
From lips of may or rose or eglantine,
Comes with the language of a breath benign,
Shuts the dark room where glimmers Fate revealed,
Calms the vext spirit, balms a sorrow unhealed,
Like scent of seaweed rich of morn and brine.
    THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *The Coming of Love, etc.: Natura Benigna, Pt. I.: The Language of Nature's Fragrancy, ll. 9–14.*

. . . this briny smell,
This living breath of Ocean, sharp and salt.
    THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *The Coming of Love, etc.: Natura Benigna, Pt. I.: A Starry Night at Sea, ll. 15–6.*

. . . Through the open door
A drowsy smell of flowers—gray heliotrope,
And white sweet-clover, and shy mignonette—
Comes faintly in, and silent chorus lends
To the pervading symphony of peace.
J. G. WHITTIER, *Among the Hills: Prelude, ll.* 17–21.

Sceptre.

"Not all the legions of the land
Shall ever wrest from England's hand
The Sceptre of the Sea."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Lyrics: Look Seaward, Sentinel* (Chorus of Islanders).

Hold the sceptre, Human Soul, and rule thy Province of the brute.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *By an Evolutionist: Old Age, I.*

Science.

Fair Science trumpets her own praise so loudly
She fails to catch creation's undertone;
But listening Art, who walks the earth less proudly,
Can hear—while Science quarries in the moon.
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. II.: Poetry and Science, st.* 3.

Not all the gifts cold haughty Science flings us
Are worth the touch of one loving hand.
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. II.: Poetry and Science, st.* 6.

Now any beardless scientist may brag
That Tyndall made some blue sky in a bottle
And closed the empyrean in his bag.
God, when he shut heaven's door, took care to lock it,
Glanced round, then set to work upon the sun,
But Spencer drew his latch-key from his pocket,
And entered heaven, and saw the whole thing done.
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. II.: Poetry and Science, stt.* 26–7.

The secrets of Science, which gleam unveiled
In the student's hidden cell.
H. N. OXENHAM, *The Earth with its Bright and Glorious Things, st.* 3.

What matters Science unto men?
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, CXX., st.* 2.

Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall, st.* 64.

Hurrah for positive science! long live exact demonstration!
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: Song of Myself, XXIII., l.* 9.

Schnapps.

The stalwart brew of the land o' cakes, the schnapps of the frugal Dutch.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse : The Red, Red West, st.* 3.

Scholar.

"All's best as 'tis—these scholars talk and talk!"
ROBERT BROWNING, *Colombe's Birthday, act III.* (Berthold).

"Nought so worth the gaining
As an apt scholar!"
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus, III.* (Paracelsus).

. . . prisoned 'mid his lexicons,
He paced along a narrow way,
His life contracting, till he grew
Less human-hearted day by day.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, ser. II. : Last Words, st.* 11.

School.

"The old school, the dear school, where we were boys together;
The old days, the dear days of life's young April weather."
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Harvest-Tide : Sherborne* (Chorus).

Scorn.

"With that sick scorn that only women know
Which wastes away all pity."
"MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act I., sc.* 1. (Bothwell).

Is man so strong that one should scorn another?
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday : Love and Scorn, III.*

Scorn'd, to be scorn'd by one that I scorn,
Is that a matter to make me fret?
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., XIII., st.* 1.

Scorpion.

A scorpion with wide angry nippers!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Romances : The Englishman in Italy, l.* 290.

Scotland.

Thy misty hills are dear to me—
Ilk glen an' bosky dingle;
The lanely loch, on which the lichts
An' dancin' shadows mingle;
The muirlan' burnie, purple-fringed
Wi' hinny-scented heather,
Whaur gowden king-cups blink aneath
The brecken's waving feather.
JANET HAMILTON, *Auld Mither Scotland, st.* 2.

Let Scotia's heart beat high,
For glory culled her fairest wreath
From her blue hills, and twined her heath
With flowers that never die.
JANET HAMILTON, *Battle of the Alma, st.* 4.

Scots.

"We, the last lonely people of the North."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Bruce, act. IV., sc.* 2 (Bruce).

Scowl.

"A smile abroad is oft a scowl at home."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act III., sc.* ▸ (Bagenhall).

Screes.

O'er Wastdale's plain the brown-backed Screes arise,
With Scaw, blue guardian of the sister vales.
REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets Round the Coast: Home from the East: Among the Drigg Sand-Hills, ll.* 12–3.

Scullion.

The sooty yoke of kitchen-vassalage.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Gareth and Lynette, l.* 469.

Sculptor.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet!
Take this lesson to thy heart:
That is best which lieth nearest;
Shape from that thy work of art.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *By the Fireside: Gasper Becerra, st.* 7.

Scythe.

Scythes that swing in the grass and clover.
ANDREW LANG, *Grass of Parnassus: Scythe Song, st.* 1.

The sharp scythes swept at daybreak through the dew.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Britain: On a Thrush Singing in Autumn, l.* 14.

Sea.

Aye! thou vile treacherous Curse of earth! thou crawling sexless sea!
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Tenth Muse: A Frenchman to the Sea, st.* 3. [*From the verses of M. Hector Sombre.*

But yon strong rock which must abide the lying sea's caress,
He knows it is a Beast that licks, to swallow, not to kiss.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Tenth Muse: A Frenchman to the Sea, st.* 5. [*From the Verses of M. Hector Sombre.*]

To all whose souls are weary,
To all whose souls are sad
With piteous days or dreary,
To all whose hearts are glad,

The great sea's soul has spoken,
The great sea brings release;
And even hearts half-broken
Win something of its peace.
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. I.: The Sea's Message, st. 2.*

"O gathering cloud,
O wide, wide sea,
O waves that keep no track!"
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. IV.* (Juan).

Time's right-hand man, the sea.
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems: Rhymes and Rhythms, XIV., To J. A. C., l.* 19.

I lay upon the headland height, and listened
To the incessant sobbing of the sea
In caverns under me.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Palingenesis, st.* 1.

The tide was dark and heavy with the burthen that it bore.
I heard it talkin', whisperin', upon the weedy shore.
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream: The Burthen of the Tide, st.* 1.

One vast the deep, and yet each wave is free
To answer to the noonshine's drowsy smile.
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream: The Shepherd, st.* 1.

O bitter sea, tumultuous sea,
Full many an ill is wrought by thee!
WILLIAM MORRIS, *Life and Death of Jason, bk. IV., ll.* 109–10.

. . . the grave thunder of the sea
That smote the beach so musically,
And in the dim light seemed so soft
As each great wave was raised aloft
To fall in foam, you might have deemed
That waste of ocean was but dreamed,
And that the surf's strong music was
By some unknown thing brought to pass.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: January: The Ring given to Venus, ll.* 889–96.

The dreamless slumber of the silver sea.
REV. R. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets Round the Coast: A Quiet Autumn Day: The Terrace at Muncaster, l.* 14.

. . . the sea
Sighed further off eternally
As human sorrow sighs in sleep.
D. G. ROSSETTI, *Ave, ll.* 20–2.

Lands are swayed by a King on a throne . . .
The sea hath no King but God alone.
D. G. ROSSETTI, *The White Ship, stl.* 1–2.

Singing to you,
  And moaning to me;
Nothing is true
  In the false, cruel sea.
Where its lip kisses
  The sands, they are bare,
Where its foam hisses,
  Nothing lives there.
WALTER C. SMITH, *The False Sea, st.* 1.

The long roll of the sapphire sea
That keeps the land's virginity.
R. L. STEVENSON, *Songs of Travel, etc.: To an Island Princess, st.* 2.

And swordlike was the sound of the iron wind,
And as a breaking battle was the sea.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Iseult at Tintagel.* [From *Tristram of Lyonesse.*]

The sea is at ebb, and the sound of her utmost word
Is soft as the least wave's lapse in a still small reach.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday: The Seabord, ll.* 1–2.

The fleet unresting waters of the sea.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical: Pandora, l.* 392.

The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-colour'd seas.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Enoch Arden, ll.* 606–7.

"The sea!
  Thus did England fight;
  And shall not England smite
With Drake's strong stroke in battles yet to be?
  And while the winds have power
  Shall England lose the dower
  She won in that great hour—
    The sea?"
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *The Coming of Love, etc.: Christmas at the Mermaid: Raleigh's Song* (Chorus).

O sea of living waves that roll
    On golden sands,
Or break on tragic reef and shoal
    'Mid fatal lands.
WILLIAM WATSON, *A Dedication, ll.* 37–40.

Sea that breakest for ever, that breakest and never art broken.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Hymn to the Sea, Pt. II., l.* 5.

The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea.
J. G. WHITTIER, *Cassandra Southwich, st.* 3.

Sea-Diver.

My way is on the bright blue sea,
  My sleep upon the rocky tide;
And many an eye has followed me
  Where billows clasp the worn seaside.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Sea-Diver, st.* 1.

Seagull.

Anon, with flapping wings and stormy threat,
Foul seagulls came, and screamed along the coast.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act II., st.* 53.

Sea-Holly.

Bring blue sea-hollies, thorny, keen,
  Long lavender in flower;
Gray wormwood like a hoary queen,
  Stanch mullein like a tower.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical: The Churchyard on the Sands, st.* 18.

Sea-Mew.

Familiar with the waves and free
As if their own white foam were he,
His heart upon the heart of ocean
Lay learning all its mystic motion,
And throbbing to the throbbing sea.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *The Sea-Mew, st.* 2.

And far upon the waves I have heard the crying,
The lamentable crying of the seamews.
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream: The Rune of the Passion of Women, ll.* 10–11.

Sea-sickness.

Perhaps I'd better go below—
  No, thanks, not any lunch to-day.
Yo heave ho, how the breeze does blow—
  I look a little pale, you say?
COTSFORD DICK, *The Ways of the World: Holiday Triolets: On a Yacht, ll.* 5–8.

Sea-wall.

O sea-wall mounded long and low,
  Let iron bounds be thine
Nor let the salt wave overflow.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical: The Churchyard on the Sands, st.* 19.

Sea-weed.

The drooping sea-weed hears, in night abyssed,
Far and more far the wave's receding shocks.
J. R. LOWELL, *Sea-Weed, st.* 3.

The tide was in the salt sea-weed, and like a knife it tore,
The wild sea-weed went moaning, sooing, moaning o'er and o'er.
The deep sea-heart was brooding deep upon its ancient lore,
I heard a sob, the sooing sob, the dying sob at its core.
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream: The Burthen of the Tide, st. 2.*

From the banks and the beds
Of the waters divine
They lift up their heads
And the flowers of them shine.
Through the splendour of darkness that clothes them, of water that glimmers like wine.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Off Shore, st. 7.*

Search.

Seek me as I am, if seek you do at all.
A. H. CLOUGH, *Mari Magno: The Clergyman's First Tale.*

Season.

"Up for the Season." Why yonder's a statesman
Who with yourself was at College or Hall!
He was a Small's man when you were a Great's man;
Now he is great, and you feel that you're small.
Time turns the tables. Last year you were Mabel's
First love. She passes you now with a frown.
This poem, you swear, is a medley, but where is
Medley to equal "the Season" in town?
C. C. R[HYS], *Up for the Season, st. 6.*

Second Thoughts.

Is it so true that second thoughts are best?
Not first, and third, which are the riper first?
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Sea Dreams, ll. 65–6.*

Secrets.

Little lives of leaves and grain,
All things shy and wild
Tell thee secrets, quiet child.
ALICE MEYNELL, *Poems: To a Poet, st. 7.*

Sects.

For many a thing Priest tells ye that Parson sey is a lie,
An' which has a right to be wrong, the devil a much know I,
For all the differ I see 'twixt the pair o' thim'd fit in a nut.
JANE BARLOW, *Bog-Land Studies: Walled Out, IV., ll. 25–7.*

For every splinter'd fraction of a sect
Will clamour "I am on the Perfect Way,
All else is to perdition."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Akbar's Dream, ll. 32–4.*

Sedges.

In fancy I hear the faint shiver of sedges,
And still the low plash of the water seems nigh.
J. ASHBY STERRY, *A Comedy, act I., ll. 7–8.* (In *Songs of Society*, ed. W. Davenport Adams.)

Seed.

"The little seed they laugh'd at in the dark,
Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown a bulk
Of spanless girth, that lays on every side
A thousand arms and rushes to the Sun."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, VI., ll.* 18–21 (Ida's Song).

Seeking ; Seeker.

"Know thy desire ; and know that if thou seek it,
And seek, and seek, and fear not, thou shalt find."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Prometheus the Firegiver, ll.* 503–4 (Prometheus).

"Seek, seeker, in thyself ; submit to find
In the stones, bread, and life in the blank mind."
A. H. CLOUGH, *Dipsychus, Pt. II., sc. 2* (Dipsychus).

Self.

"Man, shackled to his shadow, cannot move
Without the base companionship of self."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act I., sc. 4* (Fortunatus).

. . . he, within,
Took measure of his soul, and knew its strength,
And by that silent knowledge, day by day,
Was calm'd, ennobled, comforted, sustain'd.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Mycerinus, ll.* 108–11.

"Resolve to be thyself ; and know that he,
Who finds himself, loses his misery."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Self-Dependence, st.* 8.

If thou couldst empty all thyself of self,
Like to a shell dishabited,
Then might He find thee on the Ocean shelf,
And say—"This is not dead"—
And fill thee with Himself instead.
T. E. BROWN, *Old John, etc. : Indwelling, st.* 1.

"You could look, if it pleased you, into hearts ;
But are too indolent and fond of watching
Your own—you know that, for you study it!"
ROBERT BROWNING, *Colombe's Birthday, act V.* (Melchior).

"The counsel of thine heart it stands,
No man so faithful unto thee."
Q[UILLER COUCH], *The Captain, st.* 1.

O, let me be myself! But where, oh where
  Under this heap of precedent, this mound
Of customs, modes, and maxims, cumbrance rare,
    Shall the Myself be found?
JEAN INGELOW, *Honours, Pt. II., st.* 30.

In love's eclipse, in friendship's dearth,
  In grief and feud and bale,
My heart has learnt the holy worth
  Of one that cannot fail.
And, come what must, or come what may,
  Nor love, nor praise, nor pelf
Shall tempt my faith from thee to stray,
  My sweet, my own—Myself.
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *Ballads and Legends: My One Love, st.* 4.

When all is done, its number one
    Thet's nearest to J. B.,
    Ez wal ez t'you an' me!
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. II., Letter* 2.

Your old self whose thoughts went like last year's pansies.
ALICE MEYNELL, *Poems: Sonnet, l.* 6.

"We do not make ourselves, and however weak we are we have to put up with ourselves; the burden is not of our choosing."
GEORGE MOORE, *The Bending of the Bough, act V.* (Dean).

We are ourselves
Our heaven and hell, the joy, the penalty,
The yearning, the fruition.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades, bk. I. Tartarus: Tantalus, ll.* 290–2.

I will bury myself in myself, and the Devil may pipe to his own.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., I., st.* 19.

With lips depress'd as he were meek,
Himself unto himself he sold:
Upon himself himself did feed:
Quiet, dispassionate, and cold.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *A Character, st.* 5.

. . . know thyself;
Till this, the greatest work that man can do,
Be done, all other tasks are vain.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece: The Return, XIII., ll.* 125–7.

That shadow my likeness that goes to and fro seeking a livelihood, chattering, chaffering,
How often I find myself standing and looking at it where it flits,
How often I question and doubt whether that is really me.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: Calamus; That Shadow my Likeness, ll.* 1–3.

I am: how little more I know!
Whence came I? Whither do I go?
A centred self, which feels and is;
A cry between the silences.
J. G. WHITTIER, *Questions of Life*, *ll.* 15–8.

Self-Abnegation.

"Lady! lady!
Wear but one robe the less—forego one meal—
And thou shalt taste the core of many tales
Which now flit past thee, like a minstrel's songs,
The sweeter for their sadness."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act II., sc.* 4 (Elizabeth).

Self-Conquest.

. . . when the fight begins within himself,
A man's worth something.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Men and Women: Bishop Blougram's Apology*, *ll.* 695–6.

Self-Control.

The garden of England's ours, my boys,
But to rule ourselves remains,
For the man who governs and rules himself
Is ever the man who reigns.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. IV.: The Workman-King, st.* 3.

Self-Devotion.

Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone;
Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy own!
J. G. WHITTIER, *The Two Rabbis*, *ll.* 82–3.

Self-Flattery.

So practised in the false self-flattering art,
So prompt to cherish all that fosters pride.
WILLIAM HALL, *Renunciation, etc.: A Memorable Experience, Pt. II., st.* 3.

Self-Help.

"Man has a mind with which to plan his safety;
Know that, and help thyself!"
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Empedocles on Etna, act I., sc.* 2 (Empedocles).

The letter kills, the spirit keeps alive
In law and gospel: there be nods and winks.
Instruct a wise man to assist himself
In certain matters, nor seek aid at all.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book XI.: Guido*, *ll.* 1531–4.

Self-Indulgence.

"But surely you allow
This is not all, to live and breathe and die,
An all-containing, all-fulfilling I,
A rose-fed pig in an aesthetic sty?"
E. F. M. BENEKE, *The Cross Beneath the Ring : Explicit, ll.* 96–9.

"None see themselves; another sees them best."
ROBERT BROWNING, *In the Balcony* (Queen).

The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
And what we mean, we say, and what we would, we know.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Poetical Works : The Buried Life, ll.* 86–7.

Self-Made.

If he boasted, 'twas simply that he was self-made,
A position which I, for one, never gainsaid,
My respect for my Master supposing a skill
In His works which our Hero would answer but ill.
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *Poetical Works : A Fable for Critics, ll.* 229–32.

Self-Reliance.

Trust in thyself,—then spur amain.
Q[UILLER COUCH], *Poems and Ballads : The Splendid Spur, st.* 3.

. . . those obey Him best and do His will
Implicitly, who on themselves alone
Rely in peril of a tarnished name;
For power divine in plenitude enough
To conquer every ill endows us all,
If valiantly we give it scope to work
By taking on ourselves the total war.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *The Last Ballad and Other Poems : The Ordeal, ll.* 607–13.

The work that should to-day be wrought
Defer not till to-morrow;
The help that should within be sought
Scorn from without to borrow.
Old maxims these—yet stout and true—
They speak in trumpet tone,
To do at once what is to do,
And trust OURSELVES ALONE.
JOHN O'HAGAN, *Ourselves Alone, st.* 1.

"Yet thoroughly to believe in one's own self,
So one's own self be thorough, were to do
Great things."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act. II., sc.* 3 (Bagenhall).

Self-Respect.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge—self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Oenone, ll.* 142–3.

Self-Sacrifice.

There's a strange secret sweet self-sacrifice
In any desecration of one's soul
To a worthy end.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae: Mr. Sludge "The Medium," ll.* 1328–30.

But if in thee more truly than in others
Hath dwelt love's charity;—if by thine aid
Others have passed above thee, and if thou
Though victor, yieldest victory to thy brothers,
Though conquering conquered, and a vassal made,—
Then take thy crown, well mayst thou wear it now.
SAMUEL WADDINGTON, *Sonnets, etc.: Self-Sacrifice, ll.* 9–14.

Self-Satisfaction.

His form was ponderous, and his step was slow;
There never was so wise a man before;
He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told you so!"
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Tales of a Wayside Inn: The Poet's Tale, st.* 9.

Self-Worship.

If self we worship, though our creed be true,
We shall be found without God at the end.
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. II.: Post Mortem Surprises, st.* 28.

Selfishness.

. . . "there's one thing plain and positive;
Man seeks his own good at the whole world's cost."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Luria, act I.* (Braccio).

Sentiment.

Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Tales of a Wayside Inn: The Poet's Tale, st.* 21.

Sentry.

On sentry go, on sentry go,
It's either hot or chilly,
And must be done by somebody—
A case of willy-nilly.
C. WILLIAMS, *Soldiers' Songs: On Sentry Go, st.* 2.

September.

It was a bright September afternoon,
The parched-up beech-trees would be yellowing soon;
The yellow flowers grown deeper with the sun
Were letting fall their petals one by one;

No wind there was, a haze was gathering o'er
The farthest bound of the faint yellow shore;
And in the oily waters of the bay
Scarce moving aught some fisher-cobles lay,
And all seemed peace.

WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: Prologue—The Wanderers; The Wanderer, ll. 87–95.*

September 1st.

"You may call me to-morrow as soon as you please,
And be sure the horses aren't late;
See the breeches are cleaned, and the boots off the trees,
And that breakfast is ready by eight!"
One day in the year, be it cloudless and clear,
Or with weather at wildest and worst,
The sportsman must go to take part in the show
That's sacred to him on the First.

C. C. R[HYS], *Up for the Season: The Eve of the First, st. 1.*

Sermon.

His creed no Parson ever knew,
"For this was still his simple plan,"
To have with Clergymen to do
As little as a Christian can.
He shirked their sermons, if he might;
If not he crouched, and slept them through,
Half-hidden from revealing Light,
A violet—planted in a pew.

SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc.: The Unobtrusive Christian, stl. 4–5.*

Servant.

A plague on maids! and him who first
Invented them! They're all the same.
I've tried them saucy, tried them curst,
I've tried them sluts, and tried to tame
Their natural instincts, and to shame
Their ignorance, and to abate
Their furious and unfeeling hate
Of fellow-creatures; but my claim
Was vain as appeal to the wheels of Fate.

WALTER C. SMITH, *Olrig Grange, bk. IV.: Loquitur Pater, st. 6.*

Serve; Service.

Fit service from sufficient soul,
Hand-service to receive world's dole,
Lip-service in world's ear to roll.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Vision of Poets, st. 141.*

"Small service is true service—and we know
God is not critical."

ROBERT BUCHANAN, *The Drama of Kings: Epilude* (Lucifer).

Stately is service accepted, but lovelier service rendered,
Interchange of service the law and condition of beauty.
A. H. CLOUGH, *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich, Pt. VI.*

"We that eats
Must serve; and serve as other servants do."
A. H. CLOUGH, *Dipsychus, Pt. II., sc.* 4 (Dipsychus).

Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Courtship of Miles Standish, l.* 37.

. . . wrought
All kinds of service with a noble ease
That graced the lowliest act in doing it.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Gareth and Lynette, ll.* 478–80.

Shadow.

"A shadow mocking a reality
Whose truth avails not wholly to disperse
The flitting mimic called up by itself.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus, V.* (Paracelsus).

Shadow and substance, chaff and grain,
Are as vain
As the foam or as the spray.
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems: Ballade of Truisms, ll.* 7–9.

A Shadow that made my blood go chill,
For never its like have I seen on the hill.
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream: The Hills of Ruel, ll.* 31–2.

With slow sweet surgery restore the brain,
And to dispel shadows and shadowy fear.
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Marpessa, ll.* 120–1.

. . . and as a cloud,
If the hot sun but touch it with a beam,
Crumbles into a livid dust of rain,
Leaving the rock-line clear against the sky,
The shadow passed.
ALEXANDER SMITH, *Edwin of Deira, bk. II., ll.* 668–72.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an indiarubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.
ROBERT L. STEVENSON, *A Child's Garden of Verses: My Shadow, st.* 2.

"Thy life has been the shadow cast of mine,
A present faith to serve my present need,
A foot behind my footsteps."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Mary Stuart, act IV., sc.* 2 (Mary Stuart).

"The dog that snapt the shadow, dropt the bone."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Harold, act I., sc. 2* (Aldwyth).

Shakspere.

His was the nectar of the gods of Greece,
The lute of Orpheus, and the Golden Fleece
Of grand endeavour; ay! the thunder-roll
Of words majestic, which from pole to pole
Have borne the tidings of our English tongue.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc.: Mary Arden, st. 6.*

Shallow.

"The shallow and the light-souled are always chosen of the people, and the shallow and the light-souled betray the people, because they are as God made them."
GEORGE MOORE, *The Bending of the Bough, act V.* (Dean).

You're always sure to detect
A sham in the things folks most affect;
Bean-pods are noisiest when dry,
And you always wink with your weakest eye.
BRET HARTE, *The Tale of a Pony, st. 5.*

I hate a sham; let bad be bad,
And good be good for evermore:
Who doeth right, let him be glad,
Knowing the good he liveth for;
Who doeth wrong, let him, too, pour
Unshrinking light upon his ill,
And do it with determined will.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Olrigg Grange, bk. V.: Loquitur Rose, st. 8.*

Shame.

No more ashamed of doing wrong,
We are ashamed of feeling right,
Ashamed of any feeling strong,
And of all shame ashamëd quite.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Olrigg Grange, bk. V: Loquitur Rose, st. 2.*

"Shame, that stings sharpest of the worms in hell."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Marino Faliero, act II., sc. 1* (Faliero).

"... shame that smites an old man's cheek
Is as a whetted sword that cleaves his heart,
His hand, strong once, being weaponless."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Marino Faliero, act V., sc. 1* (Faliero).

Hearts bruised with loss and eaten through with shame.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Year's Burden* [1870], *st. 3.*

Shamrock.

A four-leaved shamrock!—happy hour!
That promise must come true:

A lucky flow'r that owns the pow'r
To bring good luck to you!
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *Ballads and Legends: Norah, st. 2.*

There's a splendid green gem, 'tis the Shamrock I mean,
Serenely it grows in the dale,
The pride of dear Erin it ever has been,
That dear little gem, strong and hale.
F. PERRY, *The Dear Little Shamrock of Ireland, st. 1.*

Sheep.

On your left, the sheep are cropping
The slant grass and daisies pale
And fine apple-trees stand dropping
Separate shadows toward the vale.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *The Lost Bower, st. 7.*

Sheldrake.

In a lonesome inlet a sheldrake lost from the flock, sitting on the water rocking silently.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: Our Old Feuillage, l. 18.*

Shell.

Upon a mountain height, far from the sea, I found a shell,
And to my listening ear the lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.
EUGENE FIELD, *A Little Book of Western Verse: The Wanderer, st. 1.*

The sea-shell wants to whisper to you.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Violin Songs; Summer Song, st. 1.*

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairily well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. II., II., st. 1.*

Shells tinctured with the morning; spires and cones
Of pearl, bedight all gloriously within.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *The Isles of Greece: Sappho IV., ll. 67–8.*

"Look but at the tinting of this shell. Hath
The diamond of the Court so many hues,
Or such transparency? . . .
Here are the very waters of the sea,
Roll'd into flesh of iridescent pearl."
CHARLES WHITWORTH WYNNE, *David and Bethshua, act II. sc. 3* (Bethshua).

Shelley, P. B.

O Shelley! what dread veil
Was sent for thee, to whom far-darkling Truth
Reigned sovereign guide through thy brief ageless youth?
Was the Truth *thy* Truth, Shelley? Hush! All-Hail,
Past doubt, thou gav'st it; and in Truth's bright sphere
Art first of praisers, being most praiséd here.
D. G. ROSSETTI, *Five English Poets: Percy Bysshe Shelley, ll.* 9–14.

Shelley, the hectic flamelike rose of verse,
All colour, and all odour, and all bloom,
Steeped in the moonlight, glutted with the sun,
But somewhat lacking root in homely earth.
WILLIAM WATSON, *To Edward Dowden, ll.* 46–9.

Shelley, the cloud-begot, who grew
Nourished on air and sun and dew.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Shelley's Centenary, st.* 5.

Shepherd.

A shepherd boy on the hillside high,
Lazy, mischievous, fond of fun.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Crying Wolf, st.* 1.

Shepherdess.

She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;
She guards them from the steep.
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.
ALICE MEYNELL, *Later Poems: The Shepherdess, st.* 1.

Sherbet.

I've sipped the voluptuous sherbet that the Orientals serve.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse: The Red, Red West, st.* 2.

Shetland Pony.

Unclipped, undesecrated, her coat is like a mat;
One wild rough mane her crest is; no weight could keep it flat.
Her liquid eye is friendly, and oh, I never knew
A mortal eye more darkly unfathomably blue.
R. C. LEHMANN, *Crumbs of Pity, and other Verses.*

Ship. See also **Boat.**

The ship went on with solemn face,
To meet the darkness on the deep,
The solemn ship went onward.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Sabbath Morning at Sea, st.* 1.

And violet shadows here and there were trail'd
Over the waters: then behold the sun
Flasht pale across the waste, and one by one,
Like sea-gulls dripping rain, rose ships white-sail'd.
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Undertones, X.: Polypheme's Passion, ll.* 449–52.

The wind it blows, the ship it goes,
Though where and whither, no one knows.
A. H. CLOUGH, *All is Well, st.* 2.

Or to her goal she moves serene,
As some bright ship, with placid motion,
Glides slow at first, enthroned a queen
Upon the sunny fields of ocean;
Then, when the waves rise up in play,
Pleased with the sparkle and the spray,
Drinks at each bound fresh draughts of glee
And revels in the roughening sea.
SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc.: The Two Destinies, ll.* 627–34.

"Sail on, ye stately ships!
And with your floating bridge the ocean span.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *By the Sea-Side: The Lighthouse, st* 14.

Build up straight, O worthy Master!
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *By the Sea-Side: The Building of the Ship, st.* 1.

Ship after ship, the whole night long, with their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Revenge, IX.*

Steam-ship.

"This model of a steamship moves your wonder?
You should behold it crushing down the brine
Like a blind Jove who feels his way with thunder."
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Casa Guidi Windows, Pt. II., ll.* 613–5.

A little clock-work steamer paddling plied
And shook the lilies.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess: Prologue, ll.* 71–2.

Shooting.

A saving proposition lies
'Twixt massacre and me ;
Mine is an innocent pursuit.
I shoot *at*—but I do not shoot.

ALFRED COCHRANE, *Philosophy in the Butts, st.* 8.

Shop.

. . . it is but the fanciful dreamer for whom,
While the wheels of the century stop,
Throng the ghosts in dim corridor, passage, or room
In the second-hand furniture shop.

ALFRED COCHRANE, *The Second-Hand Furniture Shop, st.* 7.

Shrew-mouse.

" Where the shrew-mouse with pale throat
Burrows, and the speckled stoat."

ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus V.* (Festus).

Shrewsbury.

High the vanes of Shrewsbury gleam
Islanded in Severn stream

A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad: XXVIII., The Welsh Marches, st.* 1.

Shrine.

An unshut Shrine where all may come and go.

ALFRED AUSTIN, *Lyrics: Church-doors should still stand open, l.* 13.

Sickness.

" . . . the woful cry
Of life and all flesh living cometh up
Into my ears, and all my soul is full
Of pity for the sickness of this world ;
Which I will heal, if healing may be found
By uttermost renouncing and strong strife."

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. IV.* (Buddha).

Sigh.

. . . the deep long sigh
Which cometh after fear.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *The Romaunt of Margret, st.* 10.

. . . sighs
Which perfect Joy, perplex'd for utterance,
Stole from her sister Sorrow.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Gardener's Daughter, ll.* 249–51.

Sight.

It is clearer sight
To know the rule of life, the Eternal scheme ;
And, knowing it, to do and not to err,
And, doing, to be blest.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades, bk. III.: Olympus Athené, ll.* 84–7.

Silence.

'Richer than heavenly fruit on Vedas growing;
Greater than gifts; better than prayer or fast;
Such sacred silence is! Man, this way knowing,
Comes to the utmost, perfect, Peace at last!"
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of the World: The Magus.*

But I'll whisht; for I'm thinkin' when things have determined to run to the bad,
There's no use in discoorsin' an' frettin' save on'y to dhrive yourself mad.
JANE BARLOW, *Bog-Land Studies: Th' Ould Master, XVII., ll.* 9–10.

"Wise men are silent when fools advise."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *An Unhistorical Pastoral, act II., sc.* 2 (Bruno).

So mild the sun, so soft the gray,
It almost seems as if there were
A spirit in the silent day—
A feeling on the lifeless air.
SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc.: To Two Sister Brides, st.* 17.

. . . silence sounds no worse than cheers
After death has stopped the ears.
A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad: XIX., To an Athlete Dying Young, st.* 4.

"Even a fool, when he holds his peace, is counted wise."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act V., sc.* 1 (2nd Monk).

No, never say nothin' without you're compelled tu,
An' then don't say nothin' thet you can be held tu.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. II., Letter* 5.

Silent, lone-minded, a church-door to mirth.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Voyage to Vinland, II., l.* 5.

Of noise alone is born the inward sense
Of silence; and from action springs alone
The inward knowledge to true love and faith.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Within and Without, Pt. II.* (Motto).

Silent yet tolling, tolling deep, like wizard voices heard in sleep,
The strange sound eddies ceaseless, like a whirlpool round the soul,
There is silence all-pervading; voiceless echoes sinking, fading
While the still deeps roll.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Harvest-Tide: Ver Non Semper Viret, st.* 3.

A silence sweeter than the sweetest sound.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. I.: Voices, l.* 125.

This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul;
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Hath something too of sternness and of pain.
J. H. NEWMAN, *The Dream of Gerontius.*

"So still it is that we might almost hear
The sigh of all the sleepers in the world." (Paolo).
"And all the rivers running to the sea." (Francesca).
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Paolo and Francesca, act III., sc.* 1.

Through that long-lingering silence whose half-sighs
Alone the buried secret broke.
D. G. ROSSETTI, *The Stream's Secret, st.* 10.

But silence bringeth sorrow where the trust should be complete.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda; Among the Broken Gods: Claud Maxwell, st.* 47.

And there are times when silence, if the preacher did but know,
Shall preach to better purpose than a sermon stale and flat.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda; Among the Broken Gods: Luke Sprott, st.* 71.

Thick as a mob, deep as a sea,
And silent as eternity.
R. L. STEVENSON, *Songs of Travel, etc.: The Woodman, ll.* 12–3.

"For silence after grievous things is good,
And reverence, and the fear that makes men whole,
And shame, and righteous governance of blood,
And lordship of the soul."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon* (Chorus).

Silence, uttering love that all things understand.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday: The Cliffside Path, st.* 2.

No hearing or sight that is vassal to form or speech,
Learns ever the secret that shadow and silence teach.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday: The Seaboard, ll.* 24–5.

"The simple, silent, selfless man
Is worth a world of tonguesters."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Harold, act V., sc.* 1 (Harold).

"But such a silence is more wise than kind."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Merlin and Vivien, l.* 147 (Vivien).

Hushed are the wild and wing'd lives of the moor;
The sleeping sheep nestle 'neath ruined wall,
Or unhewn stones in random concourse hurled:
Solitude, sleepless, listens at Fate's door;
And there is built and 'stablisht over all
Tremendous silence, older than the world.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Night on Curbar Edge, ll.* 9–14.

Silenus.

On an ass Silenus hoary
Rides, with all his flesh and years,
Drunken, steeped in Bacchic glory.
At his figure's backward swaying
He is foremost in his jeers.
"MICHAEL FIELD," *Underneath the Bough : The Fourth Book of Song : Song*, 25.

Silver-weed.

The scallop-leaved and splendid
Silver-weed,
By the maiden breezes tended,
Wears her flowers of golden brede.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs : Autumn I.*, *st.* 3.

Simplicity.

"Let man do all things, but remain himself,
And, 'mid progressive splendour, still maintain
The lordly rule of simple appetite."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist*, *act I.*, *sc.* 4 (Franklin).

A fig for all your village simpleness,
The pettier circles have the pettier ways.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell ; A Tale of the Thames*, *ch. I.*, *ll.* 177–8.

And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, *IV.*

The scholar's not the child's simplicity.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Wordsworth's Grave*, *Pt. V.*, *st.* 4.

Sin.

They that sail light by casting sins away
Cross o'er the ocean of existence safe ;
But they that take for cargo evil deeds,
Go to the bottom, as its iron head
Drags down a spear in water.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Tenth Muse : The Story of the Snake*, *ll.* 27–31.

"Twenty years
Have placed no second 'twixt your sin and you."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola*, *act I.*, *sc.* 4 (Savonarola).

"You little fancy what rude shocks apprise us
We sin ; God's intimations rather fail
In clearness than in energy."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelus III.* (Paracelsus).

"True, I thank God, I ever said 'you sin,'
When a man did sin : if I could not say it,
I glared it at him,—If I could not glare it,
I prayed against him,—then my part seemed over."
ROBERT BROWNING, *A Soul's Tragedy*, *Pt. I.* (Chiappino).

A soul made weak by its pathetic want
Of just the first apprenticeship to sin
Which henceforth makes the sinning soul secure
From all foes save itself, soul's truliest foe,—
Since egg turned snake needs fear no serpentry.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book XII.: The Book and the Ring, ll.* 557–61.

"But such the old deceitfulness of sin
That feelings of the sweetest comfort oft
Mislead us to embrace iniquity."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Bruce, act II., sc.* 1 (Lamberton).

Till he begins to reform, no one can number his sins.
JOHN HAY, *Pike County Ballads: Distiches IX.*

Unto each man comes a day when his favourite sins all forsake him,
And he complacently thinks he has forsaken his sins.
JOHN HAY, *Pike County Ballads: Distiches XI.*

Open the door with shame, if ye have sinned,
If ye be sorry, open it with sighs.
JEAN INGELOW, *Brothers, and a Sermon, ll.* 412–3.

Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Songs from "The Water Babies," I., st.* 2.

Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Songs from "The Water Babies," I., st.* 3.

"For the sin ye do by two and two ye must pay for one by one."
RUDYARD KIPLING, *Barrack-Room Ballads: Tomlinson, l.* 62.

"It is the will consenting to the deed
That constitutes the virtue or the sin."
CANON G. E. MASON, *Claudia, act III., sc.* 2 (Claudia).

For what is Sin itself,
But Error when we miss the road which leads
Up to the gate of heaven?
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades, Book II. Hades: Deianeira, ll.* 199–201.

Sin hath no second christening,
And shame is all that shame can bring.
D. G. ROSSETTI, *The Bride's Prelude, st.* 23.

"Men are always thinking that they are going to do something grandly wicked to their enemies; but when it comes to the point, really bad men are just as rare as really good ones."
BERNARD SHAW, *Three Plays for Puritans: Captain Brassbound's Conversion, act II.* (Lady Cicely).

"The worst sin towards our fellow creatures is not to hate them, but to be indifferent to them: that's the essence of inhumanity."
BERNARD SHAW, *Three Plays for Puritans: The Devil's Disciple, act II.* (Anderson).

A vein of clear sincerity whose might is more than art,
And the firmness of a soul that had not any wavering doubt.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda; Among the Broken Gods: Luke Sprot'*, *st.* 10.

Women's sins
Are not alone the ills they do,
But those that they provoke you to,
WALTER C. SMITH, *Olrig Grange, bk. I.: Loquitur Thorold, ll.* 14–6.

"The sin that practice burns into the blood,
And not the one dark hour which brings remorse,
Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Merlin and Vivien, ll.* 620–2 (Merlin).

So fret not, like an idle girl,
That life is dash'd with flecks of sin.
Abide: thy wealth is gather'd in,
When Time hath sunder'd shell from pearl.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, LII., st.* 4.

"The soul that sinneth shall surely die!"
J. G. WHITTIER, *Mogg Megone, Pt. II., l.* 509.

I pray the prayer of Plato old:
God make thee beautiful within,
And let thine eyes the good behold
In everything save sin!
J. G. WHITTIER, *My Namesake, st.* 40.

He loved his friends, forgave his foes;
And, if his words were harsh at times,
He spared his fellow-men—his blows
Fell only on their crimes.
J. G. WHITTIER, *My Namesake, st.* 16.

He is certain, that young Franciscan priest,
God sees great sin where men see least:
Yet this were to give unto God the eye—
Unmeet the thought!—of the humming fly.
I trust there are small things He scorns to see
In the lowly who cry to Him piteously.
AUBREY DE VERE, *From the Bard Ethell, st. XIII.*

Singer, Singing. See also **Song.**

Sing, because it is thy bent;
Sing, to heighten thy content!
Sing, for secret none can guess;
Sing for very uselessness!
Sing for love of love and pleasure.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Lyrics: A Spring Carol III., ll.* 39–43.

"So sweet and low the voices sung,
So deep and high the singing swung,
Or, like the bird of heaven, hung
In joyous swoon, on brooding wing
Intensely, stilly, hovering."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Fleet Street Eclogues: Michaelmas* (Basil).

He that would sing but hath no song
Must speak the right, denounce the wrong,
Must humbly front the indignant throng,
Must yield his back to Satire's thong,
Nor shield his face from liar's prong,
Must say and do and be the truth,
And fearless wait for what ensueth.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Roadside Poems : How shall he sing who hath no song ? ll. 7–13.*

The idle singer of an empty day.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise : Introduction, st. 1.*

They sang that never was sadness
But it melted and passed away;
They sang that never was darkness
But in came the conquering day.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Old Garden, st. 14.*

All our life was filled with singing, as the skylark fills the sky.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda ; Among the Broken Gods : Claud Maxwell, st. 22.*

Take warning ! he that will not sing
While yon sun prospers in the blue
Shall sing for want, ere leaves are new,
Caught in the frozen palms of Spring.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Blackbird, st. 6.*

Sister.

No sisters ever prized each other more.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Sisters, l. 43.*

Slander.

The moral of every great deed is—
The virtue of slandering the doers.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Summing up in Italy, st. 9.*

Slander, her shadow, sowing the nettle on all the laurel'd graves of the Great.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Vastness, st. 11.*

Thro' slander, meanest spawn of Hell
(And woman's slander is the worst),
And you, whom once I loved so well,
Thro' you, my life will be accurst.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Letters, st. 5.*

Slate.

Twas a homely little slate,
Seemingly of ancient date.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse : Little Horner's Slate, st. 1.*

Slave ; Slavery.

A Lord with slave of fairy-face commenced in sport and laughter,
What marvel if the Lord grew slave, and slave was Master, after ?
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Tenth Muse : Familiarity [Roses from S'Adi's "Rose Garden."]*

"... on the earth
You will not find a race so provident
As to be slaves to benefit their heirs."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Bruce, act IV., sc. 2* (Bruce).

"... other slave we cannot have
Than these same hands and feet of circumstance."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *A Romantic Farce* (Edmund).

He lives too long who lives an hour
Beneath the clanking of a chain.
SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards: Mehrab Khan, st. 4.*

A poor old slave, infirm and lame;
Great scars deformed his face;
On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,
And the rags that hid his mangled frame,
Were the livery of disgrace.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Slave in the Dismal Swamp, st. 4.*

They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.
J. R. LOWELL, *Stanzas on Freedom, ll. 31–2.*

"A slave is but the shadow of a man.
His hands, his feet, his eyes are not his own.
He dare not breathe without authority.
He smiles for fear he should be made to weep,
And, like the linnet in a cage, he sings
For rage and not for pleasure."
CANON G. E. MASON, *Claudia, act I., sc. 1* (Lysander).

One sharp, stern struggle, and the slaves of centuries are free!
GERALD MASSEY, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc.: The Patriot, l. 58.*

"The thrall in person may be free in soul."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Gareth and Lynette, l. 162* (Gareth).

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, XXVII., st. 1.*

Once fully enslaved, no nation, state, city of this earth, ever afterward resumes its liberty.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: To the States, l. 3.*

Slave-Drivers.

"When captives hold the whip, let drivers quake."
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *The Coming of Love, etc.: Christmas at the Mermaid; David Gwynn's Story, l. 133.*

Sleep.

"... Sleep, that's the chink for a glimpse, but death, that's the door set wide."
JANE BARLOW, *Bog-Land Studies: Walled Out, XV., l. 6.*

"O sweet is sleep if sleep be deep,
And sweetest far to eyes that weep."
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *The Drama of Kings: Choric Interlude: The Titan* (First Voice).

But sleep to me of all things now is dear.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *Life and Death of Jason, bk. XII., l.* 268.

He sleeps indeed who sleeps in peace
Where night and morning meet.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses: Songs for Strangers and Pilgrims, No.* 57, *ll.* 11–12.

He looked on life and death, and slept.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *The Tale of Balen, VII., st.* 65.

Speak not! he is consecrated;
Breathe no breath across his eyes:
Lifted up and separated
On the hand of God he lies,
In a sweetness beyond touching, held in cloistral sanctities.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Child Asleep, st.* 10.

Sloth.

By the strength of sloth and custom reason stands defied.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday: Clear the Way! st.* 5.

Slugs.

And houseless slugs, white, black, and red—
Snails too lazy to build a shed.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Little Boy Blue, st.* 22.

Sluggard.

Sluggard, arise: work, eat, then feed who lack!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies, I.: The Eagle, l.* 30.

Up, lad: thews that lie and cumber
Sunlit pallets never thrive;
Morns abed and daylight slumber
Were not meant for man alive.
A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad: IV., Reveille, st.* 5.

The sluggard's counsel morning brings to nought.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise, The Lovers of Gudrun: The Dealings of King Olaf Tryggvison with the Icelanders, l.* 219.

Smile.

The broadening salutation of their smile.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *At the Gate of the Convent, etc.: Hymn to Death, st.* 5.

All smiles come in such a wise
Where tears shall fall or have of old—
Like northern lights that fill the heart
Of heaven in sign of cold.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Isobel's Child, st.* 7.

A smile that turns the sunny side o' the heart
On all the world, as if herself did win
By what she lavished on an open mart!
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Two Sketches, ll.* 9–10.

'How soon a smile of God can change the world!"
ROBERT BROWNING, *In a Balcony* (Queen).

"Is there ever a smile upon a living face
That doth not mean some living face's tears."
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *The Drama of Kings: The Teuton against Paris* (Chorus).

And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.
BRET HARTE, *The Society upon the Stanislaus, st. 7.*

"Smiles better teachers are than mightiest words."
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Within and Without, Pt. IV., sc. 19* (Julian).

Her eyes give back your glance frank and free,
Yet without boldness; gazing on the sea
So long they've caught its ever-changing hue,
Now grey, now almost black, now deepest blue.
Her mouth, perhaps too large—her lips too thin—
But those fair rows of ivory within,
Who could wish to conceal? 'Tis true she smiles
On very few, and at infrequent whiles.
But when that rare, sweet smile her lips doth part,
It flows from the fresh fountain of her heart—
True smile of Nature, all untaught by Art.
C. C. R[HYS], *Up for the Season: A Norman Peasant Girl, ll. 32–42.*

With silent smiles of slow disparagement.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Guinevere, l. 14.*

And then began to bloat himself, and ooze
All over with the fat affectionate smile
That makes the widow lean.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Sea Dreams, ll. 150–2.*

The slow wise smile that, round about
His dusty forehead drily curl'd,
Seem'd half-within and half-without,
And full of dealings with the world!
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Miller's Daughter, st. 1.*

". . . you are one
Who love that men should smile upon you, niece.
They'd smile you into treason."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act I., sc. 5* (Howard).

Smirk.

That hateful smirk of boundless self-conceit
Which seems to take possession of the world.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Pippa Passes, Pt. IV., ll. 158–9.*

Smoke.

"Pale shafts of smoke ascend from homely hearths,
And fade in middle air like happy sighs."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Smith, act III.* (Hallowes).

Ah! what shapes the smoke-wreaths grow to
When they're looked at by a dreamer!
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends, Ser. II.: A Dirge in Gray, st.* 2.

A curling thread
Uncoils overhead—
From the chimney-stack
A replenished track
Of vapour, in haste
To increase and waste,
Growing wings as it grows
Of amber and rose,
With an upward flight
To the frosty light.
"MICHAEL FIELD," *Underneath the Bough: The Second Book of Songs, Song* 14.

Snail.

"Yon painted snail with his gay shell of dew,
Travelling to see the glossy balls high up
Hung by the caterpillar, like gold lamps."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus I.*, (Paracelsus).

The little worms are out. The snails begin to move down shining trails,
With slow pink cones, and soft wet horns. The garden bowers are dim with dew.
FIRST EARL OF LYTTON, *Good-Night in the Porch.*

Snake. See also **Copperhead.**

. . . . the shy black snake, that gives
Fortune to households, sunned his sleepy coils
Under the moon-flowers, where the musk-deer played,
And brown-eyed monkeys chattered to the crows.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. II.*

Swift, keen-tongued snakes now curl and glide
Where the heavy weight of the ivy grows.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends: Richborough Castle, st.* 3.

"The serpent that hath slough'd will slough again."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act III., sc.* 3 (Second Member).

Snatching.

"... though we take what we desire,
We must not snatch it eagerly."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *The Sick King in Bokhara* (King).

Sneak.

God hates your sneakin' creturs thet believe
He'll settle things they run away an' leeve!
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. II., Letter* 6.

Sneer.

Say what you will and have your sneer and go.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical: Misrepresentation, st.* 3.

Snow.

The snow lies sprinkled on the beach,
And whitens all the marshy lea:
The sad gulls wail adown the gale,
The day is dark and black the sea.
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Shorter Poems, bk. IV., 27, st. 1.*

The frolic architecture of the snow.
R. W. EMERSON, *The Snow-Storm, l. 28.*

Hush!—the year's first snow is falling,
Lightly floating to the ground.
HUME NISBET, *The Matador, etc.: Winter, st. 1.*

See the first pure flakes of winter
Settling down on hill and dale,
Melting in the gleaming river
Where the scattered branches trail;
Settling down on each projection,
Touching up each broken saint
Of that time-stained rich old Abbey,
With its carvings rude and quaint.
HUME NISBET, *The Matador, etc.: Winter, st. 5.*

Snow, snow, pure white snow,
Do angel wings e'en brighter glow.
F. ROBERTSON, *Torquil, etc.: Snow, st. 1.*

The lovely stormy wings of snow.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *The Tale of Balen, VII., st. 1.*

Flake after flake upon them came the snows.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical: Ode to Pan, l. 14.*

The silent snow possess'd the earth.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, LXXVIII., st. 1.*

Fall, flake by flake! by thee alone,
Last friend, the sleeping draught is given.
Kind nurse, by thee the couch is strown—
The couch whose covering is from Heaven.
AUBREY DE VERE, *The Year of Sorrow: Ireland 1849; Winter, st. 2.*

Snowdrop.

The snowdrop, child of windy March,
Doth glory in her whiteness.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. I.: Song, st. 2.*

When Winter from the seaward range is gone,
By Esthwaite's shore is still a field of snow;
Thousands upon ten thousand snowdrops blow
In virgin sweet community as one,—
Type of the peace that dwells with God alone,
Emblems of angel-brotherhood below:
Their beauty every village child may know
From Hawkshead vale to grey-built Coniston.
REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets at the English Lakes, LXXXI.: The Snowdrops by Esthwaite Lake, ll. 1–8.*

Snowflake.

Freeze, balmy raindrops, as ye fall
From the mellow cloud!
And crystal snowflakes, wind round all
A cold white shroud!

ANON., *Songs of Lucilla: Art's Frost, st.* 1.

So Be It.

Well—if it be so—so it is, you know;
And if it be so, so be it.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Spiteful Letter, st.* 5.

Society.

"'Good manners,' said our great-aunts, 'next to piety':
And so, my friend, hurrah for good society!"

A. H. CLOUGH, *Poems: Dipsychus, Pt. I., sc.* 3 (Spirit).

"Society, the mud wherein we stand
Up to the eyes."

JOHN DAVIDSON, *Smith, act II.* (Smith).

Concerts, flower shows, garden parties, balls and dinners, rides and drives,
All the time-killing distractions of these fashionable lives.

E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends: The Moat House, Pt. II.*

On her whom the Prince delights in who dares to look askance?

G. R. SIMS, *The Dagonet and other Poems: Two Women, st.* 15.

A lay-figure fashioned to fit a dress,
All stuffed within with straw and bran;
Is that a woman to love, to caress?
Is that a creature to charm a man?

W. W. STORY, *A Musical Box, st.* 1 (in *Songs of Society*, ed. W. Davenport-Adams).

Soldier.

What is it earns a soldier's grave?
A soldier's life.

ALFRED AUSTIN, *Lyrics: Off Mesolongi, st.* 11.

"I am a soldier, sirs:
Enjoy no visions, ask no miracles,
Under my breastplate no raw hair-shirt hide
But served the state . . .
With some fidelity."

ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act V., sc.* 1 (Salviati).

Yet pity not
A soldier's lot:
He well has loved, who for his country dies.

GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. IV.: The Sentry, st.* 3.

Said England, "Peace! My thousands dead,
Who perished for love of me,
Whether they died in blue or red,
I honour—by land or sea.

Clothed in scarlet, or clothed in black,
  Or in labour's homely brown,
If ye toil for the land with brain or hand,
  I love, and honour, and crown.
England says to each, "Well done!"
Taking account of her every son.
  GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. I.: Sailor and Soldier, st. 3.*

There's one who is a soldier
    Bluff and keen;
Single-minded, heavy-fisted,
    Rude of mien.
He would gain a purse or stake it,
He would win a heart or break it,
    Conscience-clean.
  SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, *Songs of Action: The Inner Room, st. 2.*

Far and near and low and louder
  On the roads of earth go by,
Dear to friends and food for powder,
  Soldiers marching, all to die.
    A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad, XXXV., st. 2.*

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all:
We'll wait for extry rations, if you treat us rational.
Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to our face
The Widow's Uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.
  RUDYARD KIPLING, *Barrack-Room Ballads: Tommy, st. 5.*

"Take it quietly, Major Swindon: your friend the British soldier can stand up to anything except the British War Office."
  BERNARD SHAW, *Three Plays for Puritans: The Devil's Disciple, act III.* (Burgoyne).

"I am an American, sir" (Richard).
"What do you expect me to think of that speech, Mr. Anderson?" (Swindon).
"I never expect a soldier to think, sir" (Richard).
  BERNARD SHAW, *Three Plays for Puritans: The Devil's Disciple, act III.*

Oh! who would fight and march and countermarch
Be shot for sixpence in a battle-field,
And shovell'd up into some bloody trench
Where no one knows.
    ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Audley Court, ll. 39–42.*

"Stupid soldiers oft are bold.
Poor lads, they see not what the general sees."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act V., sc. 2* (Lady Magdalen).

  Wot's the beauty of the spot
  When you're bein' drilled with shot?
Wot is Nature when you're checked for bein' dirty?
  An' eternity's a blank
  To a feller on the crank,
When ev'ry blessed minute seems like thirty!
    EDGAR WALLACE, *Writ in Barracks: Nature Fails, st. 3.*

Where are the boys of the old Brigade,
Who fought with us side by side?
Shoulder to shoulder, and blade by blade,
Fought till they fell and died!
Who so ready and undismay'd?
Who so merry and true?
Where are the boys of the Old Brigade?
Where are the lads we knew?
F. E. WEATHERLY, *The Old Brigade, st.* 1.

Solent, The.

Down the deep Solent's melancholy tide.
REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets Round the Coast: The Lighthouse at the Needles, l.* 2.

Solicitor. See also **Lawyer.**

"Whenever you wish to do anything against the law, . . . always consult a good solicitor first."
BERNARD SHAW, *Three Plays for Puritans: Captain Brassbound's Conversion, act I.* (Sir Howard).

Solitude. See also **Alone, Loneliness.**

Where Day and Night and Day go by,
And bring no touch of human sound.
WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, *The Ruined Chapel, st.* 1.

If loneliness be sorrow's soft release
How more is solitude joy's perfect peace.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: a Tale of the Thames, ch. V., ll.* 65–6.

The drip of water night and day
Giving a tongue to solitude.
D. G. ROSSETTI, *The Portrait, st.* 2.

Something.

The something that infects the world.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Resignation, l.* 278.

It was born of a breath and a dream,
'Tis the soul of a look or a tone,
And the parent of pleasures that seem
But as preludes to others unknown.
"OWEN MEREDITH" [LORD LYTTON], *Marah, Hic Incepit, st.*3.

Song.

"They are such merry lays,
The dumb would sing them, and the lame would dance,
Hearing their cadence."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act III., sc.* 8 (Seventh Citizen).

Let ither lan's hae ither sangs
Auld Scotlan's sangs for me.
JANET HAMILTON, *Auld Mither Scotlan', st.* 3.

Ah, olden, golden, tranced song,
Familiar, rich, and strange!
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *Ballads and Legends: There came a little Faëry Bird, st.* 2.

O ! I have held my sorrows dear, and felt, though poor and slighted,
The songs we love are those we hear when love is unrequited.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc. : The Waking of the Lark, st.* 3.

Words without music are not song.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends, ser. II. : At the Private View, st.* 5.

Leddies they sing leddies' sangs,
An' men they sing men's,
An' fules they sing foolish sangs,
As a' the world kens ;
But a' the fule's foolish sangs
That e'er cam' frae the moon,
Were naething to a sang I heard,
To a very foolish tune,
That a fule sang to me.
GEORGE OUTRAM, *Legal and other Lyrics : The Fule's Sang.*

God giveth speech to all, song to the few.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Olrig Grange, bk. I. : Editorial, l.* 15.

" Your merrier songs are mournfuller sometimes
Than very tears are."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Bothwell, act I., sc.* 5 (Rizzio).

So brief and unsure, but sweeter
Than ever a moondawn smiled,
Moves, measured of no tune's metre,
The song in the soul of a child.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Child's Sleep, st.* 3.

The spirit of God, whose breath of life is song.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday : A New-Year Ode, st.* 2.

" Hark, by the bird's song ye may learn the nest."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Geraint and Enid, I., l.* 359 (Yniol).

Short, swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, XLVIII., st.* 4.

And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds,
And the willow-branches hoar and dank,
And the wavy swell of the soughing reeds,
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,
And the silvery marish-flowers that throng
The desolate creeks and pools among,
Were flooded over with eddying song.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Dying Swan, III.*

The seasons change, the winds they shift and veer;
The grass of yesteryear
Is dead; the birds depart, the groves decay:
Empires dissolve, and peoples disappear:
Song passes not away.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Lachrymae Musarum*, *ll.* 109–13.

Song is not Truth, not Wisdom, but the rose
Upon Truth's lips, the light in Wisdom's eyes.
WILLIAM WATSON, *To* ——, *ll.* 3–4.

And little masters make a toy of song
Till grave men weary of the sound of rhyme.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Wordsworth's Grave*, *Pt. V.*, *st.* 3.

Sonnet.

A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals
The soul,—its converse, to what Power 'tis due.
D. G. ROSSETTI, *The House of Life*, *Introduction*, *ll.* 9–10.

Sorrow. See also **Agony.**

Sorrow is
Shadow to life, moving where life doth move;
Not to be laid aside until one lays
Living aside, with all its changing states,
Birth, growth, decay, love, hatred, pleasure, pain,
Being and doing.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia*, *bk.* 6.

Both they who learn, and they who teach,
Have secret sorrow, secret sin.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *At the Gate of the Convent, etc.* : *Outside the Village Church*, *st.* 7.

Who would be chiefest in the world's regard,
With the world's supreme sorrow must be crowned.
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset*, *bk. I.* : *Chiefest*, *ll.* 13–4.

Who is there, knowing Christ, but also knows
The soiled heart made by soul-deep sorrow clean?
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset*, *bk. II.* : *Mary Magdalene*, *ll.* 11–12.

Behind no prison-grate, she said,
Which slurs the sunshine half a mile,
Live captives so uncomforted
As souls behind a smile.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *The Mask*, *st.* 3.

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe;
But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae* : *Abt Vogler*, *st.* 11.

Sorrow is vain and despondency sinful.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Flight of the Duchess*, *XVII.*, *l.* 48.

Man foretells afar
The courses of the stars; the very hour
He knows when they shall darken or grow bright;
Yet doth the eclipse of Sorrow and of Death
Come unforewarned.

W. C. BRYANT, *An Evening Reverie*, *ll.* 45–9.

She walks the road that's wet with tears, with rustling sorrows shady.

FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream: The Spell of the Sight*, *l.* 29.

"... can any tell
How sorrow first doth come? Is there a step,
A light step, or a dreamy drip of oars?
Is there a stirring of leaves, a ruffle of wings?
For it seems to me that softly, without hand,
Surely she touches me."

STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Paolo and Francesca*, *act II.*, *sc. I.* (Francesca).

He bore amiss who grudges what he bore:
Stretch out thy hands and urge thy feet to meet
One sorrow more.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses: Songs for Strangers and Pilgrims*, *No. 73*, *ll.* 2–4.

Beloved, there is a sorrow in the world
Too aged to remember its own birth,
A grey, old, weary, and immortal sorrow.

ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil: Divisions on a Ground*, *Pt. I.*, *ll.* 1–3.

O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me
No casual mistress, but a wife,
My bosom-friend and half of life;
As I confess it needs must be.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, *LIX.*, *st.* 1.

'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, *CVIII.*, *st.* 4.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, *st.* 38.

Your sorrow, only sorrow's shade,
Keeps real sorrow far away.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Margaret*, *st.* 4.

Soul.

Just to keep o' the sowl in your body, where every one keeps it that can,
Tho' 't might aisy lodge better outside, if we knew but the lie o' the lan'.

JANE BARLOW, *Bog-Land Studies: Th' Ould Master*, *IX.*, *ll.* 25–6.

'Tis an awkward thing to play with souls,
And matter enough to save one's own:
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Romances: A Light Woman, st.* 12.

The soul, doubtless, is immortal—where a soul can be discerned.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: A Toccata of Galuppi's, st.* 12.

"Each has his gift—
Our souls are organ pipes of divers stop
And various pitch; each with its proper notes
Thrilling beneath the self-same breath of God."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act II., sc.* 4 (Guta).

No soul wherefor a soul doth weep
From grace is cast.
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *Ballads and Legends: The Curse of Cain, ll.* 185–6.

Out of the flux and reflux of the world
Slowly man's soul doth gather to itself,
Atom by atom, the hard elements—
Firm, incorruptible, indestructible—
Whereof, when all his being is compact,
No more it wastes nor hungers, but endures.
WILLIAM LARMINIE, *The Speech of Emer, ll.* 24–9.

The soul's a sort of sentimental wife
That prays and whimpers of the higher life.
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, *English Poems: Of Poets and Poetry; The Decadent to His Soul, st.* 2.

Each soul is its own shrine,
Its priesthood, its sufficient sacrifice,
Its cleansing fount divine
Its hidden star of precious sanctities.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, ser. II.: A Hymn in Time of Idols, st* 6.

But a soul which skulks from itself like a thief,
And is damned for ever and dead.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. III.: Souls in Prison, st.* 25.

Those finer souls which know, yet may not see.
And are wrapped round and lost in ecstasy;—
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. III.: To the Tormentors, ll.* 20–1.

The soul has that measureless pride which revolts from every lesson but its own.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: Autumn Rivulets; Song of Prudence, l.* 43.

The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls.
J. G. WHITTIER, *The Friend's Burial, st.* 20.

Sound.

A slumberous sound,—a sound that brings
  The feelings of a dream,—
    H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Voices of the Night: Prelude, st. 4.*

The far-off sound of some sea-sepulchre,
The thud of waters, and the thrill of tides
In lonely haunts, where Ocean over-rides
Her ghastly wrecks.
  ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc.: Gladys the Singer, Canto II., ll. 167–70.*

The best of sounds our sad old earth can give,
Song of the lark and distant cattle's low.
  REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets round the Coast: Music of Two Worlds, Saint Bees Head, ll. 11–12.*

. . . all the inexplicable sounds that haunt
Turret and stair, and lobbies in old houses
When the wind stirs o' nights.
    WALTER C. SMITH, *Olrig Grange: Editorial II., ll. 106–8.*

"And sounds more frail and fugitive
Than rose-leaf dropping rainy tears
On rose-leaf, fill with delicate fears
The silence listening round my feet."
  ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil: The Dance of the Seven Sins* (Sloth).

Southern Cross.

And the Southern Cross, like a standard flying,
  Hangs in front of the tropic night.
    SIR A. C. LYALL, *A Night in the Red Sea, st. 7.*

Sovereignty.

The daze of pomp and brilliancy
Is not the test of Sovereignty.
    WALTER EARLE, *Home Poems: Balaam, Pt. III.* (Refrain.)

Space and Time.

Her light little step outstrips
  My stride, to ascents sublime;
Hid in shadows that haunt her lips
  Are the secrets of space and time.
  "OWEN MEREDITH" [LORD LYTTON], *Marah: Her Portrait, st. 7.*

Spaniard.

"The hardest, cruellest people in the world."
  ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act II., sc. 1* (Knyvett).

Spaniel. See also **Dogs.**

They say your legs are bandy—so they are:
Nature so formed them that they might go far;
They cannot brook your music; they assail
The joyful quiverings of your stumpy tail—
    R. C. LEHMANN, *Crumbs of Pity, and other Verses.*

Sparrow.

Hark, 'tis the sparrows' good-night twitter
About your cottage eaves!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics : The Lost Mistress, st.* 1.

In the roaring city
Sparrows' voices lend
Something of the country
To the hearts that spend
Season after season
There.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. II. : A Song of Thanks, st.* 2.

"And the great crows black on the dusty road,
And the merry sparrows, pert and quick,
Flirting away with a single flick
Into the hedgerows green and thick
Where they and their chattering friends abode."
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *How the Light came to Jim, st.* 2.

But 'mong thy creatures that do sing
Perhaps of all I likest am to the housetop-haunting sparrow,
That flies brief, sudden flights upon a dumpy, fluttering wing,
And chirps thy praises from a throat that's very short and narrow.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Sparrow, st.* 5.

Wisest of sparrows that sparrow which sitteth alone
Perched on the housetop, its own upper chamber, for nest.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses : Songs for Strangers and Pilgrims, No.* 85, *ll.* 1–2.

Spears.

"With the brilliance of battle, the bloom and the beauty, the splendour of spears."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon* (Oeneus).

A spear most marvellously wrought.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *The Tale of Balen, VI., st.* 55.

Speech.

"I say confusedly what comes uppermost."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus, III.* (Paracelsus).

And heard the birds their little stories sing
In notes whose rise and fall seem melted speech.
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Legend of Jubal, ll.* 272–3.

"Speech is but broken light upon the depth
Of the unspoken."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. I.* (Don Silva).

"Better is speech when the belly is fed."
RUDYARD KIPLING, *The Ballad of the King's Jest, l.* 29.

What else our inmost souls can reach
Like that Divinest Gift of Speech?
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Britain : Silvern Speech, ll.* 29–30.

"Say-all-you-know shall go with clouted head." (First Drunkard).
"Say-nought-at-all is beaten," Ospah said.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise : The Lovers of Gudrun ; Tidings brought to Bathstead of Kiartan's coming back, ll.* 119–20.

"Peace, and be wise ; no gods love idle speech."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon* (Meleager).

"Who hath given man speech? or who hath set therein
A thorn for peril and a snare for sin?"
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon* (Chorus).

Now, when our land to ruin's brink is verging,
In God's name, let us speak while there is time!
J. G. WHITTIER, *Lines, st.* 3.

Speedwell.

The little speedwell's darling blue.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, LXXXIII., st.* 3.

Spencer, Herbert.

Had Moses had the help of Herbert Spencer
He would have written a far abler book.
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. II. : Poetry and Science, st.* 28.

Spendthrift.

"I knew not the world's laws
But 'give to-day, and take to-morrow-morn,'
I needs must say, holding the wise in scorn."
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise : He who never laughed again, st.* 10 (Bharam).

Sphinx.

The Sphinx is drowsy,
Her wings are furled ;
Her ear is heavy,
She broods on the world.
R. W. EMERSON, *The Sphinx, st.* 1.

Spider.

A spider had spun his web across,
And sat in the midst with arms akimbo :
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics : Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis, st.* 5.

The swinging spider's silver line.
R. W. EMERSON, *Ode to Beauty, l.* 27.

The spider's fragile line of lace.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. I. : My Content, st.* 2.

The spider swings across his filmy thread.
MRS. NORTON, *The Lady of La Garaye.*

And all the margin there
Was arabesqued and bordered intricate
With hairy spider things
That catch and clamber.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical : Circe, ll.* 49–52.

Thy winding sheets are gray and fell,
Imprisoning with nets of hell
The lovely births that winnow by,
Winged sisters of the rainbow sky :
Elf-darlings, fluffy, bee-bright things,
And owl-white moths with mealy wings,
And tiny flies, as gauzy thin
As e'er were shut electrum in.
These are thy death spoils, insect ghoul,
With their dear life thy fangs are foul.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical : The Study of a Spider, ll.* 7–16.

A noiseless patient spider,
I mark'd where on a little promontory it stood isolated,
Mark'd how to explore the vacant vast surrounding,
It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself,
Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass : Whispers of Heavenly Death : A Noiseless Patient Spider, ll.* 1–4.

Spinning-wheel.

Tinkle, twinkle, pretty spindle ; let the white wool drift and dwindle.
Oh ! we weave a damask doublet for my love's coat of steel.
Hark ! the timid, turning treadle crooning soft, old-fashioned ditties
To the low, slow murmur of the brown round wheel.
J. F. O'DONNELL, *A Spinning Song* (Refrain).

Merrily, cheerily, noiselessly whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the wheel, while the foot's stirring ;
Sprightly, and brightly, and airily ringing
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.
J. F. WALLER, *The Spinning-Wheel, st.* 1.

Spirit.

The petals of to-day,
To-morrow fallen away,
Shall something leave instead,
To live when they are dead.
A. H. CLOUGH, *Sehnsucht, st.* 11.

Her spirit wandered by itself, and won
A golden edge from some unsetting sun.
J. R. LOWELL, *A Legend of Brittany, Pt. I., 3, ll.* 8–9.

Wisest of spirits that spirit which dwelleth apart
Hid in the Presence of God for a chapel and nest,
Sending a wish and a will and a passionate heart
Over the eddy of life to that Presence in rest.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses : Songs for Strangers and Pilgrims, No.* 85, *ll.* 6–9.

Spite.

Bear with a moment's spite
When a mere mote threats the white!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics : A Lover's Quarrel, st.*15.

Spitefulness.

And are you—since the world began
All women are—a little spiteful?
W. M. PRAED, *Portrait of a Lady, st.* 11.

Splendour.

In him were gleams of such heroic splendours
As light this cold, dark world up as a star
Array'd in glory for the eyes of heaven.
GERALD MASSEY, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc.: Hood, ll.* 45–7.

Sport.

Contending champions wrestled, ran and rode;
Contending bards poured hymns of triumph forth,
While dance on dance, like headlong rivers, flowed,
Lashed by the stormy music of the North.
SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc. : Gythia, st.* 13.

. . . the sports, which breed
Valiant lads for England's need.
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Ode, ll.* 56–7.

Spray.

Like flowers upon flowers
In a festival way
When hours after hours
Shed grace on the day,
White blossomlike butterflies hover and gleam through the snows of the spray.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Off Shore, st.* 29.

Spring.

Spring's Delights are now returning,
  Now the poet deftly weaves
Quaint conceits and rhymes concerning
  Croton oil and mustard leaves!
Let us, though we are a fixture,
  In our room compelled to stay—
Let us quaff the glad cough mixture,
  Gaily gargle time away!
Though we're racked with pains rheumatic,
  Though to sleep we've said ta-ta,
Let us, with a voice ecstatic,
  Wildly warble, Tra la la!

J. ASHBY-STERRY, *The Lazy Minstrel : Spring's Delights, st. 3.*

Ah! if you knew the hours on hours
One lives with birds, one spends with flowers
* * * * * *
How often all one has to show
For days that come, and days that go,
Are woodland nosegays all ablow;
You then, I think, would scarcely deem
One's songs of Spring a borrowed theme
But own that English poets learn
In every hour, at every turn,
From Nature's page, from Nature's speech
What neither book nor bard can teach.

ALFRED AUSTIN, *At the Gate of the Convent, etc. : A Defence of English Spring, ll. 199–200, 203-11.*

The wondering soul of child-like Spring
Inquisitive of everything.

ALFRED AUSTIN, *At the Gate of the Convent, etc. : A Defence of English Spring, ll. 71–2.*

Oft have I seen the almonds bloom
Round Dante's cradle, Petrarch's tomb;
Been there when banksia roses fall
In cataracts over Tuscan wall
* * * * * *
But none of these, nor all, can match,
At least for him who loves to watch
The wild-flowers come, hear wild birds sing,
The rapture of an English spring.

ALFRED AUSTIN, *At the Gate of the Convent, etc. : A Defence of English Spring, ll. 298–301, 321–4.*

The hazel hath put forth his tassels ruffed;
  The willow's flossy tuft
    Hath slipped him free:
The rose amid her ransacked orange hips
  Braggeth the tender tips
    Of bowers to be.

ROBERT BRIDGES, *Shorter Poems, bk. IV., No. 5, st. 4.*

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven--
All's right with the world!

ROBERT BROWNING *Pippa Passes, Pt. II.* (Pippa's Song).

She breathes a soft tumultuous song
Along the channel of her reeds;
Low goes the wind the woods among,
And flower-heads flush the meads.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN, *Green Arras: Spring Song, st.* 3.

And many a silly thing
  That hops and cheeps
And perks his tiny tail,
  And sideways peeps,
And flitters little wing,
  Seems in his consequential way
To tell of Spring.

R. LE GALLIENNE, *Robert Louis Stevenson, etc.: An Ode to Spring, ll.* 32–8.

It was a balmeous day in May, when spring was springing high,
And all amid the buttercups the bees did butterfly.

C. G. LELAND, *Songs of the Sea and Lays of the Land: Ballad of the Green Old Man, st.* 1.

The holy spirit of the spring
  Is working silently.

GEORGE MACDONALD, *Songs of the Days and Nights: Songs of the Spring Days, II., st.* 1.

And in her hand she bears the red new leaf
Of Oak and Beech, with those vermilion keys
The Sycamore hangs out, and from the leas
Foxglove and purple Betony.

REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets at the English Lakes, CVII.: July at the Lakes, ll.* 9–12.

When hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
  The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
  With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain."

A. C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon* (Chorus).

In hawthorn-time the heart grows light.

A. C. SWINBURNE, *The Tale of Balen, I., st.* 1.

Where the peevit wheels and dips
On heights of bracken and ling,
And Earth, unto her leaflet tips,
Tingles with Spring.

WILLIAM WATSON, *Ode in May, st.* 1.

When, upon orchard and lane, breaks the white foam of the Spring.

WILLIAM WATSON, *Hymn to the Sea, Pt. III., l.* 12.

" The whinchat soon wi' silver throat
Will meet the stonechat in the buddin whin,
And soon the blackcap's airliest gillie 'ull float
From light-green boughs through leaves a-peepin thin ;
The wheat-ear soon 'ull bring the willow-wren,
And then the fust fond nightingale 'ull follow,
A-callin' ' Come, dear,' to his laggin hen
Still out at sea, ' the spring is in our glen ;
Come, darlin' wi' the comin' o' the swallow.' "

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *The Coming of Love, etc. : Natural Benigna, Pt. II., The Letter, ll.* 37–45.

Spring (*of water*).

A very helpful little spring indeed,
Which evermore unwound a tiny string
Of earnest water with continual speed—

GEORGE MACDONALD, *New Year's Eve : A Waking Dream, st.* 19.

Spring (*a leap*).

I'll crouch before I spring, spy ere I leap.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Ulysses, act III., sc.* 1 (Ulysses).

Spring-cleaning.

All peace and all pleasure are banished :
  Abroad now I gladly would roam,
My quiet and comfort have vanished,
  A desolate wreck is my home !
The painters are all in possession
  And charwomen come by the score ;
The whitewashers troop in procession,
  And spatter from ceiling to floor.
I own I must make a confession—
  Spring Cleaning's a terrible bore !

J. ASHBY-STERRY, *The Lazy Minstrel : Spring Cleaning, st.* 1.

Spring-flowers.

The crocus, snow-drop, primrose, violet,
Outrun their tardy brethren to foretell
The icy tyrant's limit and the swell
Of buds in green dilation sudden-set.

LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical : Spring Flowers, st.* 1.

Square.

Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no such pleasure in life !

ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics : Up at a Villa—Down in the City, st.* 10.

Squire.

A squire himself and born of squires,
  He bears, to Domesday-book appealing,
A name well honoured in the shires
  For centuries of upright dealing.
ALFRED COCHRANE, *The Old Squire*, *st.* 2.

"God bless the Squire
And all his rich relations
Who teach us poor people
We eat our proper rations."
RUDYARD KIPLING, *The Masque of Plenty* (Chorus).

The Squire! I think I see him now—
  The figure tall and spare,
The clean-cut lips, and dinted brow,
  The straight-brushed blue-gray hair;
You'd but to glance at head and face—
  At set of neck and limb,
To know you'd move the square old Place
  Almost as soon as him.
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *Ballads and Legends: Squire*, *st.* 2.

Squirrel.

Close to their very feet a squirrel came,
With feathery tail whisking his ears of flame,
Seized in pink fingers nuts and shreds of cake
Then in long leaps raced downward to the lake.
EDMUND GOSSE, *In Russet and Silver: A Tragedy Without Words*, *ll.* 113–6.

Light-hearted dweller in the voiceless wood,
  Pricking thy tasselled ears in hope to tell
Where, under, in thy haste, the acorn fell;
Now, for excess of summer in thy blood,
Running through all thy tricksy change of mood,
Or vaulting upward to thy citadel
To seek the mossy nest, thy miser-cell,
And chuckle o'er the winter's hoard of food.
REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets at the English Lakes, XXXVI.: The Squirrel*, *ll.* 1–8.

The squirrel poising on the drift,
Erect, alert, his broad gray tail
Set to the north wind like a sail.
J. G. WHITTIER, *Red Riding Hood*, *ll.* 10–12.

Stability.

"I take my stand
Only as under me the earth is firm—
So, prove the first step stable, all will be!"
ROBERT BROWNING, *Colombe's Birthday*, *act III.* (Duchess.)

Stack.

The stack where Colin hides to catch
The milkmaid with her beaded load.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, ser. II. : The Apology, st.* 4.

Staghound.

Here comes Antony bringing the pack,
Steady ! he's laying them on !
By the sound of their chime you may tell that it's time
To harden your heart and be gone.
HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race : A Song of Exmoor, st.* 3.

Star.

"Well, when the eve has its last streak
The night has its first star."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Strafford, act. II. sc.* 2 (Lady Carlisle).

Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass !
W. C. BRYANT, *Song of the Stars, st.* 4.

Good-night ! The world is still :
No echo from the hill ;
Without a sound the stars pass through the silent sky,
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Serenade, ll.* 1–3.

"All stars show fair,
Light-studded, harnessing the crystal air ;
Wind stirs the tree-tops, but it stirs not these."
LAURENCE HOUSMAN, *Green Arras : Antæus, ll.* 19–21. (Antæus).

Star

I care not much for your stars ; and for starring parsons least ;
The better they are at that, they have less the true heart of a priest.
WALTER C. SMITH, *A Heretic, etc. : A Pulpiteer, ll.* 35–6.

A wild sweet star in amber folds of morn.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical : Pandora, l.* 375.

Star, North.

That bright eternal beacon, by whose ray
The voyager of time should shape his heedful way.
W. C. BRYANT, *Hymn to the North Star, st.* 7.

Star-fish.

A stranded star-fish neighbours by the sward,
Where the snail toils beneath his painted walls.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical : The Island of Circe, ll.* 19–20.

Stare.

With a stony British stare.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., XIII., st.* 2.

Starling.

O starlings, from whose glossy throats,
As glib, and numerous, come the notes,
As gossamer at morn that floats!

ANON, *Songs of Lucilla : Starlings, st.* 1.

State.

"The State and the family are for ever at war: the summer of the State is the winter of the family—two forces always at war."

GEORGE MOORE, *The Bending of the Bough, act.* 1. (Foley).

"A secular kingdom is but as the body
Lacking a soul."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act. IV., sc.* 1 (Pole).

Statecraft.

Fourth Henry, fourth Edward, Elizabeth, Charles—now ye rest from your toil,
Was it best, when by truth and compass ye steer'd, or by statecraft and guile?
Or is it so hard, that steering of States, that as men who throw in
With party their life, honour soils his own ermine, a lie is no sin?

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, *The Visions of England : The Rejoicings of the Land, ll.* 81–4.

Statesman.

A ginooine statesman should be on his guard,
Ef he *must* hev beliefs, nut to b'lieve 'em tu hard;
For, ez sure ez he does, he'll be blartin' 'em out.

J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. II., Letter* 5.

Steadfastness.

Unchanged in change, still to my growing sense,
To life's desire the same, and nothing new;
But as thou wert in dream and prescience
At love's arising, now thou standst to view
In the broad noon of his magnificence.

ROBERT BRIDGES, *The Growth of Love : Sonnet* 58, *ll.* 10–4.

Steady your hand in time o' squalls,
Stand to the last by him that falls,
And answer clear to the voice that calls,
"Ay, Ay! Admiral Death!"

HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race : Admiral Death, st.* 2.

Steak.

Some like the sirloin, but I think the porterhouse is best,—
'Tis juicier and tenderer and meatier than the rest.

EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse : Rare Roast Beef, ll.* 17–8.

Stealth.

" Accursed, who strikes nor lets the hand be seen ! "
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Gareth and Lynette, l.* 427 (Arthur).

Stems

The wrinkled stems, that put on crowns of Youth.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Daphne, etc. : Aeson, Pt. II., I., l.* 40.

Stench

Stench of old offal decaying and infinite torment of flies.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Defence of Lucknow, VI., l.* 10.

Step.

" Look one step onward, and secure that step ! "
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus I.* (Paracelsus.)

Sleep into night, old anguish mine, and cease
To listen for a step that will not come.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical : The Pilgrim Cranes, st.* 2.

Stepmother.

Stepmothers mostly are a cruel race,
And, like the spiked aloe plant, they bear
A rose of love once in a hundred years.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Daphne, etc. : King Athamas, Pt. I., III., ll.* 45–7.

Steppes, The.

O Steppe, that liest like the broad sea
Bare to Heaven's ken,
Surely wild horses scour thee,
Not scourged by men,
But spacious spirits, frantic, free !
ANON, *Songs of Lucilla : To the Steppe, st.* 4.

Stern.

Stern, but serene and hopeful, prayerful, brave,
As Cromwell's Ironsides on a battle-eve.
GERALD MASSEY, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc. : New Year's Eve in Exile, l.* 41.

Sting.

. . . the sting
That drives great men through woes to seek renown.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *Life and Death of Jason, bk. III., ll.* 192–3.

The tiny-trumpeting gnat can break our dream
When sweetest ; and the vermin voices here
May buzz so loud—we scorn them, but they sting."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Lancelot and Elaine, ll.* 137–9 (Guinevere).

Stocks.

There were pinks and lilies and stocks,
Sweet gray and white stocks, and rose and rue,
And clematis white and blue,
And pansies and daisies and phlox.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends, Ser. II. : The Garden, st.* 1.

Stone.

An' the bare stones thimselves 'ill be dusted wid circles o' silver an' gould.
JANE BARLOW, *Bog-Land Studies : By the Bog-Hole, III., l.* 14.

Stonechat.

Before the stonechat's clink so crisp and thin.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. I. : To a Nest of Young Thrushes, st.* 3.

Stoning.

Is there no stoning save with flint and rock ?
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Aylmer's Field, l.* 745.

Stork.

"... by God in heaven,
As a blessing, the dear, white stork was given."
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Golden Legend, II.* (Gottlieb).

Storm.

Swift ran the searching tempest overhead,
And ever and anon some bright white shaft
Burned through the pine-tree roof, here burned and there,
As if God's messenger through the close wood screen
Plunged and replunged his weapon at a venture.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Pippa Passes, Pt. II., ll.* 187–91.

Winds are howling, roaring, screaming,
Thunder rolling, lightning gleaming,
Rain and hail in torrents streaming,
Driving fierce and fast.
JANET HAMILTON, *Memories, st.* 1.

There are no clouds, but all is cloudiness;
There are no winds, but all the wide grey sky,
Borne on the wide grey rain in mad distress,
Is rushing by.
"OWEN MEREDITH" [LORD LYTTON], *Marah : Storm, st.* 8.

"And thunder of storm on the sands,
And wailing of wives on the shore."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon* (Chorus).

Heard ! have you heard, when the storm on the downs began,
The wind that 'ill wail like a child and the sea that 'ill moan like a man ?
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Rizpah XIV.*

Storm.

Storm, Storm, Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready against the storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form!
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Riflemen Form! st.* 1.

Storm-Petrel—Mother Carey's Chickens.

Away to sea! no matter where the coast:
The road that turns for home turns never wrong;
Where waves run high my bird will not be lost:
His home I know: 'tis where the winds are strong—
Where, on a throne of billows, rolling hoary
And green and blue and splashed with sunny glory,
Far, far from shore—from farthest promontory—
Prophetic Nature bares the secret of the story
That holds the spheres in song!
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *The Coming of Love, etc.: Natural Benigna, Pt. I.: Mother Carey's Chicken, ll.* 106–14.

Story.

A story of fear and sorrow, a story of hope and joy.
GEORGE R. SIMS, *The Dagonet and other Poems: A Sister's Story, st.* 3.

Strand, London.

Lo! the round sun, half-down the Western slope—
Seen as along an unglazed telescope—
Lingers and lolls, loth to be done with day;
Gifting the long, lean, lanky street
And its abounding confluences of being
With aspects generous and bland;
Making a thousand harnesses to shine
As with new ore from some enchanted mine,
And every horse's coat so full of sheen
He looks new-tailored, and every 'bus feels clean,
And never a hansom but is worth the feeing.
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems: London Voluntaries, III., ll.* 6–16.

The jaded light of late July
Shone yellow down the dusty Strand
ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode: The New Millennium, st.* 1.

Stranger.

"How shall I name him?
This spare, dark-featured,
Quick-eyed stranger?"
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *The Strayed Reveller* (Youth).

A stranger met by hazard any day
May change the tenor of a man's whole way.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: a Tale of the Thames, ch. V., ll.* 6–7.

There's a stranger among us, a chill in the air,
And an awful face silently framed over there.
J. S. LE FANU, *Fionula, From The Legend of the Glaive, ll.* 21–2.

Stream.

"The shrouded stream that every soul must cross."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Self's the Man, act III.* (Urban).

This little stream whose hamlets scarce have names,
This far-off, lonely mother of the Thames.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise : June, st. 2.*

Sir, please you to look up and down
The weedy reaches of our stream,
And note the bubbles of the bream,
And see the great chub take the fly,
And watch the long pike basking lie
Outside the shadow of the weed.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise : The Man born to be King, ll. 844–9.*

Street.

Let me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.
W. C. BRYANT, *The Crowded Street, st. 1.*

The pitiless clamour of the London street,
No song, but roll of traffic everywhere.
P. B. MARSTON, *A Last Harvest : Spring and Despair, ll. 2, 3.*

A long copse-bordered village street.
JOSEPH TRUMAN, *At Eversley, l. 7* in *The Spectator*, No. 3,892, 31, 1, 03.

Strength.

"For this is the true strength of guilty kings,
When they corrupt the souls of those they rule."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Merope* (Aepytus).

The strongest hearts toil farthest through the gloom.
E. F. M. BENEKE, *The Cross Beneath the Ring : Philosophy, st. 5.*

How it disgusts when weakness, false-refined,
Censures the honest rude effective strength—
When sickly dreamers of the impossible
Decry plain sturdiness which does the feat
With eyes wide open!
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, IX. : Juris Doctor Johannes-Baptista Bottinius, ll. 1011–5.*

It is strength
To live four-square, careless of outward shows,
And self-sufficing.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades, bk. III. : Olympus Athene, ll. 82–4.*

The strongest tower has not the highest wall,
Think well of this, when you sit safe at home.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: Story of Cupid and Psyche, ll.* 896–7.

Strong, not alone to dominate the storm,
To brave the haughty, and rebuke the proud—
But strong to weep, to heed an infant's care,
To gather sorrow to his heart.
GEORGE SIGERSON, *The Lost Tribune: To the Memory of Isaac Butt, st.* 2–3.

But strength in weakness lives and stands
As rocks that rise through shifting sands.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *The Tale of Balen, VII., st.* 13.

. . . a strong man:
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he will'd, and bore it through.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Enoch Arden, ll.* 291–3.

O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, IV.*

Strife.

Leave the vain low strife
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power—
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.
W. C. BRYANT, *Autumn Woods, st.* 12.

Know that relentless strife
Remains by sea and land
The holiest law of life
From fear in every guise,
From sloth, from lust of pelf.
By war's great sacrifice
The world redeems itself.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *The Last Ballad, etc.: War Song, ll.* 18–24.

And the dust of the wheels of revolving life,
Pain, labour, change, and the fierce illusion
Of strife more vain than the sea's old strife.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday: Les Casquets, st.* 25.

Strike.

Lift not thy hand to strike,
Save in the cause of justice, and when words
Are vain as wind.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece, Alcaeus, VII., ll.* 243–5.

Stubbornness.

" The sad rhyme of the men who proudly clung
To their first fault, and withered in their pride."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus, IV.* (Paracelsus).

Study.

My favourite room's the study that is on the second floor ;
And there we sit in judgment on men and things galore.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse : The Boltons, 22, ll.* 21–2.

Style.

Above all things avoid the Browningesque
Swinburnian and Rossettian complex style,
For this begins by being obscure, and ends
By " wide white wanton foam-crests " and " blown hair."
Choose your own style—it should be part of you,
Choose *you* perhaps, rather than you choose it.
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. II. : A Poet's Letter to his Son, ll.* 279–84.

Sublimity.

Thy awful form, Sublimity !
The moral teacher shows—
Sublimity of silence born.
CATHERINE M. FANSHAWE, *Ode, ll.* 6–8 [In *Songs of Society*, ed. W. Davenport Adams].

Submission.

Old and trained, my sire
Could bow down on his quiet broken heart,
Die awestruck and submissive.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Luria, act II.* (Domizia).

Substance.

" I
Flatter myself that always everywhere
I know the substance when I see it."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess II., ll.* 389–91 (Cyril).

Suburb.

The waste raw land where doleful suburbs thrive.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *New Ballads : A Woman and her Son, l.* 27.

Success.

Why, all men strive and who succeeds ?
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Romances : The Last Ride Together, st.* 5.

" Who keeps one end in view makes all things serve."
ROBERT BROWNING, *In a Balcony* (Norbert).

One thing is forever good ;
That one thing is Success.
R. W. EMERSON, *Fate, ll.* 45–6.

O sweet for mothers growing old
To know their boys approach success!
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. II. : L'envoi, st. 2.*

All true whole men succeed ; for what is worth
Success's name unless it be the thought,
The inward surety, to have carried out
A noble purpose to a noble end,
Although it be the gallows or the block ?
J. R. LOWELL, *A Glance Behind the Curtain, ll.* 157–61.

I swear by Him in whose hand lies my life
There suffereth no Believer, but his woes
Cause sins to shed away, as the hot wind
Strips dead leaves off, that new green leaves may grow.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Tenth Muse : The Passing of Muhammad, ll.* 172–5.

Suffering.

" O suffering ! O calamity ! how ten,
How twentyfold worse are ye, when your blows
Not only wound the sense, but kill the soul,
The noble thought, which is alone the man ! "
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Merope* (Aepytus).

True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,
And those who can suffer, can dare.
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Day of the Lord, st.* 4.

Only suffering draws
The inner heart of song and can elicit
The perfumes of the soul.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades, bk. II. : Hades : Marsyas, ll.* 181–3.

" The One
Who shifts his policy suffers something, must
Accuse himself, excuse himself; the Many
Will feel no shame to give themselves the lie."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Cup, act II., sc.* 1 (Camma).

Suicide.

Worn with sorrow and stained by sin,
Was he not wise to seek that shore,
Where alone a new life might begin,
Where alone the past would be really o'er ?
Who knows ? Like a child in the night he cried,
And the storm and the darkness alone replied.
ANON : *A Night in the Mediterranean, st.* 11.

You would not live to wrong your brothers :
Oh lad, you died as fits a man.
A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad, XLIV., st.* 5.

. . . play the man, stand up and end you,
When your sickness is your soul.
A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad, XLV., st. 2.*

. . . he, the King,
Call'd me polluted : shall I kill myself ?
What help in that ? I cannot kill my sin,
If soul be soul ; nor can I kill my shame ;
No, nor by living can I live it down.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Guinevere, ll. 613–7.*

Summer.

But now a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens and wraps the ground,
The blessings of supreme repose.
W. C. BRYANT, *A Summer Ramble, st. 5.*

" Summer is come ; the forest wakes to greet him,
And while the birds their melody renew,
Look ! the wild hyacinths come forth to meet him,
And carpet all his sunlit path with blue."
ALFRED COCHRANE, *Death and the Hyacinths* (Tityrus).

And better a crust and a beaker of beer,
With rose-hung hedges on either hand,
Than a palace in town and a prince's cheer,
When fans for a penny are sold in the Strand !
ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode : Ballade of Summer, st. 2.*

No Summer ever yet did midway pause.
And without wheaten sheaf return to Spring.
ALEXANDER SMITH, *Edwin of Deira, bk. IV., ll. 101–2.*

Strong summer, dumb with rapture, bound
With golden calm the woodlands round.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *The Tale of Balen, VII., st. 4.*

In linden-time the heart is high
For pride of summer passing by
With lordly laughter in her eye.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *The Tale of Balen, II., st. 1.*

The world is weary with her wintry night :
She sighs for Summer, which is nature's day.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical : Ode to Pan, ll. 40–1*

When at his banquet, the Summer is purple and drowsed with repletion.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Hymns to the Sea, Pt. III., l. 9.*

Sun.

There, out from over sea . . .
. . . the sun above his watery blaze
Upbroke the grey dome of the morning sky,
And struck the island with his level rays;
Sifting his gold through lazy mists, that still
Clim'd on the shadowy roots of every hill,
And in the tree-tops breathed their silvery haze.
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Eros and Psyche : May, st. 4.*

'Tis not Spring alone that's gladdened
By the shining of the sun.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. II. : A Song, st. 1.*

'Tis the sight of a lifetime to behold
The great shorn sun as you see it now,
Across eight miles of undulant gold
That widens landward, weltered and rolled,
With freaks of shadow and crimson stains.
J. R. LOWELL, *Pictures from Appledore, VI., ll. 1–5.*

Shadow-maker, shadow-slayer, arrowing light from clime to clime.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Akbar's Dream : Hymn, st. 2.*

Sun-dial.

And round about its gray, time-eaten brow,
Lean letters speak—a worn and shattered row:
I am a Shade : a Shadowe too arte thou :
I marke the Time : saye, Gossip, dost thou soe ?
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Vignettes in Rhyme : The Sun Dial, st. 2.*

The sun-dial was so aged
It had gathered a thoughtful grace;
'Twas the round-about of the shadow
That so had furrowed its face.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Old Garden, st. 4.*

Sunbeams.

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape
Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Song of Hiawatha XXII. : Hiawatha's Departure, ll. 167–70.*

Old truths, new facts, they preach aloud—
Their tones like wisdom fall;
One sunbeam glancing on a cloud.
Hints things beyond them all.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *The Disciple, V., st. 4.*

Sunbow.

Wefts of rarer light than colours rain from heaven, though this be rare,
Arch on arch unbuilt in building, reared and ruined ray by ray,
Breaks and brightens, laughs and lessens, even till eyes may hardly bear
Light that leaps and runs and revels through the springing flames of spray.

A. C. SWINBURNE, *The Sunbows*, *ll.* 13–6.

Sundew.

Sundew, to whom the sunlesse noon is night.

J. W. COURTHOPE, *The Chancellor's Garden.*

Sunflower.

Stately stand the sunflowers, glowing down the garden-side,
Ranged in royal rank arow along the warm grey wall,
Whence their deep disks burn at rich midnoon afire with pride,
Even as though their beams indeed were sunbeams, and the tall
Sceptral stems bore stars whose reign endures, not flowers that fall.

A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday : The Mill Garden*, *ll.* 1–5.

Sunset.

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun!
One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.

W. C. BRYANT, *November*, *ll.* 1–4.

And through the silver Northern night
The sunset slowly died away.

ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode : Romance*, *st.* 2.

Yet the gold sunset brings about the night,
And the red dawn is quenched in dull grey rain.

WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise, February : Bellerophon in Lycia*, *ll.* 2123–4.

The placid gleam of sunset after storm!

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Ancient Sage*, *l.* 132.

Sunshine.

This is God's eternal sunlight—even the light in sinless eyes!

GEORGE BARLOW, *The Crucifixion of Man, Part III. Life of Caleb Smith*, *st.* 167.

Full summer and at noon; from a waste bed
Convolvulus, musk-mallow, poppies spread
The triumph of the sunshine overhead.

"MICHAEL FIELD," *Underneath the Bough : The Fourth Book of Songs, Song* 18.

Through gorgeous windows shone the sun aslant,
Brimming the church with gold and purple mist.

J. R. LOWELL, *A Legend of Brittany, Pt. IV., xxxii., ll.* 1–2.

Superior.

"Superior persons should be killed: to be superior is to have an unjust advantage over the rest of the world."

JOHN DAVIDSON, *Godfrida, act III.* (Berthold.)

Supper.

". . . Your supper is like the hidalgo's dinner, very little meat, and a great deal of table-cloth."

H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Spanish Student, act I., sc.* 4 (Chispa).

Survival.

But always as the old creed wanes
  Her votaries will linger yet,
And though Lord Christ in Heaven reigns,
  Queen Venus they will not forget.

DOUGLAS AINSLIE, *Lines prefixed to "St. John of Damascus."*

Suspicion.

But those who have tasted of slight and neglect,
When folk grow too civil, are apt to suspect.

WALTER C. SMITH, *Dick Dalgleish, st.* 10.

Sustenance.

A strong tree wants no wreaths about its trunk,
No cloying cups, no sickly sweet of scent,
But sustenance at root, a bucketful.

ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, XI : Guido, ll.* 2407–9.

Swallow.

The swallow's cry, that's so forlorn,
  By thrush and blackbird overpowered,
Is like the hidden thorn
  On the rose-bush, deep bowered.

ANON: *Songs of Lucilla, The Swallow's Note, st.* 1.

The friendly silken swallow, nest-building,
Came and went lightsome, through the latticed stone;
Where rounded arces let the blue sky in
And one might see a topmost palm-branch wave.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of the World: The Magus.*

O swallow, flying by windy ways,
  Over leagues of white sea-foam,
To the nest you left in the autumn days
  Under eaves of an English home—
Voyage right swiftly, wandering bird,
  A speck in the distant blue,
For the pulse of life in the leaves is stirred,
    And white doves coo.

MORTIMER COLLINS, *The Swallow, st.* 1.

Underfoot ground-swallows dart in the grass;
And its water-mate starts through the stream, when the gloss
Of a golden-billed blackbird slips songless across.
LAURENCE HOUSMAN, *Green Arras: The Gazing Fawn.*

Wisest of swallows that swallow which timely has flown
Over the turbulent sea to the land of its rest.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses: Songs for Strangers and Pilgrims*, 85, *ll.* 3–4.

Far flickers the flight of the swallows,
Far flutters the weft of the grass
Spun dense over desolate hollows
More pale than the clouds as they pass.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *By the North Wind*, *st.* 2.

"O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, IV.*, *ll.* 75–7 (Prince's Song).

Swamp.

There is peace in the swamp where the Copperhead sleeps,
Where the waters are stagnant, the white vapour creeps,
Where the musk of magnolia hangs thick in the air,
And the lilies' phylacteries broaden in prayer;
There is peace in the swamp, though the quiet is death,
Though the mist is miasm, the upas-tree's breath,
Though no echo awakes to the cooing of doves,—
There is peace; yes, the peace that the Copperhead loves!
BRET HARTE: *The Copperhead*, *st.* 1.

The maple-swamps glow like a sunset sea,
Each leaf a ripple with its separate flush.
J. R. LOWELL, *An Indian-Summer Reverie*, *st.* 11.

"A great black swamp and of an evil smell."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Holy Grail*, *l.* 498 (Percivale).

Swan.

Or swans, with feathers white as fluttering spray,
Like floating islands on the water lay.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy*, *act I.*, *st.* 128.

And now they would mount and now they would stoop
And almost to earth or river droop,
And harshly would pipe through sheer delight
Of their boisterous wings, and their strength of flight.
F. W. FABER, *The Flight of the Wild Swans*, *st.* 4.

There were five swans, that ne'er did eat
  The water-weeds, for ladies came
  Each day, and young knights did the same,
And gave them cakes and bread for meat.
  WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Defence of Guinevere, etc. : Golden Wings, st.* 8.

Swarm.

"A swarm in May, a swarm in May,
  Is worth a waggon-load of hay."
  ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act I., sc.* 4 (April).

Swim.

If thou wilt swim at all, swim with the times,
An empty bottom on a shallow tide:
Be that thy seamanship.
  ROBERT BRIDGES, *The First Part of Nero, act I., sc.* 1, *ll.* 70-2 (Thrasea).

Swinburne, A. C.

Thou art a bee—a bright, a golden thing
  With too much honey; and the taste thereof
Is sometimes rough, and somewhat of a sting
Dwells in the music that we hear thee sing.
  ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc. : Pro Patria, an Ode to Swinburne, st.* 10.

Sword.

  What rights the brave?
    The sword!
  What frees the slave?
    The sword!
  What cleaves in twain
  The despot's chain,
And makes his gyves and dungeon's vain?
    The sword!
  M. J. BARRY, *The Sword, st.* 1.

"Bless it and bless it again,
  Bless it for saved and for slain,
  Bless ye the beautiful Sword,
  Aloud in the name of the Lord!"
  ROBERT BUCHANAN, *The Drama of Kings : The Teuton against Paris* (Chiefs).

Sword! let thy temper be
  Such as shall make foes wince!
    MORTIMER COLLINS, *The Troubadour's Song, st.* 1.

The War-Thing, the Comrade,
Father of honour
And giver of kingship.
  W. E. HENLEY, *Poems : The Song of the Sword, ll.* 44-6.

Sword-fish.

It is a sword-fish . . .
. . . Yea! a fish
Six cubits long that hath for nose a beak
Bony, shaped like a sword, sharp like a sword,
And hard as tempered steel; strong fins and tail
That in its times of anger and attack
Drive it like arrow through the waves.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Voyage of Ithobal: The Seventh and Last Day*, *ll.* 177–83.

Sycamore.

And thou with all thy breadth and height
Of foliage, towering sycamore.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, LXXXIX., st.* 1.

Symbolism.

We rise, but by the symbol charioted,
Through loved things rising up to Love's own ways;
By these the soul unto the vast has wings,
And sets the seal celestial on all mortal things.
"A. E." [GEORGE W. RUSSELL], *Symbolism*, *ll.* 15–8.

Sympathy.

Her look was like a sad embrace;
The gaze of one who can divine
A grief, and sympathise.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Tristram and Iseult* (narrative).

You say that I am fitful, sweet, 'tis true;
But 'tis that I your fitfulness obey,
If you are April, how can I be May,
Or flaunt bright roses when you wear sad rue?
ALFRED AUSTIN, *At the Gate of the Convent, etc.: Love's Fitfulness*, *ll.* 1–4.

Small separate sympathies combined and large,
Nothings that were, grown something very much:
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book I.*, *ll.* 1093–4.

—whoever walks a furlong without sympathy walks to his own funeral drest in his shroud.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: Song of Myself*, 48, *l.* 4.

Syren.

Weave not thy spells! cease, cease to sing!
Entrancing syren of the wave,
Oh leave me! fatal, evil thing!
Down! down to thy dark ocean cave!
"ARISTO." *The Moon of Leaves: The Syren*, *st.* 9.

" Sisters we, the syrens three,
Fame and Love and Poesy!"
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Undertones, XIII: The Syren, ll.* 205–6 (The Syren).

Beside a golden sanded bay
We saw the Sirens, very fair.
ANDREW LANG, *Grass of Parnassus: They hear the Sirens for the second time, st.* 3.

Table d' Hôte.

A tabble dote is different from orderin' aller cart:
In *one* case you git all there is, in *t'other*, only *part*!
EUGENE FIELD, *A Little Book of Western Verse: Casey's Table d'Hôte, ll.* 51–2.

Table-turning.

Try, will our table turn?
Lay your hands there light, and yearn
Till the yearning slips
Thro' the finger-tips
In a fire which a few discern.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: A Lovers' Quarrel, st.* 7.

Tact.

The only credentials,
Passport to success;
Opens castle and parlor,—
Address, man, Address.
R. W. EMERSON, *Tact, st.* 2.

Talent. See also **Genius.**

Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut!
R. W. EMERSON: *Fable, ll.* 17–9 (Squirrel to Mountain).

" A single gift
Unmatched with others may become a curse."
CANON G. E. MASON, *Claudia, act. I., sc. I* (Victor).

Talking; Talk.

I can always leave off talking when I hear a master play!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: A Toccata of Galuppi's, st.* 9.

How we talk in the little town below!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Pippa Passes, l.* 126.

Night after night some three or four we walked
And talked, and talked, and infinitely talked.
A. H. CLOUGH, *Mari Magno, ll.* 22–3.

"... never yet
Was noble man but made ignoble talk."
ALFRED LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Lancelot and Elaine, ll.* 1080–81 (Elaine).

Tallness.

At length I saw a lady within call,
Stiller than chisell'd marble standing there;
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *A Dream of Fair Women, st.* 22.

Tankard.

The heart which Grief hath canker'd
Hath one unfailing remedy—the Tankard.
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Beer, st.* 11.

Tarn.

The still tarn rippled by the marten's wing.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical: Pandora, l.* 391.

Tart.

Of tarts there be a thousand kinds,
So versatile the art,
And, as we all have different minds,
Each has his favorite tart.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse: The Onion Tart, st.* 1.

Taste.

He purchased a wife to embellish his table,
To humour his whims and obey his behests:
One lovely and clever, one willing and able—
To prove his good taste and to talk to his guests.
J. ASHBY STERRY, *A Comedy, act IV., ll.* 5–8 [In *Songs of Society*, ed. W. Davenport Adams].

Tattoo.

He said, The China on the shelf
Is very fair to view,
And wherefore should mine outer self,
Not correspond thereto?
In blue
My frame I must tattoo.
ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode: Art's Martyr, st.* 1.

Taunt.

"Truth is the hardest taunt to bear."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *The Return of Ulysses, act IV., l.* 1688 (Telemachus).

Tax.

"Well, have a care to tap men tenderly,
For if you pilfer all the eggs at once,
You'll find the nest deserted."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act I., sc.* 1 (Lorenzo).

Teacher.

The Teacher's crown of work to wear
That in each Learner gains a friend.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Harvest-Tide : In Memory of Two Friends, II., I., st.* 5.

Tears ; Weeping.

There are worse plagues on earth than tears.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *A Wish, st.* 2.

"Never fear to weep ;
For tears are summer showers to the soul,
To keep it fresh and green ; gathering no more,
The shrivelled leaves of faith and fancy fall,
And winter settles on a waning life."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act IV., sc.* 4 (Candida).

There are tears for the lost and tears for the dead
And tears for a ruined Spring ;
But the bitterest tears of all to shed,
Are the tears for a foolish thing.
E. F. M. BENEKE, *The Cross beneath the Ring : Carefully, with Tears, st.* 5.

Tears of love, tears of joy and tears of care,
Comforting tears that fell uncomforted,
Tears o'er the new-born, tears beside the dead,
Tears of hope, pride and pity, trust and prayer,
Tears of contrition ; all tears whatsoe'er
Of tenderness or kindness had she shed.
ROBERT BRIDGES, *The Growth of Love : Sonnet,* 40, *ll.* 1–6.

Ye weep for those who weep ? she said—
Ah fools ! I bid you pass them by.
Go, weep for those whose hearts have bled
What time their eyes were dry.
Whom sadder can I say ? she said.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *The Mask, st.* 8.

He doubted ; but God said "Even so ;
Nothing is lost that's wrought with tears : "
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs : A Ballad of Heaven, st.* 26.

The tears of pleasantness that rise
"Up from the heart into the eyes."
SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc. : The Night and the Day* (The Night), *ll.* 15–6.

Her face with little drops was wet,
Like pansy petals after rain.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, ser. II.: To Sleep, ll.* 5–6.

. . . free
From that long drip of human tears
Which peoples old in tragedy
Have left upon the centuried years.
THOMAS HARDY, *Poems of the Past and the Present: On an Invitation to the United States, st.*

To cry, cry, cry with the passionate heartbreak, sobbing,
To the dim wondrous shape of Love Retreating—
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream, The Rune of the Passion of Women, ll.* 69–70

. . . the silver key
That can unlock the sacred fount of tears,
Which falling make life green.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. I.: Voices, ll.* 86–8.

"What shall be done with all these tears of ours?
Shall they make watersprings in the fair heaven
To bathe the brows of morning?"
C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon* (Chorus).

. . . suddenly she took
To bitter weeping like a beaten child,
A long, long weeping, not consolable.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Merlin and Vivien, ll.* 712–4.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, IV., ll.* 21–5 (Song).

Home they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess: Lilia's fifth Song, st.* 1.

Teetotallers.

There's one rule I've ben guided by, in settlin' how to vote, ollers—
I take the side thet *isn't* took by them consarned teetotallers.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. I., Letter* 9.

Telegraph.

And there thro' twenty posts of telegraph
They flash'd a saucy message to and fro
Between the mimic stations.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess: Prologue, ll.* 77–9.

Téméraire, The.

Now the sunset breezes shiver,
And she's fading down the river,
But in England's song for ever
She's the *Fighting Téméraire.*

HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Fighting Téméraire, st.* 6.

Temptation.

"To know and reverence Good, and yet do evil,
Is the infernal penalty of the Past."

ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act I., sc.* 3. (Abaddon).

Why comes temptation but for man to meet
And master and make crouch beneath his foot,
And so be pedestaled in triumph?

ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, X: The Pope, ll.* 1185–7.

Two different kinds of people the devil most assails:
One is the man who conquers—the other he who fails.

WILL CARLETON, *Farm Ballads: The Festival of Industry; The Tramp's Story, ll.* 65–6.

. . . "temptation is to finer souls
Another name for opportunity."

CANON G. E. MASON, *Claudia, act I., sc.* 3. (Claudia).

Tenderness.

Ah, deal tenderly
With one another, O my sons, for ye,
Caged in these limbs that toil under the noon,
Are capable of sorrow huge as night;
And still must ye bear all, whatever come.

LAURENCE BINYON, *The Death of Adam, ll.* 499–503.

Tennyson, Alfred.

Poet of Art and of Nature, of sympathies old and new,
Who read in the earth and the heavens, the fair and the good and the true,
And who wrote no line and no word that the world will ever rue!

T. H. WARREN, *In Memoriam—Alfred, Lord Tennyson, ll.* 11–3.

To follow him be true, be pure, be brave,
Thou needest not his lyre.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *The Coming of Love, etc.: The Silent Voices, no.* 5, *ll.* 13–4.

Terrier. See also **Dog.**

A Scotch patrician, sandy-haired,
Whose forefathers would whine and gambol
Round some forgotten lowland laird,
Companions of his morning ramble.

ALFRED COCHRANE, *My Terrier, st.* 1.

Terror.

A short-haired woman, frizzly, curled,
Her flag for woman's rights unfurled,
Her middle finger black with ink,
Her staring eyes that will not wink,
Like spectacles—a double-barrelled
Terror. . . . to men that think.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Olrig Grange : Loquitur Hester, st.* 8.

Test.

That was his test for every thought,
Will it lift you up nearer to God or not ?
WALTER C. SMITH, *A Heretic, etc. : A Heretic, ll.* 244–5.

Teuton.

" O, he is wise, the Teuton, he is deep
As Satan's self in perilous human lore,
Such as the purblind deem philosophy ! "
BOBERT BUCHANAN : *Napoleon Fallen* (Bishop).

Text.

" Feed your friends
With rare texts, not with banquets."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act I., sc.* 1 (Lorenzo).

Not sowing hedgerow texts and passing by,
Nor dealing goodly counsel from a height
That makes the lowest hate it, but a voice
Of comfort and an open hand of help.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Aylmer's Field, ll.* 171–4.

Thaw.

My Juggins, see ; the pasture green,
Obeying Nature's kindly law,
Renews its mantle ; there has been
A thaw.
Q[UILLER COUCH], *Green Bays : Solvitur Acris Hiemps, st.* 1.

Thief.

I this morning said
In my extremity, entreat the thief !
Try if he have in him no honest touch !
A thief might save me from a murderer:
'Twas a thief said the last kind word to Christ :
Christ took the kindness and forgave the theft.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, VI. : Giuseppe Caponsacchi, ll.* 865–70.

Thinker.

I've known the pregnant thinkers of our time,
And stood by breathless, hanging on their lips,
When some chromatic sequence of fine thought
In learned modulation phrased itself
To an unconjectured harmony of truth.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. III., ll.* 1000–4.

. . . soon we shall have thinkers in the place
Of fighters, each found able as a man
To strike electric influence through a race,
Unstayed by city-wall and barbican.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Casa Guidi Windows, Pt. I., ll.* 721–4.

Thinking.

If young hearts were not so clever,
Oh, they would be young for ever:
Think no more; 'tis only thinking
Lays lads underground.
A. E. HOUSMAN, *A Shropshire Lad: XLIX, st.* 2.

Thirty.

Nay, let thirty suffice, for the man who hath passed
Thirty years is a Nestor, and *he* died at last!
ANDREW LANG, *Grass of Parnassus: The Limit of Life, ll.* 3–4.

Thoroughbred.

For 'e was sad and thoughtful, and amazin' dignified,
It seemed a kind o' liberty to drive 'im or to ride;
For 'e never seemed a-thinkin' of what 'e 'ad to do,
But 'is thoughts was set on higher things, admirin' of the view.
'E looked a puffeck pictur, and a pictur 'e would stay,
'E wouldn't even switch 'is tail to drive the flies away.
SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, *Songs of Action: The Groom's Story, sts.* 2–3.

Thought.

. . . wholly wrapt from self
In keen unravelling of the threads of thought
And steadfast pacing of life's labyrinths.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk.* V.

Thoughts light, like gleams, my spirit's sky,
But they will not remain.
They light me once, they hurry by;
And never come again.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Despondency, st.* 2.

True thoughts, good thoughts, thoughts fit to treasure up!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Men and Women: "Transcendentalism, l.* 5.

". . . no thought which ever stirred
A human breast should be untold."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus II.* (Aprile).

While the eagle of Thought rides the tempest in scorn,
Who cares if the lightning is burning the corn?
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Rhapsody of Life's Progress, V., ll. 8–9.*

"Think worthy thoughts, that only second are
To worthy deeds."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Bruce, act II., sc.* 1. (Lamberton).

"This deed and that we may with help of heaven
Christen or damn, and not be far astray;
But who shall take upon him to declare
The mind of God on what is unrevealed,
The guiding thought, deep, secret, which is known,
Even to the thinker, but in passing wafts."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Bruce, act III., sc.* 1 (Edward I.).

With thirty bob on which to come and go,
Isn't dancing to the tabor and the fife:
When it doesn't make you drink, by Heaven! it makes you think
And notice curious items about life.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs: Thirty Bob a Week, st. 7.*

". . . thought
Has joys apart, even in blackest woe,
And seizing some fine thread of verity
Knows momentary godhead."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. II.* (Sephardo).

Throb, winding belts of odorous light!
Youth spurns me from its brilliant zest;
But age has yet its prime delight,
For thought survives, and thought is best.
EDMUND GOSSE, *In Russet and Silver: An Evening Voluntary, st. 5.*

Speak with the speech of the world, think with the thoughts of the few.
JOHN HAY, *Pike County Ballads: Distiches, XVII.*

A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Birds of Passage: My Lost Youth, st. 1.*

Thinkin' o' nothin', I've heerd ole folks say
Is a hard kind o' dooty in its way:
It's thinkin' everythin' you ever knew,
Or ever hearn, to make your feelin's blue.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. II., Letter 6.*

And yet I hold there is,
Far off, but not too far for mortal reach,
A calmer height, where, nearer to the stars,
Thought sits alone and gazes with rapt gaze,
A large-eyed maiden in a robe of white,
Who brings the light of Knowledge down, and draws
To her pontifical eyes a bridge of gold,
Which spans from earth to heaven.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades, bk. III. : Olympus ; Athené, ll.* 25–32.

Swear a great oath that Thought and Man are free!
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Harvest-Tide : The Union of Hearts, l.* 3.

. . . it is wiser and easier far
To weigh to an atom the faintest star,
Than to sound the dim depths of a brother's thought.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. I : In Trafalgar Square, st.* 9.

Thoughts spread like water rings revealed.
HUME NISBET, *The Matador, etc. : The Servant of God ; In the Cell, st.* 8.

"Wise men may think what hardly fools would say."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Mary Stuart, act IV., sc.* 2 (Drury).

Thoughts that make men of gods and gods of men.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Fosterling (from Thalassius), l.* 28.

An evil thought may soil thy children's blood.
ALFRED LORD TENNYSON, *The Ancient Sage, l.* 274.

When the thought of man is free,
Error fears its lightest tones.
J. G. WHITTIER, *Calef in Boston, st.* 7.

Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.
AUBREY DE VERE, *Sorrow, l.* 14.

Threads.

Of little threads our life is spun,
And he spins ill who misses one.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Horatian Echo, st.* 5.

Threat.

Prayers move God ; threats, and nothing else, move men!
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, VII : Pompilia. l.* 1624.

Thrift.

"Sure thrift and health are more than wealth,
And better good than fair ;
She's gold all through and that's enow—
He's got a wife to wear.
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *Walter's Choice, st.* 3.

Throne.

Eight steps there are beneath a Poet's Throne:
  A lover's heart, a meditative will,
Ambitious perseverance, obstinate skill
That knows how painfully the jewel shone,
A prophet's sight, a soul's communion
With humblest wayside things by dale and hill,
An eye that tears can on a sudden fill,
And lips that smile before the tears are gone.
  REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets at the English Lakes, IX: Wordsworth's Seat, Rydal, ll.* 1–8.

"A doubtful throne is ice on summer seas."
  ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Coming of Arthur, l.* 247 (Leodogran).

Thrush.

High on a bare conspicuous spray,
That none may doubt who chants the lay,
Proud of his undisputed skill
To breast whatever note he will,
The thrush runs revelling all along
The spacious gamut of his song.
  ALFRED AUSTIN, *At the Gate of the Convent, etc.: A Defence of English Spring, ll.* 161–6

While daffodils, half mournful still,
  Muffle their golden bells
Thy silvery peal o'er landscape chill
  Surges and sinks, and swells.
  ALFRED AUSTIN, *Love's Widowhood, etc.: A March Minstrel, st.* 4.

From her boudoir in the alders
  Would peep a lynx-eyed thrush.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse: Lover's Lane, Saint Jo, st.* 3.

An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
    In blast-beruffled plume.
  THOMAS HARDY, *Poems of the Past and the Present: The Darkling Thrush, st.* 3.

A thrush sang where the ferns uncurled,
    And clouds of wind-flowers grew.
  E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends: Vies Manquées, st.* 3.

The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood.
  H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Tales of a Wayside Inn: The Poet's Tale, st.* 13.

Thunder.

A sound of tumult troubles all the air,
  Like the low thunders of a sultry sky
Far-rolling ere the downright lightnings glare.
  J. G. WHITTIER, *What of the Day, ll.* 1–3.

Tigers.

Tigers, of course, have solitary habits,
And haunt where brown and yellow leaves are strewn;
They're not companionable beasts like rabbits,
And much prefer to eat their meals alone.
WALTER C. SMITH, *A Heretic, etc.: Moral-Sublime, st.* 9.

Time.

Time, so complained of,
Who to no one man,
Shows partiality,
Brings round to all men
Some undimm'd hours.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Consolation, st.* 15.

Time, your master, governs me.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *A Memory-Picture, st.* 7.

For time which heals, still leaves a cold numb ache.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act I., st.* 146.

When the trumpet of the angel blows eternity's evangel,
Time will seem to you not long.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Rhyme of the Duchess May: Conclusion, st.* 9.

. . . What's time? Leave Now for dogs and apes!
Man has Forever.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Romances: A Grammarian's Funeral, ll.* 83–4.

"Mere by-blows are the world and we,
And time within eternity
A sheer anachronism."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Fleet Street Eclogues: Queen Elizabeth's Day* (Sandy).

Time goes, you say? Ah no!
Alas, Time stays, *we* go.
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Old-World Idylls: The Paradox of Time, st.* 1.

But Time is strong on this wild globe of ours,
And immortalities, which seem designed
To bloom for ever, fade like summer flowers,
Beneath the autumn rain and winter wind.
SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc.: Gythia, st.* 66.

Scorning the inferior Destinies,
He burst the palace gates of Time.
T. C. IRWIN, *Caesar, st.* 6.

Time, like a spider, knows, be sure,
One only wile, though he seems so wise:

Death is his web, and Love his lure,
And you and I his flies.
R. LE GALLIENNE, *Robert Louis Stevenson, etc.: Time's Monotone, st.* 3.

Time takes the hope, Time dulls the smart,
And first makes slow, then stops the heart.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. III., Song, st.* 3.

Time Future holds the treasure;
Time Past, the thief.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Gwen, act II., sc.* 3.

Time lengthening, in the lengthening seemeth long:
But ended Time will seem a little space.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses: Divers Worlds; Time and Eternity, No.* 24, *ll.* 1–2.

Earth's sands are slow, but surely dropping thro'.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses: Divers Worlds; Time and Eternity, No.* 26, *st.* 1.

A time to suffer, and a time to do,
And then the time is past.
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses: Divers Worlds; Time and Eternity, No.* 26, *st.* 2.

Time gives what he gains for the giving.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Dunwich, Pt. II., st.* 7.

The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;
The rocks are left when he wastes the plain,
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,
These remain.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Forsaken Garden, st.* 3.

Time, my son,
Is our great teacher, and he shows us this,
That, as his swift years follow on each other
So all that is begotten of those years
Falls, and is follow'd by its proper heir.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Daphne, etc.: Ariadne, Pt. II., VII., ll.* 144–8.

Time flies.

For time, as it is, cannot stay:
Nor again, as it was, can it be:
Disappearing and passing away
Are the world, and the ages, and we.
"OWEN MEREDITH" [LORD LYTTON], *Marah: Epilogue, st.* 2.

Love flies, youth passes, Maytide will not last;
Forth, forth, while yet 'tis time, before the Spring is past.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Britain: In Springtide, st.* 1.

Time goes, old girl, time goes.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical: Love Grown Old*, st. 1.

Tintagel.

. . . loud Tyntagel's hill,
High above the sounding sea.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Tristram and Iseult* (narrative).

Tintagel, half in sea, and high on land,
A crown of towers.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Last Tournament*, *ll.* 504–5.

Tipperary.

Oh! come for awhile among us, and give us the friendly hand,
And you'll see that old Tipperary is a loving and gladsome land;
From Upper to Lower Ormond, bright welcomes and smiles will spring—
On the plains of Tipperary the stranger is like a king.
MARY KELLY, *Tipperary*, st. 6.

Tit.

You of the jet-black head with parting grey,
Grey-feathered cheek, and unassuming coat,
Again I hear your quick continuous note
Of friendly invitation.
REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets at the English Lakes, LXXIII.: The Great Tit*, *ll.* 1–4.

Titmouse.

In a round hole beneath the thatch
A little titmouse sits.
ALFRED COCHRANE, *Philosophy of the Summer*, st. 7.

Toady.

. . . rough to common men,
But honeying to the whisper of a lord.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess: Prologue*, *ll.* 114–5.

A clod—a piece of orange-peel—
An end of a cigar—
Once trod on by a Princely heel,
How beautiful they are!
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Precious Stones*, st. 6.

To-day.

Ah, my Belovèd, fill the Cup that clears,
To-day of past Regrets and Future Fears:
To-morrow!—Why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's sev'n thousand years.
E. FITZGERALD, *Rubáiyát of Omár Khayyám.*

But bear to-day whate'er To-day may bring,
'Tis the one way to make To-morrow sing.
R. LE GALLIENNE, *English Poems : Cor Cordium ; In her Diary, ll.* 25–6.

Men say : " For fear that thou shouldst die
To-morrow, let to-day pass by
Flower-crowned and singing."
WILLIAM MORRIS, *Life and Death of Jason, bk. XII., ll.* 339–41.

By to-morrow and yesterday unoppressed,
Fulfilled of the joy of to-day.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends : The Moat House, Pt. I., st.* 4.

•

Then banish to-morrow, its hopes and its fears ;
To-day is the prize we have won ;
Ere surly old age in its wrinkle appears,
With laughter and love, in your juvenile years
Make sure of the days as they run.
JAMES SMITH, *Winter, st.* 4 [In *Songs of Society*, ed. W. Davenport Adams.]

But yesterday thou wast the Morrow,—gay
With pictured joys, and plans, and pleasant dreaming.
A land of promise, with rich treasure teeming;
To-morrow thou shalt be but Yesterday.
S. WADDINGTON, *Sonnets, etc. : To-day, ll.* 1–4.

. . . retained
The warm touch of the world that lies to hand,
Not in vague dreams of man forgetting men,
Nor in vast morrows losing the to-day.
WILLIAM WATSON, *To Edward Dowden, ll.* 53–6.

To-morrow.
Light to-morrow with to-day ! "
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *The Romance of the Swan's Nest, st.* 9.

" Of to-morrow
I am the keeper,
O watcher, O, Sorrow ! "
LAURENCE HOUSMAN, *Green Arras : The Comforters, st.* 2 (Night).

Are we not to-morrow's keepers ? Is not Life itself our care ?
S. R. LYSAGHT, *Poems of the Unknown : A Ritual, A Confession of Hope, st.* 26.

My TO-MORROW is but a flitting
Fancy of the brain ;
God's TO-MORROW an angel sitting,
Ready for joy or pain.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Violin Songs : To-Morrow, st.* 1.

Tobacco.

Sweet, when the morn is gray;
Sweet, when they've cleared away
Lunch; and at close of day
Possibly sweetest.

C. S. CALVERLEY, *Ode to Tobacco, st.* 1.

Toleration.

Let me enjoy my own conviction,
Not watch my neighbour's faith with fretfulness,
Still spying there some dereliction
Of truth, perversity, forgetfulness!

ROBERT BROWNING, *Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day, XIX., ll.* 13–6.

Tongue.

But, bedad thin, the tongue o' ye's harder than aught in the world else to hold.

JANE BARLOW, *Bog-Land Studies: Past Praying For, I., l.* 3.

Tongues are vain,
And are but merely as the fencer's foils
Which feint and fool, are false and fit for nought
Except the veiling of conceit and thought.

HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: A Tale of the Thames, ch. V., ll.* 175–8.

. . . if at the first
The serpent had been made without a tongue
Most surely Eve had never fallen wrong.

HEATHER BIGG, *Nell: A Tale of the Thames, ch. XXIII., ll.* 9–11.

In brief, my friend, set all the devils in hell free
And turn them out to carouse in a belfry,
And treat the priests to a fifty-part canon,
And then you may guess how that tongue of hers ran on!

ROBERT BROWNING, *The Flight of the Duchess, XI., ll.* 69–72.

But the tongue is a fire as you know, my dear, the tongue is a fire.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Grandmother, st.* 7.

Touch.

Only a touch, and nothing more:
Ah! but never so touched before!
Touch of lip, was it? Touch of hand?
Either is easy to understand.

MORTIMER COLLINS, *Kate Temple's Song, st.* 1.

The touch that's gracious, deft, and feminine.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Ulysses, act III., sc.* 2 (Eurymachus).

Tower of London, The.

Our monumental Keep, each stone a page
Of England's history.

F. T. PALGRAVE, *The Visions of England: El Dorado, st.* 36.

"O la, the Tower, the Tower, always the Tower,
I shall grow into it—I shall be the Tower."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act II., sc.* 4 (Courtenay).

Town and Country.

In woods men feel; in towns they think.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *At the Gate of the Convent, etc.: Defence of English Spring, l.* 257.

"I love not brilliance; give me words
Of meadow-growth and garden plot,
Of larks and blackcaps; gaudy birds,
Gay flowers and jewels like me not.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Fleet Street Eclogues: Good-Friday* (Brian).

Trade. See also **Business.**

The good old towns, where men were not ashamed of trade,
Nor let trade deaden life or love or strength in them,
But fought and conquered in the war of liberty,
And built cathedrals that remain to dwarf our work.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Comedy of Dreams.*

I reckon my trade
May be my church too, if the right heart is there,
A-healing the wounds which the selfish have made,
And helping the helpless their burden to bear.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Dick Dalgleish, st.* 18.

Trade flying over a thousand seas with her spice and her vintage, her silk and her corn.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Vastness, st.* 7.

Tradesman.

. . who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's ware or his word?
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., I., st. VII.*

Tradition.

The old traditions to despise
Is never safe, is never wise:
With unchanged notes the young birds sing.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. I.: The Four Watchers Upon Calvary, st.* 14.

Tragedy.

"Oh, ruthless muse of tragedy! what prodigies of shame,
What marvels of injustice are committed in thy name!"
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse: Providence and the Dog, ll.* 43–4.

Traitor.

. . . but to call men traitors
May make men traitors.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. *Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, ll.* 49–50.

Tramping.

A-thrampin' just for divarsion about the hills an' the bogs.
JANE BARLOW, *Bog-Land Studies : Walled Out, I., l.* 4.

Trash.

"O trash," he said, "but with a kernel in it."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, II., l.* 373 (Cyril).

Travel.

Come, let us go ; though withal a voice whisper, "The world that we live in,
Whithersoever we turn, still is the same narrow crib ;
'Tis but to prove limitations, and measure a cord, that we travel ;
Let who would 'scape and be free go to his chamber and think.
A. H. CLOUGH, *Amours de Voyage, canto I., st.* 1.

So, after the sore torments of the route—
Toothache, and headache, and the ache of wind,
And huddled sleep, and smarting wakefulness,
And night, and day, and hunger sick at food,
And twenty-fold relays, and packages
To be unlocked, and passports to be found,
And heavy well-kept landscape—we are glad
Because we entered Brussels in the sun.
D. G. ROSSETTI, *Trip to Paris and Belgium : Reaching Brussels, st.* 3.

Treason.

By the grace of trust in treason knaves have lived and died.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday : Clear the Way st.* 5.

Tree.

The wood is bare : a river-mist is steeping
The trees that winter's chill of life bereaves :
Only their stiffened boughs break silence, weeping
Over their fallen leaves ;
That lie upon the dank earth brown and rotten,
Miry and matted in the soaking wet :
Forgotten with the spring, that is forgotten
By them that can forget.
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Shorter Poems, bk. I., No. 2 : Elegy, stt.* 1–2.

Waving whispering trees,
What do you say to the breeze
And what says the breeze to you ?
D. G. ROSSETTI, *Adieu, st.* 1.

"An evil tree grows only poisoned fruit."
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical : Pandora, l.* 130 (Prometheus).

Trèves.

That Roman sepulchre, imperial Trèves.
F. W. FABER, *Aged Cities*, *l.* 6.

Trick.

Choose me any craft i' the world
A man puts hand to; and with six months' pains,
I'll play you twenty tricks miraculous
To people untaught the trade.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Mr. Sludge "the Medium,"* *ll.* 437–40.

Trickling.

The patient trickling that a water-thread
Makes down the clouded well.
EDMUND GOSSE, *In Russet and Silver: An English Village*, *ll.* 25–6.

Trifles.

The little great, the infinite small thing
That ruled the hour when Louis Quinze was king.
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Old-World Idylls: The Story of Rosina*, *st.* 2.

Thus while the world goes round
Who would not have his rattle,
And still, 'mid ceaseless prattle,
Cry, 'Vive la bagatelle!'
S. WADDINGTON, *Sonnets and Other Verse: Vive la Bagatelle!* *ll.* 9–12.

Tripper.

There's naught too sacred for him to spare:
I find him high, where the edelweiss grow;
He romps about on the glacier there,
And picnics on peaks of perpetual snow.
COTSFORD DICK, *The Ways of the World: Diogenes en Voyage*, *st.* 2.

Trouble; Troubles.

But there's whiles whin the throubles ye're dhreadin' seem comin' be conthrary ways,
An' ye'll wondher what road ye should turn from the worst till your mind's in a maze.
JANE BARLOW, *Bog-Land Studies: By the Bog-Hole, VIII.*, *ll.* 1–2.

An' to my mind that throuble's the worst, whin the time keeps jog-throttin' along,
An' because nothin' happens at all, ye get certiner somethin's gone wrong.
JANE BARLOW, *Bog-Land Studies: Th' Ould Master, V.*, *ll.* 5–6.

"To such as fear is trouble ever dead,
How oft soe'er the troublous man we slay?"
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: February; Bellerophon in Lycia, ll.* 2230–1 (King Jobates).

Trout.

The trout lies waiting for his fare,
A hungry trout is he;
He's hooked, and springs and splashes there
Like salmon from the sea!
ANDREW LANG, *Grass of Parnassus: April on Tweed, st.* 3.

When big trout late in the twilight leap.
ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode: Ballade of Summer, st.* 3.

Trumpet.

Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May;
Blow trumpet, the long night hath roll'd away!
Blow thro' the living world.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Coming of Arthur, ll.* 481–3.

Braying of arrogant brass, whimper of querulous reeds.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Collected Poems: Hymn to the Sea, Pt. III., l.* 8.

Trumpeter.

Hark! some wild trumpeter, some strange musician
Hovering unseen in air, vibrates capricious tunes to-night.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: From Noon to Starry Night: The Mystic Trumpeter, ll.* 1–2.

O trumpeter, methinks I am myself the instrument thou playest,
Thou melt'st my heart, my brain—thou movest, drawest, changest them at will.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: From Noon to Starry Night: The Mystic Trumpeter, 7, ll.* 1–2.

Trust.

The time is great, and greater no man's trust
Than his who keeps the fortress for his king.
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. I.*

Trust slayeth many a man, the wise man saith.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: February: Bellerophon in Lycia,* 2874.

"Man's word is God in man;
Let chance what will, I trust thee to the death."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Coming of Arthur, ll.* 132–3 (Arthur).

"I do believe yourself against yourself,
And will henceforth rather die than doubt."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Geraint and Enid, II., ll.* 746–7 (Geraint).

Like simple noble natures, credulous
Of what they long for, good in friend or foe,
There most in those who most have done them ill.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Geraint and Enid, II., ll. 877–9.*

I think ye hardly know the tender rhyme
Of " trust me not at all or all in all."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Merlin and Vivien, ll. 241–2* (Vivien).

. . . trust,
With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, CXXXI., st. 2–3.*

Henceforth I trust the man alone,
The woman cannot be believed.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Letters, st. 4.*

Truth.

Bear not false witness, slander not, nor lie ;
Truth is the speech of inward purity.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. VIII. : Five Rules of Buddha.*

. . . ever straining past the things that seem
To that which Is—the Truth behind the Dream.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of the World : At Bethlehem.*

" But thou, my son, study to make prevail
One colour in thy life, the hue of truth."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Merope* (Merope).

Which most speak truth ?
Who says, " I love," and looks upon the ground,
Who looks, I love, and never utters sound ?
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell : A Tale of the Thames, ch. V., ll. 181–3.*

" All things to all men only fools will tell,
Truth profits none but those that use it well.
J. S. BLACKIE, *The Wise Men of Greece : Pythagoras* (Milo).

One upon whose lips the air
Turns to solemn verities
For men to breathe anew, and win
A deeper-seated life within.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Isobel's Child, st. 20.*

" When I have got a truth, that truth I keep."
ROBERT BROWNING, *A Blot on the 'Scutcheon, act II., sc. 1.* (Guendolen).

" Truth is the strong thing. Let man's life be true ! "
ROBERT BROWNING, *In a Balcony* (Norbert).

You take your stand on truth ere leap your lie.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, II.: Half-Rome, l.* 554.

You must know that a man gets drunk with truth
Stagnant inside him!
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, VI: Guiseppe Caponsacchi, ll.* 11613–4

I thirst for truth,
But shall not drink it till I reach the source.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, VI.: Guiseppe Caponsacchi, ll.* 2067–8.

"A philosopher's life in discovering that, of the half-dozen truths he knew when a child, such an one is a lie, as the world states it in set terms; and then, after a weary lapse of years, and plenty of hard thinking, it becomes a truth again after all, as he happens to newly consider it in a different relation with the others—and so he restates it, to the confusion of somebody else in good time."
ROBERT BROWNING, *A Soul's Tragedy, Pt. II.* (Ogniben).

Perhaps these woods of oak and birch
May teach you unawares
Truths that escape the eyes which search
The world from study chairs.
ALFRED COCHRANE, *Philosophy of the Summer, st* 2.

"O lady, we shall never know the truth,
What man, what love, what God is, till we cease
To talk of them—which all do in the grave."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Plays: Smith, act III.* (Smith).

There is no form of beauty raised by Nature, or by art,
That preaches not God's saving truths to man's adoring heart!
ELLEN MARY PATRICK DOWNING, *The Old Church at Lismore, st.* 1

"Truth has rough flavours if we bite it through."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Legend of Jubal, etc.: Armgart, sc. II., l.* 12 (Graf).

"... truth is oft
Scattered in fragments round a stately pile
Built half of error."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. II.* (Sephardo).

My children, tell truth—when evasion
Won't prove an effective resource;
And go on telling truth—till occasion
Is served by a contrary course.
C. L. GRAVES, *The Blarney Ballads: The League of the Screw, st* 2.

"How fares the Truth now?—Ill?
Do pens but slily further her advance?
May one not speed her but in phrase askance?
THOMAS HARDY, *Poems of the Past and the Present: Lausanne, st.* 3.

Always the fact unreal seems,
And truth I find alone in dreams.
JOHN HAY, *Pike County Ballads : Dreams, st. 2.*

For Truth is that which without Knowledge dwells,
And Beauty that which beyond Nature is :
And Truth and Beauty weave the charm which spells
Eyes blind, ears deaf, and dumb the lips that kiss.
LAURENCE HOUSMAN, *Green Arras : Inspiration, st. 2.*

"Truth to truth may faithless be,
Seeming seem more truth than she,
Being but the truth set free."
LAURENCE HOUSMAN, *Green Arras : Love-Bound Time, st. 10* (Father Love).

Think you Truth a farthing rushlight to be pinched out when you will
With your deft official fingers, and your politician's skill ?
Is your God a wooden fetish, to be hidden out of sight,
That his block eyes may not see you do the thing that is not right ?
J. R. LOWELL, *Anti-Apis, st. 11.*

Truth needs no champions : in the infinite deep
Of everlasting Soul her strength abides.
J. R. LOWELL, *Elegy on the Death of Dr. Channing, st. 2.*

Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Present Crisis, st. 6.*

Truth was his solitary test,
His star, his chart, his east, his west ;
Nor is there aught
In text, in ocean, or in mine,
Of greater worth, or more divine
Than this he sought.
THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE, *The Dead Antiquary O'Donovan, st. 13.*

How sad were life, if bitter truth went bare !
" OWEN MEREDITH " [LORD LYTTON], *Marah : Lies, l. 50.*

Though Truth seem far, we know her face !
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Britain : In a Country Church, st. 29.*

Take thou no thought for aught save right and truth,
Life holds for finer souls no equal prize.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Two Worlds, Ser. I. : The True Man, st. 1.*

For truth is such a many-sided thing,
I cannot deem that all the blest and good
Are gathered safe in one complacent brood
Beneath a narrow Evangelic wing.
REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets at the English Lakes, LXXVII., ll. 5–8*

Old truths set forth with fresh and winsome looks.
J. C. SHAIRP, *A Remembrance*, *st.* 12.

And truth may lie in laughter too, and wisdom in a jest,
And it may lend its sparkle to the reverential thought;
And solemn fools shall talk to you their wisest and their best,
And leave you very weary with the nothing you have got.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda: Among the Broken Gods: Luke Sprott*, *st.* 62.

"Be thou ne'er so strong to dive, thou shalt not
Pluck up from out the shadow where she sleeps
Truth."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Marino Faliero*, *act II.*, *sc.* 2 (Lioni).

"Your Welshman says, 'The Truth against the World.'"
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Harold*, *act II.*, *sc.* 2 (Harold).

"And truth is this to me, and that to thee."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Coming of Arthur*, *l.* 406 (Merlin).

O purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false, or false for true?
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Geraint and Enid*, *II.*, *ll.* 1–4.

I have walk'd awake with Truth.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud*, *Pt. I.*, *XIX.*, *st.* 2.

Truth, for Truth is Truth, he worshipt, being true as he was brave;
Good, for Good is Good, he follow'd, yet he look'd beyond the grave.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Sixty Years After*, *couplet* 30.

All see a part of Truth and none the whole!
S. WADDINGTON, *Sonnets and Other Verse: The Beaten Track*, *l.* 5.

I sit on the sands by the sea,
While the tired tides wearily flow;
And the waves seem to whisper to me
Strange truths that I know not, or know.
S. WADDINGTON, *Sonnets and Other Verse: Finite and Infinite*, *ll.* 1–4.

The World counts them as foes
The truth who will not veil,—
True friends it holds are those
That tell the flattering tale.
SAMUEL WADDINGTON, *Sonnets and Other Verse: Gerard Gerardi*, *st.* 3.

But not for golden fancies iron truths make room.
WILLIAM WATSON, *The Hope of the World*, *st.* 6.

When murdered Truth returns she comes to kill.
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, *The Coming of Love, etc. : Prophetic Pictures, no. 5 : Prophecy of the Second Picture, l.* 14.

Tug.

We do not see it where it *is*,
At the beginning of the race :
As we proceed, it shifts its place,
And where we looked for palms to fall,
We find the tug's to come—that's all.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day : Easter-Day, I., ll.* 24–8.

Tulip.

And tulips, children love to stretch
Their fingers down, to feel in each
Its beauty's secret nearer.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Flower in a Letter, st.* 5.

Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, LXXXIII., st.* 3.

Tulip-tree.

The tulip-tree, high up,
Opened, in airs of June, her multitude
Of golden chalices to humming-birds
And silken-winged insects of the day.
W. C. BRYANT, *The Fountain, st.* 3.

Turmoil.

Ah, the vision of dawn is leisure—
But the truth of day is toil :
And we pass from dreams of pleasure
To the world's unstayed turmoil.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *The Ivory Gate, st.* 4.

Tuscany.

All the land
Was lovely : far and clear around us lay
The olive-softened hills of Tuscany,
One fresh and fertile garden every side.
HARRIET E. HAMILTON KING, *The Disciples : Ugo Bassi, Pt. VI.*

Tweed, The.

Wan water from the border hills,
Dear voice from the old years,
Thy distant music lulls and stills,
And moves to quiet tears.
ANDREW LANG, *Grass of Parnassus : Twilight on Tweed, st.* 2.

Twilight.

The wan sun westers, faint and slow;
  The eastern distance glimmers gray;
An eerie haze comes creeping low
  Across the little, lonely bay;
And from the sky-line far away
  About the quiet heaven are spread
  Mysterious hints of dying day,
Thin, delicate dreams of green and red.
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems: Echoes, XIV., st.* 1.

Oh! for the hour when the elms grow sombre and human in the twilight,
  And gardens dream beneath the rising moon.
HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race: The Death of Admiral Blake, st* 5.

The sun has set an hour ago,
  And all the west is growing cold;
But yet retains a ghostly glow,
  And mellow grey that once was gold.
HUME NISBET, *The Matador, etc.: A Misty Twilight, st.* 1.

. . . lovely shapes of summer twilight stole
From tree-root and from hollow, and joined hands
In silence on the plain.
ALEXANDER SMITH, *Edwin of Deira, bk. II., ll.* 116–8.

Peace more sweet
Than music, light more soft than shadow, lay
  On downs and moorlands wan with day's defeat.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday: A New-Year Ode, st.* 20.

Tyranny.

In that strong majesty of soul
  Which knows no colour, tongue, or clime,—
Which still hath spurned the base control
  Of tyrants through all time!
J. G. WHITTIER, *Toussaint L'Ouverture, st.* 225–8.

Tyrant.

"Shame rarely checks the genuine tyrant's will."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Merope* (Polyphontes).

Ulysses.

"A mighty spearsman, and a seaman wise,
A hunter, and at need a lord of lies."
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Ulysses: Prologue* (Athene).

Uncertainty.

" You miss
The fine attractions of uncertainty,
Unless you wait upon her fluctuant face,
A-wooing her in person."
" MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act II., sc.* 6 (Lethington).

" Things that are may all be naught,
Falsehood fact too loosely wrought,
Truth the still-born child of thought."
LAURENCE HOUSMAN, *Green Arras : Love-Bound Time, st.* 13.

Unemployed, The.

Come down from where you sit ;
We look to you for aid.
Take us from the miry pit,
And lead us undismayed :
Say, " Even you, outcast, unfit,
Forward with sword and spade ! "
And myriads of us idle
Would thank you through our tears,
Though you drove us with a bridle,
And whip about our ears !
JOHN DAVIDSON, *The Last Ballad and other Poems : Waiting, st.* 3.

Unfaithfulness.

. . . she who is false to one can be the same with two.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Ballads : Gone with a Handsomer Man, st.* 8.

Unity.

Man's hand, first formed to carry
A few pounds' weight, when taught to marry
Its strength with an engine's lifts a mountain.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day, V., ll.* 51–3.

If any two creatures grew into one,
They would do more than the world has done ;
Tho' each apart were never so weak,
Yet vainly thro' the world should ye seek
For the knowledge and the might
Which in such union grew their right.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Flight of the Duchess, XV., ll.* 133–8.

" The earth moves slowly, if it move at all,
And by the general, not the single force
Of the linked members of the vast machine."
A. H. CLOUGH, *Dipsychus, Pt. II., sc.* 4 (Dipsychus).

" There is a pleasant fable in old books.
Ye take a stick, and break it ; bind a score
All in one faggot, snap it over knee,
Ye cannot."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Harold, act IV., sc.* 1 (Harold).

Unknown, The.

" 'Tis the unknown that soothes and folds us round
With its dark curtain. To the known we wake,
To find it inefficient."

ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act I., sc.* 5 (Urania).

Unlovable, The.

" the Gods
Love better the unlovable than them
Who are unloving."

FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Daphne, etc. : Hesperides, Hesperia, IV., ll.* 187–9.

Unwomanliness.

" I will not do as other women do,
Marry a man, and be one couple more ;
I will not be as other women are,
Whom the world praises, and who deem themselves
Happy as earth can make them : I will be
Unwomanly, and scorn what women love."

JOHN DAVIDSON, *Plays : A Romantic Farce, act V.* (Bellona).

Upstart.

I lay my yoke on feeble folk,
And march across the necks of fools.

JOHN DAVIDSON, *The Last Ballad and other Poems : The Aristocrat, st.* 4.

Urn.

Both thou and I alike, my Bacchic urn,
From clay are sprung, and must to clay return.

R. GARNETT, *Idylls and Epigrams, No. XIII.*

The brook alone far-off was heard,
And on the board the fluttering urn.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, XCV., st.* 2.

Uselessness.

" Time makes an end sometimes of uselessness."

ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act I., sc.* 2 (Fortunatus).

Valley.

Rest here, beneath the unmoving shade,
And on the silent valleys gaze,
Winding and widening, till they fade
In yon soft ring of summer haze.

W. C. BRYANT, *A Summer Ramble, st.* 11.

Vane.

Numb as a vane that cankers on its point,
True to the wind that kissed ere canker came.

THOMAS HARDY, *Wessex Poems, etc. : She, to Him, III., ll.* 9–10.

Vanity of Things.

"The vastness of the agony of earth,
The vainness of its joys, the mockery
Of all its best, the anguish of its worst."
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. III.* (Buddha).

Mind was but matter, life's song was but sound, and all things were vanity.
MAY EARLE, *A Phase of Agnosticism, Pt. II., l.* 48.

The tears that we vainly weep—
The deeds that we vainly plan.
LORD HOUGHTON, *Crimean Invalid Soldiers Reaping, st.* 2.

Toil, Sisyphus, toil on!
Thou'rt many, though but one!
Toil heart and brain!
One—but the type of all
Rolling the dreadful ball,
In vain, in vain!
CHARLES MACKAY, "*Sisyphus.*"

We toil our little day and are content,
Though Time, the thief,
Stands at our side, and smiles his mystic smile.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life : The Ode of Decline, ll.* 21–3.

The hour when you too learn that all is vain
And that Hope sows what Love thall never reap?
D. G. ROSSETTI, *The House of Life, Pt. I.: Sonnet, XLIV., ll.* 13–4.

Velocipede.

Herr Schnitzerl made a ph'losopede,
Von of de pullyest kind;
It vent mitout a vheel in front,
And hadn't none pehind.
Von vheel vas in de mittel, dough,
And it vent as sure ash ecks,
For he shtraddled on de axel dree,
Mit der vheel petween his lechs.
C. G. LELAND, *The Breitmann Ballads : Schnitzerl's Philosopede, st.* 1.

Venality.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others, she lets us devote.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics : The Lost Leader, st.* 1.

Vengeance.

Think when darkest clouds are gathering, God remembers the unjust.
CANON BRIGHT, *Crowned and Discrowned, l.* 80.

. . . avenge not a slight wrong,
Or any, with that violence which, weigh'd
Against the evil deed thou wouldst avenge,
Makes equipoise of ill.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece : Alcaeus, VII., ll.* 245–8.

Venice.

City with cool reflections paved, that pass
Like floating vapours, or for ever pause,
By bridge, and palace, like bright cloudy flaws
In the clear jewel of thy liquid glass!
ANON., *Songs of Lucilla : Venice, st.* 2.

And faces o'er Rialto's wooden way
Upon the floating lovers peerèd down,
While yet the West threw shafts of blood-red fire
Athwart each sombre belfry, dome, and spire.
PERCY E. PINKERTON, *Galeazzo, etc. : Galeazzo, st.* 16.

Venison.

Venison on chafing-dish,
With jelly, by the bye.
C. G. LELAND, *Songs of the Sea and Lays of the Land : The Sailor's Farewell, st.* 11.

Verbiage.

"This barren verbiage, current among men,
Light coin, the tinsel clink of compliment."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, II., ll.* 40–1 (Ida).

Verdict.

One wise man's verdict outweighs all fools'—
ROBERT BROWNING, *Men and Women : Bishop Blougram's Apology, l.* 373.

God breathes, not speaks, His verdicts, felt not heard.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, V. : Count Guido Franceschini, l.* 1771.

Versailles.

A Versailles Eden of cosmetic youth,
Wherein most things were naked, saved the Truth.
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Old-World Idylls : The Story of Rosina, st.* 8.

Vesuvius.

Vesuvius smokes in sight, whose fount of fire,
Outgushing, drowned the cities on his steeps.
W. C. BRYANT, *The Child's Funeral, st.* 2.

Vetch.

The clambering vetch, and the meadow-sweet tall,
That nodded good-day as you sauntered past.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Lyrics : A Country Nosegay, st.* 3.

Victoria, Queen.

Just and gracious, sweet and stately,
Living nobly, dying greatly,
Happy, she, in death!
A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK, *The Passing of Victoria: in Memoriam, st.* 2.

And in an age-long afterglow of glory
Our Empire's sons shall read the splendid story
Of England's greatest, best, and noblest Queen.
E. C. ALDEN, *The Passing of Victoria: The Afterglow, ll.* 12–14.

So with a grandeur unsurpassed She reigned,
So with a grandeur unsurpassed She died
Robed in the simple splendour of Her life.
LORD BURGHCLERE, *The Passing of Victoria: Victoria the Great, st.* 4.

As Queen and friend alike, alone she stood,
Our well beloved—Victoria the Good!
F. B. DOVETON, *The Passing of Victoria: The Night of Sorrow, st.* 3.

With pennons drooped and crews in sorrow dumb
Through one great, human touch, soul knit to soul,
The ships of foes we fought of yore have come
To pay her homage at Death's muster-roll.
ALEXANDER LAMONT, *The Passing of Victoria: Her Last Review, ll.* 15–8.

Rising above the accidence of throne
And empire-sway to rule the whole wide world
By Mercy, Pity, Love, and all the fine
Electric movings of a Woman's heart?
W. A. MACKENZIE, *The Passing of Victoria: Victoria, ll.* 48–51.

A crowned Republican, simple, austere,
Contented to be great.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Harvest-Tide: On a Birthday, st.* 10.

The whole earth wrote her epitaph in tears.
JAMES RHOADES, *The Passing of Victoria: Her Epitaph, st.* 3.

May children of our children say,
"She wrought her people lasting good."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Dedication, st.* 6.

Her court was pure, her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Dedication, st.* 7.

She was humble, she was stately,
Simplest deed—she did it greatly.
F. H. WILLIAMS, *The Passing of Victoria: "It is Well," ll.* 49–50.

Victors ; Victorious.

They win who never near the goal,
  They run who halt on wounded feet
Art hath its martyrs like the soul
  Its victors in defeat.
EDMUND GOSSE, *In Russet and Silver : Blake, st.* 1.

"The victorious should pity the vanquished, to do so adds lustre to victory."
GEORGE MOORE, *The Bending of the Bough, act V.* (Dean).

Village ; Hamlet.

I saw a village in the hills, as silent as a dream,
Nought stirring but the summer sound of a merry mountain stream ;
The evening star just smiled from heaven, with its quiet silver eye,
And the chestnut woods were still and calm, beneath the deepening sky.
SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc. : The Spanish Mother, st.* 4.

. . . some poor collier-hamlet—(mound on mound
Of sifted squalor ; here a soot-throated stalk
Sullenly smoking over a row
Of flat-faced hovels ; black in the gritty air
A web of rails and wheels and beams ; with strings
Of hurtling, tipping trams)—
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems : Arabian Night's Entertainment, ll.* 357–62.

Villas.

The woods we used to walk, my love,
  Are woods no more,
But "villas" now with sounding names—
  All name and door.
R. LE GALLIENNE, *Robert Louis Stevenson, etc. : Love's Landmarks, st.* 1.

Vines.

Fragrant the vines that mantle those hills.
EUGENE FIELD, *A Little Book of Western Verse : The "Happy Isles" of Horace, st.* 2.

. . . the wandering vine
With tangled bands a trailing network weaves.
Her juicy bunches bend, for long the shine
  Of the hot August sun
  Hath warmed them every one ;
And soon brown feet shall crush them into wine,
  When autumn hath begun.
PERCY E. PINKERTON, *Galeazzo, etc. : Sulla Rocca, Asolo, ll.* 2–8.

Violet.

Where violets blue to olives gray
  From furrows brown lift laughing eyes.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Love's Widowhood, etc. : To Lady Windsor, st.* 1.

I know where the young May violet grows,
  In its lone and lowly nook,
On the mossy bank, where the larch-tree throws
Its broad dark boughs, in solemn repose,
  Far over the silent brook.
W. C. BRYANT, *An Indian Story*, *st.* 2.

When beechen buds begin to swell,
  And woods the blue-birds' warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
  Peeps from the last year's leaves below.
W. C. BRYANT, *The Yellow Violet*, *st.* 1.

A violet pale in fields of twisted tares.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical : Pandora*, *l.* 376.

Violin.

Music that once across it swept
  To-day about it clings,
The threnodies of souls that wept
  Their grief above the strings.
ALFRED COCHRANE, *The Old Violin*, *st.* 2.

Virtue.

And Virtue needs must put white raiment on,
And walk in Sight, ere men bend knee to her.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of the World : The Love of God and Man.*

"All's virtue that cheats bloodhounds."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy*, *bk. II.* (Don Silva).

Virtue must shape itself in deed, and those
Whom weakness or necessity have cramp'd
Within themselves, immerging, each his urn
In his own well, draw solace as he may.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Tiresias*, *ll.* 84–7.

Vision.

I lived with visions for my company
Instead of men and women, years ago,
And found them gentle mates, nor thought to know
A sweeter music than they played to me.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, *XXVI.*, *ll.* 1–4.

"There is a vision in the heart of each
Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of its cure."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Colombe's Birthday*, *act II.* (Valance).

Ah splendid Vision, golden time,
An end of hunger, cold, and crime.
An end of Rent, an end of Rank,
An end of balance at the Bank,
An end of everything that's meant
To bring Investors five per cent.!"
ANDREW LANG, *Rhymes à la Mode : The New Millennium, st.* 9.

". . . . the vision of my soul
Has looked upon its sun, and turns no more
To any lower light."
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Gycia, act III., sc.* 4 (Asander).

Voice.

(What music, certes, can you find
As soft as voices which are kind?)
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *An Island, st.* 25.

And her voice, it murmurs lowly,
As a silver stream may run,
Which yet feels, you feel, the sun.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Portrait, st.* 11.

Voice pure as dawn, pathetic as the sea,
And true as is the sun-ray to the sun.
MAY EARLE, *Cosmo Vennucci, Singer, st.* 2.

"Thine earth was solitary; yet I found thee!"
"Thy sky was pathless, but I caught, I bound thee,
Thou visitant divine."
"O thou my Voice, the word was thine."
"Was thine."
ALICE MEYNELL, *Later Poems : The Two Poets, st.* 3.

A voice of aspiration after right
A voice of effort yearning for its rest;
A voice of high hope conquering despair!
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life : The Ode of Perfect Years, Pt. III., ll.* 158–60.

O, lonely loveless voice, what dost thou here
In the deep silence of the fading year?
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Songs of Britain : On a Thrush Singing in Autumn, ll.* 30–1.

Her eyes were like the wave within
Like water-reeds the poise
Of her soft body, dainty thin;
And like the water's noise
Her plaintive voice.
D. G. ROSSETTI, *The Staff and Scrip.*

Her voice was articulate laughter, her soul smiled.
ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil : Venetian Night, l.* 8

"The choice of England is the voice of England."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Harold, act. II., sc.* 2 (Malet).

Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Geraint and Enid, I., l.* 344 (Geraint).

Oh ! what a note were lost
Out of the universal harmony
If children's voices were not heard on earth,
Above the deep base of lamenting woe.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Daphne, etc. : Niobe, Pt. II., 2, ll.* 47–50.

. . . a voice
To make the young heart echo, and the old
Live o'er again—a voice, to which the world
Trembles in answer, like a harp struck well.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece : Alcaeus, II., ll.* 57–60.

Void.

Hours of work and hours of play
Fade away
Into one immense Inane.
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems : Ballade of Truisms, ll.* 4–6.

Voluptuousness.

But curb the beast would cast thee in the mire,
And leave the hot swamp of voluptuousness
A cloud between the Nameless and thyself
And lay thine uphill shoulder to the wheel.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Ancient Sage, ll.* 275–8.

Vote.

There, in my mind's eye, pure it lay,—
My lodger's vote ! 'Twas mine to-day.
It seemed a sort of maidenhood,
My little power for public good,—
Oh keep it uncorrupted, pray !
R. LE GALLIENNE, *Robert Louis Stevenson, etc. : My Maiden Vote, ll.* 1–5.

Is a vote a coat ? will franchise feed you,
Or words be a roof against the rain ?
A. C. SWINBURNE, *A Midsummer Holiday : A Word from the Psalmist, IV.*

The votes of veering crowds are not
The things that are more excellent.
WILLIAM WATSON, *"Things that are More Excellent," st.* 2.

Vow ; Oath.

A priestly vow—to rule by grace of God and pitiful,
A very godlike vow—to rule in right and righteousness
And with the law and for the land—so God the vower bless!
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Crowned and Wedded, ll. 7–8*

Heaven only knows, false fair, which of us both
More frequent mocks it with a fragile oath ;
Thou swearing thou wilt never more deceive,
Or I that I will never more believe.
RICHARD GARNETT, *Idylls and Epigrams, No. XLVIII.*

. . . the dead are proud,
And murdered oaths are safest in a shroud!
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc. : Gladys the Singer, Canto I., ll. 361–2.*

What oath can bind resolves unborn ?
HENRY NEWBOLT, *The Island Race : The Last Word, st. 9.*

Vows that will last to the last death-ruckle, and vows that are snapt in a moment of fire.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Vastness, st. 13.*

"Who vows a vow to strangle his own mother
Is guiltier keeping this, than breaking it."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Harold, act III., sc. 1* (Aldred).

". . . such vows, as is a shame
A man should not be bound by, yet the which
No man can keep."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Gareth and Lynette, ll. 266–8* (Seer).

"I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King.
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honour his own word as if his God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until he won her."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Guinevere, ll. 463–73* (Arthur).

"The vow that binds too strictly snaps itself."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : The Last Tournament, l. 652* (Tristram).

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Lotos-Eaters ; Choric Song, VIII.*

Wage.

But the difficultest go to understand,
And the difficultest job a man can do,
Is to come it brave and meek with thirty bob a week,
And feel that that's the proper thing for you.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs : Thirty Bob a Week*, s. 15.

Who works for lesser men than himself,
He earns but a witless wage.
D. G. ROSSETTI, *The King's Tragedy*, st. 28.

Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Wages*, l. 10.

Wagtail.

With tiniest voice about the garden walk,
With shuffling pace, and balancing of gait,
I watch thee chatter trifles to thy mate—
Thy face in domino of black and chalk;
Then, quite transformed in mood, I see thee stalk
With solemn look pretentious in debate,
A white-haired doctor, college-cap on pate,
Thy face and manner chiming with thy talk.
REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY, *Sonnets at the English Lakes, LV. : The Wagtail*, ll. 1–8.

Wain.

The creaking wain, brushed through the lane,
Hangs straws on hedges narrow.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical : Rural Evening*, st. 3.

Waiter.

Slip-shod waiter, lank and sour.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Vision of Sin, IV.*, st. 3.

Waits.

Hush! hark! Without; the waits, the waits!
With brass, and strings, and mellow wood. (Basil.)
* * * * * *

Slowly they play, poor careful souls,
With wistful thoughts of Christmas cheer,
Unwitting how their music rolls
Away the burden of the year. (Sandy.)
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Fleet Street Eclogues : Christmas Eve.*

"Hark, hark! the waits, the precious waits!
Their music beats at Heaven's gates."
"OWEN SEAMAN," *The Battle of the Bays : A Vigo Street Eclogue* (John).

"The waits are whining in the cold
With clavicorn and clarigold;
They play them like a crumpled horn,
The clarigold and clavicorn."
"OWEN SEAMAN," *The Battle of the Bays: A Vigo Street Eclogue* (John.)

Waken.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad New-year.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The May Queen, Pt. I., st.* 1.

Wales.

"The calm sea shines, loose hang the vessel's sails;
Before us are the sweet green fields of Wales,
And overhead the cloudless sky of May."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Tristram and Iseult* (Tristram).

Wallflower.

. . . what are those?
Mere withered wallflowers, waving overhead?
ROBERT BROWNING, *Pippa Passes, Pt. VI., ll.* 7–8.

Walnuts.

. . . in after-dinner talk
Across the walnuts and the wine.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Miller's Daughter, st.* 4.

Waltz.

Those troubadours who still the praise rehearse
Of waltzing, calling it by turns divine,
Ecstatic, heavenly, do not in their verse
Allude, I fear, to mine.
ALFRED COCHRANE, *The Waltz, st.* 1.

War. See also **Battle.**

"Let Will but set its appetite on war,
And Reason promptly will invent offence,
And furnish blood with arguments."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Prince Lucifer, act III., sc.* 4 (Abdiel).

Such war as neither babe nor mother spares.
SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards, etc.: Gythia, st.* 6.

When first under fire an' you're wishful to duck,
Don't look nor take 'eed at the man that is struck,
Be thankful you're livin', and trust to your luck
And march to the front like a soldier.
RUDYARD KIPLING, *Barrack-Room Ballads: The Young British Soldier, st.* 9.

Ez fer the war, I go agin it,—
  I mean to say I kind o' du,—
Thet is, I mean thet, bein' in it,
  The best way wuz to fight it thru;
Not but wut abstract war is horrid,
  I sign to that with all my heart,—
But civlysation *doos* git forrid
  Sometimes upon a powder-cart.

J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. I., Letter 7.*

Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
  There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furder
  Than my Testyment fer that;
God hez sed so plump an' fairly,
  It's ez long ez it is broad,
An' you've gut to git up airly
  Ef you want to take in God.

J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. I., Letter 1.*

Curst, curst be war, the World's most fatal glory!

GERALD MASSEY, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc.: Eighteen Hundred and Forty-eight, st. 9.*

Put off the curse of war, the shame of strife;
Make thou the hates, the miseries to cease,
But yet forget not that the flower of life
May wither in the windless glare of Peace.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Harvest-Tide: Whither? st. 3.*

. . . the bitter war,
Wherein the right and wrong so mingled are,
That hardly can the man of single heart
Amid the sickening turmoil choose his part.

WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: The Love of Alcestis, ll. 871–4.*

Mars give you courage and a brazen brow!

WILLIAM MORRIS, *Life and Death of Jason, bk. IX., l. 382.*

"Draw once the sword,
In a strange world 'tis sheathed. When war-winds blow,
Kingdoms break up like clouds.

ALEXANDER SMITH, *Edwin of Deira, bk. I., ll. 522–4.*

I swear to you, lawful and lawless war
Are scarcely even akin.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. II., V., st. 10.*

"And I that prated peace, when first I heard
War-music, felt the blind wildbeast of force,
Whose home is in the sinews of a man,
Stir in me as to strike."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, V., ll. 255–8* (Prince).

And who loves War for War's own sake
  Is fool, or crazed, or worse.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Epilogue* (Poet).

'Orderly, hold the light.
  You can lay him down on the table: so.
Easily—gently! Thanks—you may go!'
  And it's *War!* but the part that is not for show.
EDGAR WALLACE, *Writ in Barracks: War, st.* 1.

Know'st thou not there is but one theme for ever-enduring bards?
And that is the theme of War, the fortune of battles,
The making of perfect soldiers.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: As I ponder'd in Silence, ll.* 9–11.

War-song.

Whose eyes are dim with glorious tears,
When, soil'd with noble dust, he hears
His country's war-song thrill his ears.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Two Voices, st.* 51.

Warblers.

"Warblers and willow-wrens on every branch,
Each hidden by a leaf, their rapture tell."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Fleet Street Eclogues: St. Swithin's Day* (Basil).

Warriors.

Alive with bristling warriors, like hornets round the nest.
FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, *The Visions of England: The Death of Sir John Moore, st.* 1.

In some good cause, not in mine own,
To perish, wept for, honour'd, known,
And like a warrior overthrown.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Two Voices, st.* 50.

Waste.

. . . a waste
Of waves as vast as time and dark as death.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Voyage of Ithobal: The First Day, ll.* 36–7.

He, with a slender following of knights,
Passed onwards through a solitary land,
O'er wastes that wore the silence of the sky,
O'er ferny hills that autumn rusts like iron.
ALEXANDER SMITH, *Edwin of Deira, bk. III., ll.* 8–11.

Watch.

Watch out thy watch, let weak ones doze and dream!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: Any Wife to any Husband, st.* 11.

Watch-dog.

. . . the watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Evangeline, Pt. I., II., ll.* 33–4.

Watch-fire.

While a lonely watchfire smoulders, who its dying red would smother?
That gives what little light there is to a darksome hill.
JEAN INGELOW, *Requiescat in Pace, st.* 26.

Watchword.

Our watchword be—"Our native land!"
Our motto—"Love for ever!"
And let the Orange lily be
Thy badge, my patriot-brother—
The everlasting Green for *me*;
And we for one another.
JOHN DE JEAN FRAZER, *Song for July 12th, 1843, st.* 1.

Water.

"The wise man of Miletus [Thales] thus declared
The first of things is water."
J. S. BLACKIE, *The Wise Men of Greece: Pythagoras* (Diagoras).

Oh! I have gazed into my foaming glass,
And wished that lyre could yet again be strung
Which once rang prophet-like through Greece, and taught her
Misguided sons that the best drink was water.
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Beer, st.* 8.

Water-fowl.

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.
W. C. BRYANT, *To a Waterfowl, st.* 2.

Water-lilies.

Where the lake is deep
Water-lilies sleep,
Dreaming dreams with open eyes
Enchanted by the dragon-flies. —
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs: Summer, III., st.* 2.

An' there, deep anchored in the loch,
The water lilies floatin',
Like pearly skiffs to bear the crews
Whan fairies tak' to boatin'.
JANET HAMILTON, *A Lay of the Loch an' the Muirlan', st.* 3.

Where knee-deep the trees were standing,
Where the water-lilies floated,
Where the rushes waved and whispered.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Song of Hiawatha, XVII. : The Hunting of Pau-Puk-Keewis, ll.* 48–50.

Water-plantain.

Water-plantain, rosy vagrant,
Flings his garland on the wave ;
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads and Songs : Autumn, I., st.* 4.

Water-sprite.

I sing the merry water song,
While birdlings, list'ning, linger near,
While laughing Elves around me throng,
And flowerets bend their heads to hear—
With joyous revel, splash and play,
I chase the golden hours away, away.
"ARISTO," *The Moon of Leaves : The Water-Sprite, st.* 2.

Water-weeds. See also **Weeds.**

The boat crept slowly through the water-weeds,
That greenly cover all the waterways,
Between high banks where ranks of sedge and reeds,
Sigh one sad secret all their quiet days.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends, Ser. II., Ruckinge Church, st.* 1.

Waterfall.

Would you have music ? Listen to the waterfall.
The scale is infinite, and God is organist.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Comedy of Dreams.*

Waterloo.

In that world-earthquake, Waterloo !
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, VI.*

Waves.

Wid the waves thumpin' thuds where they fell, like the butt-ends o' beams on a door ;
An' the black hollows whirlin' between, an' the dhrift flyin' over thim thick,
'S if the Divil had melted down Hell, an' was stirrin' it up wid a stick.
JANE BARLOW, *Bog-Land Studies : Th' Ould Master, XIV., ll.* 2–4.

No wave rolls by, in all the waste, but bears
Within it some dead dove-like thing as dear,
Beauty made blank and harmlessness destroyed !
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, XII. : The Book and the Ring, ll.* 484–6.

Each wave springs upward, climbing toward the fair,
Pure light that sits on high—
Springs eagerly, and faintly sinks, to where
The mother-waters lie.
W. C. BRYANT, *The Tides, st.* 4.

For from the shore there came sea-minstrelsy
Of waves that broke upon the hollow beach,
With liquid sound of pearling surges blent,
Cymbals, and muffled drums and dulcimers.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads etc.: Ballad of the Making of a Poet, ll.* 378–81.

The darkly shining salt sea drops,
Streamed as the waves clashed on the shore,
The beach, with all its organ stops
Pealing again, prolonged the roar.
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Ballads etc.: In Romney Marsh, st.* 7.

. . . the long waves with sweeping flow,
Dead white above, gray lead below,
Plunged at the rocks that stretch away,
And seemed like ruthless beasts of prey,
Devouring all before them—then,
Laid low in sullen dreams again.
SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE, *The Return of the Guards etc.: Robin Hood's Bay A.2., ll.* 11–16.

The melancholy wash of endless waves.
J. R. LOWELL, *Columbus, l.* 13.

The sea-waves fall in stormy lines,
Below the sandy cliffs and chines,
And swell the roaring sound.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *A Sunday Meditation, st.* 3.

O what is this wild song I sing,
With meanings strange and dim?
No soul am I, a wave am I,
And sing the Moon-Child's hymn.
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream: The Moon-Child, st.* 6.

Ways.

Who knows the ways of the world, how God will bring them about?
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., IV., st.* 8.

Weakness.

Strong limbs may dare the rugged road which storms,
Soaring and perilous, the mountain's breast;
The weak must wind from slower ledge to ledge,
With many a place of rest.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia: bk. VIII.*

"The strength which comes by weakness makes thee great."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act II., sc. 2* (Conrad).

"Weakness is wretchedness! To be strong,
Is to be happy!"
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Golden Legend, II.* (Prince Henry).

A man asleep is weaker than a child,
And towards the weak God turns a woman's heart.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical : Jael, ll.* 125–6.

This fellow would make weakness weak,
And melt the waxen hearts of men.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, XXI., st. 2.*

Weariness.

. . . as weary and wan and wild
As the face of a beggar-woman stilling a starving child.
E. F. M. BENEKE, *The Cross beneath the Ring : In March, ll.* 3–4.

If there be difficult murder 'tis to kill
The unfilled gaps of time, to suffocate
The tedium of unoccupation,
To live unbusy in a busy world.
HEATHER BIGG, *Nell : A Tale of the Thames, ch. V., ll.* 72–5.

There is a weariness of sailing on
Without a goal, a weariness of rest
In haunts of peace, while there remains a guest
Unventured, or a battle still unwon.
S. R. LYSAGHT, *Poems of the Unknown : The Undiscovered Shore : The Soul of the Wanderer, ll.* 25–8.

Weather-wise.

And when a man of fifty finds his corns
Ache and his joints throb, and foresees a storm,
Though neighbours laugh and say the sky is clear,
Let us henceforth believe him weatherwise!
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, II. : Half-Rome, ll.* 925–8.

Wedding. See also **Marriage.**

But, Kitty machree, sure those weddin's in spring,
When the Long Fast is out, are as common a thing
As the turfs in a rick, or the stones on a wall—
Faith! you might just as well not be married at all.
But a weddin', consider, at this side of Lent,
Would be thought such a far more surprisin' event—
So delightful to all at this dull time of year.
Now say, "Yes!" for the sake of the neighbours, my dear!
A. P. GRAVES, *Fixin' the Day, st.* 11.

Weeds. See also **Water-weeds.**

And flaunting weeds and reeds and rushes
That winds sang through in mournful gushes.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Vision of Poets, st.* 51.

Wehrwolf.

"The Wehrwolf, ravening in the warren, growls."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Bruce, act IV., sc.* 4 (Bruce).

Well-a-day.

When you are very old, at evening
You'll sit and spin beside the fire, and say,
Humming my songs, "Ah well, ah well-a-day!"
ANDREW LANG, *Grass of Parnassus : Of His Lady's Old Age, ll.*1–3.

Well-meaning.

"Often we find well-meaning men most mischievous.
He means well who means nothing—that's the worst of it—
Who aims to do the right, but cannot see the right,
Whose will is warped by the first gust of circumstance."
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Comedy of Dreams,* (Astrologos).

Wellington, Duke of.

. . . that old man heroic, strong and true,
Whose grey-haired virtue was a nobler thing
Than even Waterloo.
WILLIAM ALEXANDER, *Oxford and her Chancellor, st.* 17.

Not stirring words, nor gallant deeds alone,
Plain patient work fulfilled that length of life;
Duty, not glory—Service, not a throne,
Inspired his effort, set for him the strife.
A. H. CLOUGH, *Wellington, st.* 2.

For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, VI.*

He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, VII.*

Westminster.

Westminster, with its lordly towers,
The stock-exchange of politics.
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, *Robert Louis Stevenson, etc. : My Maiden Vote, ll.* 35–6.

Meanwhile the great Minster on high,
Like a stream of music, aspiring, harmonious, springs to the sky :—
Story on story ascending their buttress'd fretwork unfold,
Till the highest height is attain'd, and the Cross shines starlike in gold,
Set as a meteor in heaven; a sign of health and release.
FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, *The Visions of England : The Rejoicings of the Land, ll.* 129–33.

Whales.

Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye ?
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *The Forsaken Merman, ll.* 43–4.

Wheels.

And all day, the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
'O, ye wheels' (breaking out in a mad moaning),
'Stop ! be silent for to-day ! '
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *The Cry of the Children, st. 7.*

Whelks.

Live whelks, each lip's beard dripping fresh,
As if they still the water's lisp heard
Through foam the rock-weeds thresh.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics : Popularity, st.* 8.

Whipping ; Thrashing.

Egad ! and were we so disposed, I'll venture we could show,
The scars of wallopings we got some forty years ago.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse : Our Whippings, ll.* 5–6.

" For tho' the drop may hollow out the dead stone, doth not the living skin thicken against perpetual whippings ? "
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Becket, act III. sc.* 3 (Walter Map).

Whisper.

The world's loud whisper breaking into storm.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Geraint and Enid, I., l.* 27.

Whistle.

A dog-whistle blowing the fiercest of trebles.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Flight of the Duchess, XIII., l.* 64.

Whitethroat.

And sometimes from a bush there broke,
A whitethroat's tenderness of tune.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. II. : In the Glade, st.* 12

If thou but pipe I will a pilgrim be,
  Along the outskirt bushes of the wood:
Fly forward, Whitethroat, searching still for me
  Some leafy shrine of utter quietude.
NORMAN GALE, *A Country Muse, Ser. II : To a Whitethroat, st.* 1.

Why and the Wherefore, The.

Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Evangeline, Pt. I., III., l.* 31.

Wicklow.

Yes, this is Wicklow; round our feet
  And o'er our heads its woodlands smile.
Behold it, love—the garden sweet,
  And playground of our stormy isle.
G. F. SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG, *Wicklow, st.* 1.

A land where alway God's right hand
  Seems stretching downward to caress
His wayward children as they stand
  And gaze upon its loveliness.
G. F. SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG, *Wicklow, st.* 23.

Widow.

Dey lofes her ver' goot liquoer,
  Dey lofes her liddle shtore;
Dey lofes her liddle paby,
  But dey lofes die vidow more.
C. G. LELAND, *The Breitmann Ballads : Die Schöne Wittwe, Pt. I.*

A wanton widow may wear darkest weeds.
C. G. LELAND, *Songs of the Sea and Lays of the Land : The Story of a Lie, st.* 5.

Widower.

A widower, sixty-five, and surly,
  And stiffer than a poplar tree;
Drinks rum and water, gets up early
  To dip his carcass in the sea.
W. M. PRAED, *Arrivals at a Watering-Place, st.* 2.

Wife.

"There be ties dearer than place
Or parents; there be bonds that break in pieces
The hearts that break them, and whose severance
Is more than banishment. Boy, 'tis thy mother
That makes this Ithaca the world to me."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *The Return of Ulysses, act II., ll.* 861–5 . . . . (Ulysses).

What you call my wife
I call a nullity in female shape.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, XI. : Guido, ll.* 1112–3.

A tender breast to fall upon and weep,
A heart, the secrets of my heart to keep;
To share my hopes, and in my griefs to grieve.
A. H. CLOUGH, *Mari Magno : The Clergyman's First Tale.*

You married men—there's many in my view—
Don't think your wife can all wrap up in you,
Don't deem, though close her life to yours may grow,
That you are all the folks she wants to know;
Or think your stitches form the only part
Of the crochet-work of a woman's heart.
Though married souls other's lives may burnish,
Each needs some help the other cannot furnish.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals : Festival of Reminiscence, First Settler's Story, ll.* 131–8.

There's nae sic plague on the yirth,
  There's nae sic curse in life,
Like the curse that blichts the hame
  That hauds a drucken wife.
JANET HAMILTON, *To Mithers, st.* 7.

"Young men, to thrive what time they wive,
  Must choose a wife to wear,
You must not wed for white and red,
  Or bonny eyes and hair;
You choose a wife to last your life,
  So choose a wife to wear."
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *Walter's Choice, st.* 2.

"What else," he would say to a trusted friend—
  "What else could I do? Why, it had to be.
Once loved, you know, is loved to the end.
  There was only one woman on earth to me——"
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *Sam Green's Love, st.* 41.

I am only you!
I am yours—part of you—your wife!
And I have no other life,
  I cannot think, cannot do,
I cannot breathe, cannot see;
There is "us," but there is not "me"—
  And worst, at your kiss, I grow
  Contented so.
E. NESBIT, *Lays and Legends, Ser. II. : The Woman's World, st.* 4.

Teacher, tender, comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life
Heart-whole and soul-free.
R. L. STEVENSON, *Songs of Travel, etc. : My Wife, st.* 3.

Old wife, old love, there is a something yet
That makes amends, tho' all the glory set;
The after-love that holds thee trebly mine,
Tho' thy lips fade, my dove, and we decline,
And time, dear heart, still goes.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical: Love Grown Old, st. 7.*

The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Isabel, st. 2.*

True wife,
Round my true heart thine arms entwine,
My other dearer life in life,
Look thro' my very soul with thine!
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Miller's Daughter, st. 24.*

"Look you! the gray mare
Is ill to live with, when her whinny shrills
From tile to scullery, and her small goodman
Shrinks in his arm-chair while the fires of Hell
Mix with his Hearth."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, V., ll. 441–5* (King).

My bride,
My wife, my life. Oh, we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so thro' those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, VII., ll. 338–42* (Prince).

Wig.

Truth is, the cutest leadin' Wigs, ever since fust they found.
Wich side the bread gut buttered on, hev kep' a edgin' round.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. I., Letter 9.*

"Wild Oats."

Rememb'ring, like a song's lost notes,
The gleaming husks of my wild oats.
EDMUND GOSSE, *In Russet and Silver: In Russet and Silver, st. 8.*

How many a father have I seen,
A sober man, among his boys,
Whose youth was full of foolish noise,
Who wears his manhood hale and green.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, LIII., st. 1.*

Will.

Yet the will is free;
Strong is the soul, and wise, and beautiful
The seeds of godlike power are in us still;
Gods are we, bards, saints, heroes, if we will!
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Written in Emerson's Essays, st. 3–4.*

Not endless law, but ceaseless will.
This is Christ's gospel-message still.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Pageant of Life, bk. IV., Chant of Christians, st.* 21.

It is the will runs the renewing nerve,
Through flaccid flash that faints before the time.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, XI. : Guido, ll.* 1900–1901.

Thus boyish Will the nobler mastery learned
Where inward vision over impulse reigns,
Widening its life with separate life discerned,
A Like unlike, a Self that self restrains.
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Legend of Jubal, etc. : Brother and Sister, Pt. IX., st.* 3.

. . . "nothing so pleasant as giving up one's will in one's own way."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act II., sc.* 2 (Fool).

Will, fierce Will!
Thou parent of unrest and toil and woe,
Measureless effort! growing day by day,
To face strong souls along the giddy steep
That slopes to the pit of Hell, where effort serves
Only to speed destruction.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Epic of Hades, bk. I. : Tartarus, Sisyphus ll.* 212–7.

The love of the Right, tho' cast down, the hate of victorious Ill,
All are sparks from the central fire of a boundless beneficent Will.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Harvest-Tide : A New Orphic Hymn, st.* 3.

O well for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long,
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong . . .
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Will, st.* 1.

Will ; Testament.

I doubt if dainties do the grandsire good:
Last June he had a sort of strangling . . . bah!
He's his own master, and his will is made,
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, VI. : Giuseppe Caponsacchi, ll.* 121–3.

Will o' the Wisp.

Auld Spunkie's sair wyted for mony misdeeds;
His wild licht ne'er guides us, but aften misleads;
Whan wanner't in darkness an' oot o' the way,
It dances and dazzles to lead us astray.
JANET HAMILTON, *Spunkie, st.* 7.

William III.

"That worn face, in camps and councils bred,
The guest who brought us law and liberty
Raised well-nigh from the dead."

WILLIAM WATSON, *Ode on the Day of the Coronation of King Edward VII.* (26. 6. 02).

Willow Leaves.

Lining of willow leaves,
Whose silver none perceives
Unless the air sigh heaves,—

ANON., *Songs of Lucilla: To V., st.* 8.

Wind.

"We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest, and rest can never find;
Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife."

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. III.* (song of the Devas).

And the wind comes round the corner in that English way that
—well,
Makes you doubtful of heaven, and only certain of hell.

E. F. M. BENEKE, *The Cross beneath the Ring: In March, ll.* 5–6.

Hark, the wind with its wants and its infinite wail!

ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae: James Lee's Wife, III., st.* 1.

We have them; but I know not any tone,
So fit as thine to falter forth a sorrow:
Dost think men would go mad without a moan,
If they knew any way to borrow
A pathos like thy own?

ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae; James Lee's Wife, VI., st.* 3.

The wind to-day is keen of edge—
It rakes the wrinkling river;
It sweeps the swinging, rattling sedge,
It makes the pollard shiver.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *Ballads and Legends: A Bunch of Daffodils, st.* 1.

The evening wind at home among the trees,
Sings of the wandering waves of oceans lone;
And here the waves of the uncharted seas
Murmur the wind's familiar woodland tone.

S. R. LYSAGHT, *Poems of the Unknown Way: The Undiscovered Shore: The Unexpressed, st.* 2.

God takes a wind from out the sky:
It spreads its cloud-white wings to fly;
Its time hath come to it to die.

FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream: Cathair-Sith, st.* 2.

—unto every little wind is given,
A thing to do ere it is still again.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *New Year's Eve: A Waking Dream, st.* 6.

"Rejoice, O Wind, in thy strength," said he,
"For thou fulfillest thy destiny."
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Organ Songs: Rejoice, st.* 4.

A Flock of winds came winging from the North,
Strong birds with fighting pinions driving forth,
With a resounding call!
ALICE MEYNELL, *Later Poems: The Roaring Frost, st.* 1.

Few words they said; the balmy odorous wind
Wandered about, some resting-place to find;
The young leaves rustled 'neath its gentle breath,
And here and there some blossom burst its sheath,
Adding unnoticed fragrance to the night.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: Prologue to May, ll.* 11–15.

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all.
R. L. STEVENSON, *A Child's Garden of Verses: The Wind, st.* 2.

Low and loud and long, a voice for ever,
Sounds the wind's clear story like a song;
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Dunwich, Pt. I., st.* 11.

Wailing, wailing, wailing, the wind over land and sea—
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Rizpah, I.*

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, II.: Lilia's Second Song, ll.* 1–4.

". . . whether
A wind be warm or cold, it serves to fan
A kindled fire."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act I., sc.* 5. (Renard).

East Wind; March Wind.

It makes us cough and choke and wheeze,
With painful back and aching knees;
With dire discomfort 'tis replete,
O Wind of March!
J. ASHBY-STERRY, *The Lazy Minstrel: March, st.* 2.

The east wind blows in the street to-day,
  The sky is blue, yet the town looks grey,
'Tis the wind of ice, the wind of fire,
Of cold despair and of hot desire,
Which chills the flesh to aches and pains,
And sends a fever through all the veins.
  AMY LEVY, *A London Plane Tree : A March Day in London, st.* 1.

Then, smiling, toward the place the fair Wind went,
While 'neath his wing the sleeping lilies bent,
And flying 'twixt the green earth and the sea,
Made the huge anchored ships dance merrily,
And swing round from the east the gilded vanes,
On many a palace, and from unhorsed wains
Twitched off the wheat-straw in his hurried flight.
  WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise : Story of Cupid and Psyche ; The Oracle, ll.* 358–64.

North Wind ; North-east Wind ; North-west Wind.
Fresh from his fastnesses
Wholesome and spacious,
The North Wind, the mad huntsman,
Halloas on his white hounds
Over the grey, roaring
Reaches and ridges,
The forest of ocean,
The chace of the world.
  W. E. HENLEY, *Poems : Rhymes and Rhythms, XIV : To J. A. C., ll.* 1–8.

Welcome, black North-easter!
  O'er the German foam ;
O'er the Danish moorlands,
  From thy frozen home.
  CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Ode to the North-East Wind, ll.* 5–8.

The wind was a nor'wester, blowing squally off the sea.
  R. L. STEVENSON, *Ballads : Christmas at Sea, st.* 1.

South Wind ; South-west Wind.
The South Wind from the south will come—
The soft South Wind, the gentle wind—
Will come along the pleasant vales,
And bring a song, a south-land song,
Sweet with the scent of south-land blooms.
  "ARISTO," *The Moon of Leaves : Song, ll.* 24–8.

The south wind came across the plain,
Across the lake—the soft south wind.
It brought the breath of the wild scrub ;
The breath of the sweet bay it brought,
It danced among the cedar boughs,
Among the dark magnolia leaves ;
It danced and made the air feel glad.
  "ARISTO," *The Moon of Leaves : White Cloud, ll.* 450–6.

. . . the sweet southwest, at play
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.
W. C. BRYANT, *Autumn Woods, st.* 4.

West Wind. See also **Zephyr.**

Thou wind of joy, and youth, and love;
Spirit of the new-wakened year!
The sun in his blue realm above
Smooths a bright path when Thou art here.
W. C. BRYANT, *The West Wind, st.* 5.

"O sweet west wind,
Stay here and tell me secrets for a while!
Whence do you come and whither are you bound?
What music are you singing to yourself,
Sometimes with muffled syllables that fall,
And break their meaning on the hearts they touch?"
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Plays: Scaramouch in Naxos, sc. II.* (Ione).

The western wind was wild and dank with foam.
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Sands of Dee, st.* 1.

Another day awakes. And who—
Changing the world—is this?
He comes at whiles, the Winter through,
West wind! I would not miss
His sudden tryst: the long, the new,
Surprises of his kiss.
ALICE MEYNELL, *Later Poems: West Wind in Winter, st.* 1.

The wet-lipped west wind chilleth to the bone
More than the light and flickering east hath done.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: February, ll.* 28–9.

The Western wind arrives.
Down the long gulf he breaks a wavering stair
For Phoebus' gilded feet, and shoreward drives,
And sings across the meadows, debonair,
Pelting the Heaven with dust of golden hives,
Blown saffron bloom, and small birds with their wives,
And happiness in handfuls everywhere.
Q[UILLER COUCH], *Poems and Ballads: A Housekeeping, st.* 5.

Wine.

Here's goblet-glass to take in with your wine
The very sun its grapes were ripened under;
Drink light and juice together, and each fine?—
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Casa Guidi Windows, Pt. II., ll.* 610–2.

When the liquor's out, why clink the cannakin?
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Flight of the Duchess, XVI., l.* 1.

What is Falernian, what is Port or Sherry,
But vile concoctions to make dull heads ache ?
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Beer, st.* 13.

There is a glorious candour in an honest quart of wine,
A certain inspiration which I cannot well define.
EUGENE FIELD, *Second Book of Verse : The Bottle and the Bird, ll.* 10–11.

Wine is like rain : when it falls on the mire it but makes it the fouler.
But when it strikes the good soil wakes it to beauty and bloom.
JOHN HAY, *Pike County Ballads : Distiches, VII.*

I am health, I am heart, I am life !
For I give for the asking
The fire of my father, the Sun,
And the strength of my mother, the Earth.
Inspiration in essence,
I am wisdom and wit to the wise,
His visible muse to the poet,
The soul of desire to the lover,
The genius of laughter to all.
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems : Echoes, XLI., To R. A. M. S., ll.* 5–13.

I am friendship, the comforter ;
I am that which forgives and forgets—
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems : Echoes XLI., To R. A. M. S., ll.* 33–4.

" What were revel without wine ?
What were wine without a song ? "
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Ulysses, act III., sc.* 2 (Phemius).

. . . wine and song
Have this in common, something that inspires,
And nothing that sustains.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece : Antimenidas, V., ll.* 26–8.

Winner.

So crack on the pace for it's any one's race,
And the winner's the horse that can last.
SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, *Songs of Action : The Farnshire Cup, st.* 8.

Ay ! mark his action well !
Behind he is, but what repose !
How steadily and clean he goes !
What latent speed his limbs disclose !
What power in every stride he shows !
SIR F. H. DOYLE, *Return of the Guards, etc. : The Doncaster St. Leger, ll.* 86–90.

Winnowing.

Where humble harvests bring
After much toil but little gain,
'Tis merry winnowing.
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Shorter Poems, bk. V., No. 1, st. 11.*

Winter.

Winter is balm to the hearts that were breaking
Under the tread of love's summer-shod feet.
E. F. M. BENEKE, *The Cross beneath the Ring : In October, st. 2.*

Winter was not unkind because uncouth.
ROBERT BRIDGES, *The Growth of Love : Sonnet 10, l. 1.*

The bee with his comb,
The mouse at her dray,
The grub in its tomb,
Wile winter away ;
But the fire-fly and hedge-shrew and lob-worm, I pray,
How fare they ?
ROBERT BROWNING, *Pippa Passes, Pt. IX., l. 1–6.*

Winter, like a felon ghost,
That with its viewless presence chills the blood.
EDMUND GOSSE, *In Russet and Silver : An English Village, ll. 36–7.*

What then, and shall white winter ne'er be done
Because the glittering frosty morn is fair ?
Because against the early-setting sun
Bright show the gilded boughs though waste and bare ?
Because the robin singeth free from care ?
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise : Story of Cupid and Psyche, Song, st. 2.*

When to his anchorite board, taciturn Winter repairs.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Hymn to the Sea, Pt. III., l. 10.*

Wisdom ; Wise.

" Is he very wise ? " (Fortunatus).
" He is strong and gentle. Who is that, is all." (Abaddon).
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act I., sc. 3.*

" Work, Love, Nature, Art,
From these the same intelligence constructs
The four-walled citadel wherein it dwells
Impregnable to fate."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act I., sc. 4* (Franklin).

" The hardest lesson wisdom has to learn
Is, having learnt to love and reverence life,
To learn serenely to relinquish it."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act I., sc. 4* (Franklin).

"What is wisdom? (Fortunatus)
First to observe What Must Be, and obey it.
Next to discern What May Be, and to choose
Rightly among life's possibilities." (Franklin).
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act II., sc.* 4.

"Why should you,
Because the world is foolish, not be wise?"
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act II., sc.* 4 (Franklin).

"Just as the owl comes out when sweet birds roost,
So wisdom, moping substitute for song,
Haunts the grave twilight of departed youth."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Prince Lucifer, act IV., sc.* 5 (Lucifer).

"Wisdom and sadness are as near, blithe youth,
As sun and shade."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act IV., sc.* 1 (Soderini).

"Wisdom hath no sex."
J. S. BLACKIE, *The Wise Men of Greece: Pythagoras* (Milo).

It's wiser being good than bad.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae: Apparent Failure, st.* 7.

Fools! Aye,—and when the work is done,
We find the little that we know
They knew five thousand years ago!
Life's Wisdom's scarcely "just begun."
WALTER EARLE, *Home Poems: Life only "Just Begun," st.* 3.

Go where he will, the wise man is at home,
His hearth the earth,—his hall the azure dome.
R. W. EMERSON, *Wood-Notes, I.,* 3, *ll.* 31–2.

Con the dead page as 'twere live love: press on!
Cold wisdom's words will ease thy track for thee;
THOMAS HARDY, *Poems of the Past and the Present: Her Reproach, st.* 1.

"The wisest are those who can best adjust their disadvantages."
"JOHN OLIVER HOBBES," *The Wisdom of the Wise, act I.* (St. Asaph).

"He that's wise will just follow his nose;
Contentedly fish, while he swims with the stream;
'Tis no business of his where it goes."
CHARLES KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy, act II., sc.* 2 (Fool).

For all of man's wisdom is only a dream,
Which passeth away like a plate of ice-cream.
C. G. LELAND, *Songs of the Sea and Lays of the Land: Carrying Coals, st.* 4.

Still grave and wise he was beyond his years,
No eager man among his joyous peers
To snatch at pleasure; careful not to cheat
His soul with vain desires all over sweet;
A wary walker on the road of life.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: Bellerophon at Argos, ll.* 311–15.

Wise in the wisdom not from Heaven!
FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, *The Visions of England: Whitehall Gallery, st.* 3.

Be wise, be wise, yet be not over-wise—
Plot like an old man, execute like youth—
ALEXANDER SMITH, *Edwin of Deira, bk. II., ll.* 468–9.

"All is not wisdom that of wise men comes.
Nor are all eyes that search the ways of state
Clear as a just man's conscience."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Mary Stuart, act IV., sc.* 3 (Davison).

"For wisdom, being attained, but shows
That all things are but shadows cast
On running water, swiftly past."
ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil: The Lover and the Queen of Sheba* (King Solomon).

"And wisdom, though it be the sum
Of all but love, is love's disguise."
ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil: The Lover and the Queen of Sheba* (King Solomon).

Wisdom when in power
And wisest, should not frown as Power, but smile
As Kindness, watching all, till the true *must*
Shall make her strike as Power.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Harold, act I., sc.* 1 (Harold).

"A young man will be wiser by and by;
An old man's wit may wander ere he die!
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Coming of Arthur, ll.* 403–4 (Merlin).

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall, st.* 68.

"Best wisdom is to know the worst at once."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act III., sc.* 5 (Elizabeth).

Youthful! youth and age are scholars yet but in the lower school,
Nor is he the wisest man who never proved himself a fool.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Sixty Years After, st.* 122.

Wisdom is not finally tested in schools,
Wisdom cannot be pass'd from one having it to another not having it,
Wisdom is of the soul, is not susceptible of proof, is its own proof.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass : Song of the Open Road*, 6,*ll.* 9–11.

Wish.

. . . Every wish
Is like a prayer, with God.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. II., ll.* 954–5.

'Tis mine own wish fulfill'd before the word
Was spoken . . . (Elizabeth).
Madam, to have the wish before the word
Is man's good Fairy— (Gardiner).
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act I., sc.* 4.

Wish is father to the Thought.
"We hear that which we listen for, and hope
Befools like fear."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act III., sc.* 1 (Urania).

Wit.

"Learn wit, my son,
Which you'll need shortly!"
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Return of the Druses, act III.* (Prefect).

"The wit and counsel of man was never clear,
Troubles confuse the little wit he has."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Empedocles on Etna, act I., sc.* 2 (Pausanias).

Witch.

I saw three witches as the wind blew cold
In a red light to the lee;
Bold they were and over-bold
As they sailed over the sea.
C. G. LELAND, *Songs of the Sea and Lays of the Land : One, Two Three, st.* 1.

Woe.

A picture of grateful, incompetent woe—
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals : The Festival of Melody, l.* 67.

'Tis indeed the worst woe,
With no love and no hate
In one's heart, not to know
Why one's heart has such woe.
"MICHAEL FIELD," *Underneath the Bough : The Fourth Book of Songs, Song* 19.

And he must bow in humble mute disdain,
And that worst woe of baffled souls endure,
To see the evil that they may not cure.
FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, *The Visions of England : The Pilgrim and the Ploughman, st.* 12.

With sense of woe in woe's own greatness drowned.
ALEXANDER SMITH, *Edwin of Deira, bk. II., l. 765.*

The wild unrest that lives in woe.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, XV., st. 4.*

Peace; come away: the song of woe
Is after all an earthly song.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, LVII., st. 1.*

Wolf.

Cry "wolf" i' the sheepfold, where's the sheep dares bleat,
Knowing the shepherd listens for a growl?
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, V.: Count Guido Franceschini, ll. 892–3.*

"Ah, it is silliness to pass a wolf because one is hunting foxes."
"JOHN OLIVER HOBBES," *Osbern and Ursyne, act II.* (Alan).

When wolves run past your door-step, let them run.
C. G. LELAND, *Songs of the Sea and Lays of the Land: The Story of a Lie, st. 3.*

Gaunt gray wolves, . . . hunting in twelves,
Running and howling, head to tail,
In a single file, over the snow,
A long low gliding of silent horror and fear!
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Lycabas, ll. 7–10.*

Woman.

"A woman, O my friends, has one desire:
To see secure, to live with, those she loves."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Merope* (Merope).

"Women love all whom grief and death attaint."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act III., sc. 9* (Candida).

". . . 'tis ordained,
In death, as sooth in every pinch of life,
That women, lest they cry too loud, must hug
Their agony in silence."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Savonarola, act IV., sc. 4* (Candida).

Woman can equal man in loving strength:
She shall surpass him, when her heart at length
Quite flowers with fragrance fair.
The man who brings her all the soul of Art
Never quite wins her secret silent heart
Unless his soul is there.
GEORGE BARLOW, *From Dawn to Sunset, bk. III.: The Sovereign Rose, st. 8.*

All women born are so perverse
No man need boast their love possessing.
If nought seem better, nothing's worse:
All women born are so perverse.
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Shorter Poems, bk. I., No. 17.*

"We cannot choose; our faces madden men!"
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Paolo and Francesca, act II., sc.* 1 (Nita).

"... when we women sin, 'tis not
By art; it is not easy, it is not light;
It is our agony shot through with bliss:
We sway and rock and suffer ere we fall."
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Paolo and Francesca, act IV., sc.* 1 (Francesca).

Most illogical
Irrational nature of our womanhood,
That blushes one way, feels another way,
And prays, perhaps, another!
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. II., ll. 701–4.*

If the day's work is scant,
Why, call it scant; affect no compromise;
And, in that we have nobly striven at least,
Deal with us nobly, women though we be,
And honour us with truth if not with praise.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. IV., ll. 78–82.*

Women cannot judge for men.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Bertha in the Lane, st.* 16.

Never was lady on earth more true as woman and wife,
Larger in judgment and instinct, prouder in manners and life.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *A Court Lady, st.* 3.

"The woman yonder, there's no use of life
But just to obtain her! heap earth's woes in one
And bear them—make a pile of all earth's joys
And spurn them, as they help or help not this;
Only, obtain her!"
ROBERT BROWNING, *In a Balcony* (Norbert).

... the mark
God sets on woman, signifying so
She should—shall peradventure—be divine.
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book, VII.: Pompilia, ll.* 1499–1501.

In danger, mind you, a woman behind you
Can turn your blood to fire.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals: Festival of Reminiscence, Second Settler's Story, ll.* 79–80.

Women are weak, as you say, and love of all things to be passive,
Passive, patient, receptive, yea, even of wrong and misdoing,
Even to force and misdoing with joy and victorious feeling
Patient, passive, receptive; for that is the strength of their being,
Like to the earth taking all things, and all to good converting.
A. H. CLOUGH, *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich, Pt. IV.*

Mine is a Woman, kindly beyond measure,
Fearless in praising, faltering in blame:
Simply devoted to other people's pleasure,—
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Vignettes in Rhyme: An Autumn Idyll, st.* 24.

"There is not a maid, wife, or widow, whose fancy any man, if he set himself to it, could not conquer; nor any man whom any woman could not subdue if she chose."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *A Romantic Farce, act II.* (Clown).

"Women are made by men:
The nations fade that hold their women slaves:
The souls of men that pave their hell-ward path
With women's souls lose immortality."
JOHN DAVIDSON, *Smith, act III.* (Smith).

The queen had that chief grace
Of womanhood, a heart that can embrace
All goodness in another woman's form.
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Legend of Jubal, etc.: How Lisa loved the King, ll.* 525–7.

"A woman mixed of such fine elements
That were all virtue and religion dead
She'd make them newly, being what she was."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. II.* (Sephardo).

The womenfolk are like to books,—
Most pleasing to the eye,
Whereon if anybody looks
He feels disposed to buy.
EUGENE FIELD, *Little Book of Western Verse: The Bibliomaniac's Bride, st.* 1.

". . . there is but one thing I trust in a woman, and that is the certainty of her unreason."
"MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act I., sc.* 6 (Ethington)

"What is there for a woman who takes thought,
If once she look down on her lot, save tears,
Strong floods of silent weeping."
"MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act III., sc.* 1 (Queen Mary).

"Women may be whole oceans deeper than we are, but they are also a whole paradise better! She may have got us out of Eden, but as a compensation she makes the earth very pleasant!"
"JOHN OLIVER HOBBES," *The Ambassador, act III.* (St. Orbyn).

O woman! thou wert fashioned to beguile:
So have all ages said, all poets sung.
JEAN INGELOW, *The Four Bridges, st.* 68.

"In that stillness
Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its flame."
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Spanish Student, act I., sc* 3 (Victorien).

'Twas just a womanly presence,
An influence unexprest.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Dead House, st.* 10.

Woman founds
Her power upon the ruins of Man's will.
"OWEN MEREDITH" [LORD LYTTON], *Marah: Antagonisms, st.* 2.

"Did ever man confess he wronged a woman?"
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *Gycia, act III., sc.* 3 (Irene).

"Alas! I am a woman utterly!"
STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Ulysses, act III., sc.* 2 (Penelope).

My cousin Nell is fond of fun,
And fond of dress, and change, and praise,
So mere a woman in her ways.
D. G. ROSSETTI, *Jenny, ll.* 185–7.

Queer cattle is women to deal with? Lord bless ye, yer honour, they are!
I'd sooner be faced by ten navvies than tackle a woman, by far;
* * * * * *
Lor', but women's rum cattle to deal with, the first man found that to his cost,
And I reckon it's just through a woman the last man on earth'll be lost.
G. R. SIMS, *The Dagonet and other Poems: Moll Jarvis O'Morley, sll.* 1, 10.

As to minds, they ain't got none, I reckon—it's heart as prompts all as they do.
G. R. SIMS, *The Dagonet and Other Poems: Moll Jarvis O'Morley, st.* 4.

But women who have lost their Faith
Are angels who have lost their wings.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Olrig Grange, bk. III.: Loquitur Mater Domina, st.* 12.

Comely, a mirthful woman, one that delighted in life.
R. L. STEVENSON, *Ballads: The Song of Rahéro, Pt. III., l.* 2.

O woman! work your work, whate'er it be,
But work it best all silently, as women use;
For silent good is still the stainless crown
Of sacrificing womanhood.
C. W. STUBBS, *The Conscience: Una and her Paupers, ll.* 55–8.

" A woman armed makes war upon herself,
Unwomanlike, and treads down use and wont
And the sweet common honour that she hath."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon* (Althaea).

Peace to thee, woman, with thy loves and hates!
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Gareth and Lynette, l.* 365 (Arthur).

A woman like a butt, and harsh as crabs.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Walking to the Mail, l.* 44.

" They hunt old trails . . . very well;
But when did woman ever yet invent?"
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, II., ll.* 368–9 (Cyril).

" . . . not a scorner of your sex
But venerator, zealous it should be
All that it might be."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, IV., ll.* 402–4 (Prince).

" . . . you clash them all in one,
That have as many differences as we."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, V., ll.* 172–3 (Prince).

" Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the Gods and men."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, VII., ll.* 299–303 (Prince).

" Woman is various and most mutable."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act III., sc.* 6 (Renard).

" It is the low man thinks the woman low;
Sin is too dull to see beyond himself."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act V., sc.* 2 (Lady Magdalen).

Nor will a strengthless woman live in vain,
If thoughts and passions, working change on earth,
Made musical by one melodious voice,
Are heard in echoes when their days are done.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece: Andros, VII., ll.* 215–8.

Ladies whose smile embroiled the world.
WILLIAM WATSON, *The Father of the Forest, Pt. I., st.* 5.

Woman and Man.—See **Man and Woman.**

Women's Rights.

Dey vented to de Voman's Righds,
Vhere laties all agrees,
De gals should all pe voters,
Und deir beaux all de votees.

"For efery man dat nefer vorks,
  Von frau should vranchised pe:
Dat ish de vay I solfe dis ding,"
  Said Breitemann, said he.
C. G. LELAND, *The Breitmann Ballads: Breitmann about Town, st.* 17.

. . . take them all-in-all,
Were we ourselves but half as good, as kind,
As truthful, much that Ida claims as right
Had ne'er been mooted, but as frankly theirs
As dues of Nature."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, V., ll.* 192–6 (Prince).

Wonder.

"All things are wonderful; who wonders not,
Hath eyes and sees not; wonder is the key
Of knowledge and of worship to the wise."
J. S. BLACKIE, *Seven Wise Men of Greece: Pythagoras* (Pythagoras).

The fearless wonder of a loving heart.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Daphne, etc.: Niobe, Pt. II., V., l.* 50.

Woods.

Oh, the blessëd woods of Sussex, I can hear them still around me,
With their leafy tide of greenery still rippling up the wind.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Lady Geraldine's Courtship, st.* 18.

Wood-nymph.

Then behold, I could see
  A wood-nymph peeping
Out of her tree,
  And closer creeping,
Timorously
Looking at me!
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Undertones, V.: The Satyr, st.* 5.

Woodpecker.

The woodpecker's repeated rap,
Some withered fable seems of death!
ANON., *Songs of Lucilla: April Morning, st.* 3.

Word; Words.

Once in a lifetime is uttered a word
That doth not vanish as soon as 'tis heard:
HENRY ALFORD, *Filiolae Dulcissimae, st.* 10.

We play with sounding words; men ever did:
It is not children only love the drum;
ALFRED AUSTIN, *A Fragment, Pt. I., ll.* 266–7.

But words for ever of the mark fly wide,
And language makes that false which thought left true.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act I., st. XXXIII.*

Words—even Shakespeare's words—must sometimes fail.
GEORGE BARLOW, *The Crucifixion of Man : Dedication, st. 26.*

"A word, he says, is short and quick, but works
A long result ; therefore look well to words,
And ever swear with prayer upon your lips."
J. G. BLACKIE, *The Wise Men of Greece : Pythagoras* (Milo).

See a word, how it severeth !
Oh, power of life and death
In the tongue, as the Preacher saith !
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics : A Lovers' Quarrel, st. 13.*

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds ;
You can't do that way when you're flying words,
Things that we think may sometimes fall back dead ;
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals : Festival of Reminiscence, First Settler's Story, ll. 221–4.*

"Careful with fire," is good advice, we know :
"Careful with words," is ten times doubly so.
WILL CARLETON, *Farm Festivals : Festival of Reminiscence, First Settler's Story, ll. 373–4.*

Only a word, was it ? Scarce a word !
Musical whisper, softly heard,
Syllabled nothing—just a breath—
'Twill outlast life, and 'twill laugh at death.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Kate Temple's Song, st. 2.*

"Our words have wings, but fly not where we would."
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Spanish Gypsy, bk. III.* (Fedalma).

"So here's the advice as to all I'll fling,
Whenever their tempers rise ;
There are words as sting, there are words as bring
Salt tears to the heart and eyes.
Oh, close your lips though your soul may crack,
Bite hard ere the words is sped !
What wouldn't you give to call 'em back,
With the dear one lying dead !
FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *Ballads and Legends : A Christmas Quarrel, st. 19.*

Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth
On War's red techstone rang true metal,
Who ventered life an' love an' youth
For the gret prize o' death in battle ?

To him who, deadly hurt, agen
  Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
  Thet rived the Rebel line asunder.
J. R. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers, Ser. II., Letter* 10.

Words die so soon when fit but to be said,
Words only live when worthy to be read.
LORD LYTTON, *The Orator, st.* 1.

Words frighten fools, like ghosts, but such
  No terrors to the wise can bring.
WALTER C. SMITH, *A Heretic, etc. : Herr Professor Kupfer-Nickel, ll.* 187–8.

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Ah me! ah me! that thoughtless itch for saying clever things!
  Ah me! ah me! that little sense of what a word may do!
Ah me! the woeful echo from the weary past that rings
  Words that are very old now, but the grief is always new!
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda : among the Broken Gods : Luke Sprott, st.* 78.

"Refrain your lips, O brethren, and my son,
Lest words turn snakes and bite you uttering them."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon* (Althaea).

"But from sharp words and wits men pluck no fruit,
And gathering thorns they shake the tree at root;
For words divide and rend;
But silence is most noble till the end."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon* (Chorus).

"What shall be said? for words are thorns to grief."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Atalanta in Calydon* (Chorus).

Mute words of presage blind and vain
As rain-stars blurred and marred by rain
To wanderers on a moonless main
  Where night and day seem dead.
A. C. SWINBURNE, *The Tale of Balen, IV., st.* 13.

True friend, sweet words were ours, sweet words decay.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical : A Leave-Taking, st.* 1.

"Words are not always what they seem, my King."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Cup, act II., sc.* 1 (Camma).

"The man that hath to foil a murderous aim,
May, surely, play with words."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Harold, act II., sc.* 2 (Wulfnoth).

"Words are the man.
Not ev'n for thy sake, brother, would I lie."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Harold, act II., sc.* 2 (Harold).

" Fair words were best for him who fights for thee."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls : Gareth and Lynette, l.* 925 (Gareth).

. . . words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, V., st.* 1.

Wild words wander here and there :
God's great gift of speech abused.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *A Dirge, st.* 7.

. . . the words
That make a man feel strong in speaking truth.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Love and Duty, ll.* 67–8.

" A word, but one, one little kindly word."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Princess, VI., l.* 242 (Gama).

We never changed a bitter word, not once since we were born.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Flight, st. XXII.*

" . . . words are never without flaw,
Being at the best but halt and lame interpreters."
CHARLES WHITWORTH WHYNNE, *David and Bathshua, act IV., sc.* 1 (David).

Wordsworth, William.
But he was a priest to us all
Of the wonder and bloom of the world,
Which we saw with his eyes, and were glad.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *The Youth of Nature, ll.* 53–5.

Not Milton's keen, translunar music thine ;
Not Shakespeare's cloudless, boundless human view ;
Not Shelley's flush of rose on peaks divine ;
Nor yet the wizard twilight Coleridge knew.

What hadst thou that could make so large amends
For all thou hadst not and thy peers possessed,
Motion and fire, swift means to radiant ends ?—
Thou hadst, for weary feet, the gift of rest.
WILLIAM WATSON, *Wordsworth's Grave, Pt. II., sts. 2 and 3.*

Let us give thanks because our nook hath been
Unflooded yet by desecration's wave,
The little churchyard in the valley green
That holds our Wordsworth's grave.
WILLIAM WATSON, *To James Bromley, st.* 1.

Working-man.
Ye, to your hot and constant task
Heroically true,
Soldiers of Industry ! we ask,
" Is there no Peace for you ? "
LORD HOUGHTON, *On the opening of the first Public Pleasure Ground at Birmingham, st.* 4.

World.

For those who love, the world is wide,
But not for those who hate.
T. B. ALDRICH, *XXXVI Lyrics and XII Sonnets: Lyric IX., st. 2.*

The sad world waiteth in its misery;
The blind world stumbleth on its round of pain.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Light of Asia, bk. III.* (*Song of the Devas*).

"And the world hath the day, and must break thee,
Not thou the world."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Empedocles on Etna, act II.* (Empedocles).

"'Tis a world
Where all is bought, and nothing's worth the price."
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Fortunatus the Pessimist, act I., sc. 2* (Fortunatus).

The world hath not yet journeyed to its end,
And he who helps it onward is its friend.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *The Human Tragedy, act IV., st. XLI.*

But the cuckoo comes back and shouts once more,
Cuckoo!
And the world is as young as it was before;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
It grows not older for mortal tears,
For the falsehood of men or for women's fears;
'Tis as young as it was in the bygone years,
When first was heard the cuckoo.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Love's Widowhood, etc.: When Sings the Cuckoo, st. 8.*

Men and women make
The world, as head and heart make human life.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. II., ll. 132–3.*

The world,—look round,—
The world, we're come to late, is swollen hard
With perished generations and their sins,
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. II., ll. 262–4.*

O world, as God has made it! All is beauty:
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.
What further may be sought for or declared?
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: The Guardian-Angel, st. 5.*

Cheat? To be sure, sir! What's the world worth else?
Who takes it as he finds, and thanks his stars?
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae: Mr. Sludge, "the Medium," ll. 1348–9.*

For oh, this world and the wrong it does!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: Old Pictures in Florence, st. 7.*

The world and its ways have a certain worth.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Romances: The Statue and the Bust*, st. 46.

Smooth Jacob still robs homely Esau,
Now up, now down, the world's one see-saw!
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Flight of the Duchess, XVII.*, ll. 75–7.

However, you're a man, you've seen the world
—The beauty and the wonder and the power,
The shapes of things, their colours, lights and shades,
Changes, surprises—and God made it all!
ROBERT BROWNING, *Men and Women: Fra Lippo Lippi*, ll. 276–9.

This world's no blot for us,
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good:
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Men and Women: Fra Lippo Lippi*, ll. 307–9.

"Mistress, you go your way, and I go mine;
The spinning world is big enough for two
To ding their crowns and make a holiday. . . ."
"MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act III., sc.* 1 (Darnley).

All the vast various moils that mean a world alive.
THOMAS HARDY, *Wessex Poems, etc.: A Sign-Seeker*, st. 5.

KATE-A-WHIMSIES, John-a-Dreams,
Still debating, still delay,
And the world's a ghost that gleams—
Wavers—vanishes away!
W. E. HENLEY, *Poems: Echoes, XXX.*, st. 1.

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.
GERALD MASSEY, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, etc.: This World is full of Beauty*, st. 6.

O fools! and if ye could but know
How fair a world to you is given.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Earthly Paradise: The Love of Alcestis* (Song), ll. 16–7.

I see—I hear—yet to the world I cling—
This fatal world of passion and unrest—
LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, *At the Wind's Will: Aspiration*, ll. 9–10.

The world,—what a world, ah me!
Mouldy, worm-eaten, grey;
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, *Verses: The World; Self-Destruction*, "*A Vain Shadow*," ll. 1–2.

Some whine for their childhood again,
Some pine for the quiet of heaven:
But my tent, I have no mind to strike it;
'Tis a nice, wicked world, and I like it.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda, among the Broken Gods: Winifred Urquhart, st.* 11.

". . . the world is great,
But each has but his own land in the world."
A. C. SWINBURNE, *Bothwell, act V., sc.* 13 (Herries).

Who said the world is but a mood,
In the eternal thought of God?
I know it, real though it seem,
The phantom of a haschisch dream
In that insomnia which is God.
ARTHUR SYMONS, *Images of Good and Evil: Haschisch, st.* 4.

I can but lift the torch
Of Reason in the dusky cave of Life,
And gaze on this great miracle, the World,
Adoring That who made, and makes, and is,
And is not, what I gaze on—all else Form,
Ritual, varying with the tribes of men.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Akbar's Dream, ll.* 112–7.

"Ah my God,
What might I not have made of thy fair world,
Had I but loved thy highest creature here?"
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Guinevere, ll.* 648–50 (Guinevere).

"Nay, the world, the world,
All ear and eye, with such a stupid heart
To interpret ear and eye, and such a tongue
To blare its own interpretation—"
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Lancelot and Elaine, ll.* 935–8 (Lancelot).

This truth within thy mind rehearse,
That in a boundless universe
Is boundless better, boundless worse.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Two Voices, st.* 9.

"O bubble world,
Whose colours in a moment break and fly!"
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Queen Mary, act V., sc.* 2 (Pole).

Chaos, Cosmos! Cosmos, Chaos! who can tell how all will end?
Read the wide world's annals, you, and take their wisdom for your friend.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Sixty Years After, st.* 52.

Worldliness

For the earthly young soul must be given
At least a top-dressing of Heaven.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda; among the Broken Gods: A School-Mistress, st. 4.*

Worlding.

"And worldling of the world am I, and know
The ptarmigan that whitens ere his hour
Woos his own end; we are not angels here,
Nor shall be."
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: The Last Tournament, ll. 691–4* (Tristram).

Worm.

A lithe red worm—the gard'ner's special dread—
Coil'd round a promising young turnip-head.
VIOLET FANE, *Poems: A Fable, ll. 3–4.*

Worship.

There is light in all,
And light, with more or less of shade, in all
Man-modes of worship.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Akbar's Dream, ll. 43–5.*

Worth.

The scarlet hat, the laurelled stave,
Are measures, not the springs of worth.
Q[UILLER COUCH], *Poems and Ballads: The Splendid Spur, st. 2.*

Wound.

The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *The Cry of the Children, st. 2.*

Wrestler.

Our Russian foe will tell,
How British wrestlers, every fall,
Rose stronger than they fell.
LORD HOUGHTON, *On the Opening of the First Public Pleasure Ground at Birmingham, st. 2.*

Wrong; Wrongs. See also **Injury.**

"Alas! alas! What more contrarious deed,
What greater miracle of wrong than this,
That man should know his good and take it not?"
ROBERT BRIDGES, *Prometheus the Fire-giver, ll. 641–3* (Prometheus).

"The heart unmoved by others' wrongs is dead."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *The Return of Ulysses, act II., 588* (Ulysses).

" To do a wrong is shame: to suffer wrong
Asks not for pardon."
ROBERT BRIDGES, *The Return of Ulysses, act IV., ll.* 1882–3 (Telemachus).

A lion who dies of an ass's kick,
The wronged great soul of an ancient Master.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: Old Pictures in Florence, st.* 6.

He wrongs himself whom Time can wrong.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Strength with Age, st.* 6.

" How the worst of wrong
Is the new wrong one does to set it right!"
" MICHAEL FIELD," *The Tragic Mary, act V., sc.* 7 (Queen Mary).

Why wouldst thou take the memory of a wrong
To be thy shadow all the summer long,
A thing to chide thee at the dead of night,
A thing to wake thee with the morning light
For self upbraiding.
ERIC MACKAY, *A Lover's Litanies, etc.: Second Litany, Vox Amoris, st.* 11.

" Accursed, who from the wrongs his father did
Would shape himself a right!"
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Idylls: Gareth and Lynette, ll.* 340–1 (Arthur).

. . . live a life of truest breath,
And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., XVIII., st.* 7.

There is no spectre half so terrible
As shadows of old wrongs.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Daphne, etc.: Aeson, Pt. I., VIII., ll.* 31–2.

Shall we perturb and vex our soul
For " wrongs " which no true freedom mar,
Which no man's upright walk control,
And from no guiltless deed debar?
WILLIAM WATSON, *Things that are More Excellent, st.* 3.

Forgiving all things personal,
He hated only wrong to man.
J. G. WHITTIER, *Summer, st.* 20.

Wrong-headed.

Wrong-headed yet right-hearted, rash but kind.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies, IV: The Family, l.* 63.

Years.

Six years—six little years—six drops of time!
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Mycerinus, st.* 11.

Calm years, exacting their accompt
Of pain, mature the mind.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatis Personae : James Lee's Wife, VI., st.* 10.

That happiest year of many a year,
That first swift year of love and hope—
D. F. MCCARTHY, *Spring Flowers from Ireland, st.* 8.

The slow weary drip of the slow weary years.
FIONA MACLEOD, *From the Hills of Dream : The Bugles of Dreamland, st.* 2.

We speak in unknown tongues, the years
Interpret everything aright.
ALICE MEYNELL, *Poems : Builder of Ruins, st.* 2.

Year, The Old.

He passes in the midnight dews,
Beneath the winter moon,
Who was, a week since, daily news,
And must be history soon.
ALFRED COCHRANE, *The Old Year, st.* 1.

Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The Death of the Old Year, st.* 1.

To-night I saw the sun set : he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *The May Queen, Pt. II. : New-Year's Eve, st.* 2.

Old year, you shall not die ;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Death of the Old Year, st.* 3.

Yearning. See also **Desire.**

Moderate tasks and moderate leisure,
Quiet-living, strict-kept measure
Both in suffering and in pleasure—
'Tis for this thy nature yearns,
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *The Second Best, st.* 4.

But Jubal had a frame
Fashioned to finer senses, which became
A yearning for some hidden soul of things,
Some outward touch complete on inner springs
That vaguely moving bred a lonely pain,
A want that did but stronger grow with gain
Of all good else, as spirits might be sad
For lack of speech to tell us they are glad.
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Legend of Jubal, ll.* 1495–6.

Yell.

That hoarse, fierce yell of a mob
  In its masterless rage.
    WALTER C. SMITH, *A Heretic and other Poems : The Lettre de Cachet, ll.* 202–3.

Yeoman.

Hurrah for the English yeoman!
  Fill full, fill the cup!
Hurrah! he yields to no man!
  Drink deep; drink it up!
    JOHN DAVIDSON, *Fleet Street Eclogues : Michaelmas* (Song.)

Yes; Yea.

Yea, alas, must turn to *Nay*,
    Flesh to clay.
  W. E. HENLEY, *Poems : Ballade of Truisms, ll.* 25–6.

"She tossed, as artful maidens can,
A thread of silk to the drowning man;
And last of all—for I hate to prose—
One 'Yes' atoned for a score of 'Noes.'"
  FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, *Ballads and Legends : Sam Green's Love, st.* 15.

Yesterday.

They loved and laughed, they kissed and chaffed,
  They threw the happy hours away:
That's the way the world goes round—
  That's the story of yesterday.
    MORTIMER COLLINS, *A Trifle, st.* 1.

"Yesterday
Was once the date of every lasting change."
    JOHN DAVIDSON, *Plays : Bruce, act II., sc.* 2 (Douglas).

Nothing they gat or of hope or ease,
But only to beat on the breast and say:—
  "Life we drank to the dregs and lees;
Give us—ah! give us—but Yesterday!"
  AUSTIN DOBSON, *Essays in Old French Forms : The Prodigals, st.* 3.

Many there be by the dusty way—
  Many that cry to the rocks and seas
  "Give us—ah! give us—but Yesterday!"
    AUSTIN DOBSON, *Essays in Old French Forms : The Prodigals* (Envoy).

I know
I cannot by the duty of to-day
Atone for failure of duty yesterday.
  WALTER C. SMITH, *A Heretic and Other Poems : Paul in Tarsus, ll.* 234–5.

Yew.

Old Yew, which graspest at the stones
  That name the under-lying dead,
  Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, II., st.* 1.

Old emperor Yew, fantastic sire,
  Girt with thy guard of dotard Kings,—
What ages hast thou seen retire
  Into the dusk of alien things?
What mighty news hath stormed thy shade,
Of armies perished, realms unmade?
WILLIAM WATSON, *The Father of the Forest, Pt. I., st.* 1.

You.

When I say "you" 'tis the common soul,
The collective, I mean: the race of Man
That receives life in parts to live in a whole,
  And grow here according to God's clear plan.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Dramatic Lyrics: Old Pictures in Florence, st.* 14.

The whole theory of the universe is directed unerringly to one single individual—namely to You.
WALT WHITMAN, *Leaves of Grass: By Blue Ontario's Shore,* 15, *l.* 10.

Youth.

Youth's too bright not to be a little hard—
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh, bk. VI., l.* 1005.

"Youth is bold of heart
And hot in battle, but to guard the tongue
And to restrain the hand come with long years."
ROBERT BRIDGES *The Return of Ulysses, act II., ll.* 824–6 (Ulysses).

In age we'll sigh
O'er the wild reckless wicked days flown over.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Pippa Passes, Pt. II., ll.* 133–4.

"The self-complacent boy-inquirer, loud
On this and that inflicted tyranny."
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Return of the Druses, act II.* (Anael).

"Youth is the only time
To think and to decide on a great course."
ROBERT BROWNING, *Strafford, act V., sc.* 2 (Strafford).

In youth's indulgence think there yet might be
A truth forgot by grey severity.
A. H. CLOUGH, *Thesis and Antithesis, st.* 3.

Youth and hope
Spare none of us—Syren and Circe linked
In one divine betrayal of the world!
JOHN DAVIDSON, *The Last Ballad, etc.: The Ordeal, ll.* 160–2.

Youth thinks itself the goal of each old life;
Age has but travelled from a far-off time
Just to be ready for youth's services.
"GEORGE ELIOT," *The Legend of Jubal, etc.: Armgart, sc. 5, ll. 230–2.*

He is not of counted age,
Meaning always to be young.
R. W. EMERSON, *The Initial Love, ll. 146–7.*

Ah, how beautiful is youth,
Youth that fleets so fast away!
He would be gay, forsooth,
Let him hasten to be gay!
"MICHAEL FIELD," *Underneath the Bough: The Fourth Book of Songs*, Song 25.

O Memory, where is now my youth,
Who used to say that life was truth?
THOMAS HARDY, *Poems of the Past and the Present: Memory and I, st. 1.*

He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Evangeline, Pt. I., ll. 122–3.*

The brisk, swift days of youth, which cares for nought
But for the joy of living; scarce a thought
Of Love, or Knowledge, or at best
Such labour as gives zest
To the great joy of living.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life: The Ode of Childhood, Pt. I., ll. 41–5.*

Young seaman, soldier, student, toiler at the plough,
Or loom, or forge, or mine, a kingly growth art thou!
Where'er thou art, though earthy oft and coarse,
Thou bearest with thee hidden springs of force.
SIR LEWIS MORRIS, *The Ode of Life: The Ode of Youth, Pt. I., ll. 100–103.*

What guesses the rosebud, glowing
In light, and odour, and dew,
Of the rose of the wind's despoiling,
Lamenting the summer through?
WILLIAM SAWYER, *At the Opera—"Faust," st. 6* [in *Songs of Society*, ed. W. Davenport Adams].

I was young, and I thought myself old;
A fool, and conceited me wise;
I ran my crude thoughts in a mould
That shaped the crude thoughts into lies,
With a kind of Byronic belief
In a world full of baseness and grief.
WALTER C. SMITH, *Hilda; Among the Broken Gods: Winifred Urquhart, st. 10.*

They do their Maker wrong
Who in the pride of age
Cry down youth's heritage,
And all the eager throng
Of thoughts and plans and schemes
With which the young brain teems.
C. W. STUBBS, *The Conscience : A Prayer of Age, ll.* 1–6.

Young and lovely keep no measure.
Mint of youth is current treasure,
Age but dross and scorn.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical : Aurora, st.* 2.

Youth is a tree whose leaves fall light as sand.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Poems Dramatic and Lyrical : Love Grown Old, st.* 2.

Ah, what shall I be at fifty
Should Nature keep me alive,
If I find the world so bitter
When I am but twenty-five?
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *Maud, Pt. I., VI., st.* 5.

Youth loves to mock the fashions of the old.
FREDERICK TENNYSON, *Isles of Greece : Apollo, l.* 358.

Yucca.

My yucca, which no winter quells,
Altho' the months have scarce begun,
Has push'd toward our faintest sun
A spike of half-accomplish'd bells—
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, *To Ulysses, st.* 6.

Zebra.

Marvellous steeds
Striped as a melon is, all black and white.
Flanks, muzzles, necks, and hams, pencilled and pied
Like a silk cloth of Saïs.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *The Voyage of Ithobal : The Third Day, ll.* 260–3.

Zephyr. See also **West Wind.**

Was it the Zephyr whisp'ring—
Lingering, whispering o'er and o'er,
Or the echo from a far land
Of bliss gone, gone for evermore!
"ARISTO," *The Moon of Leaves : Love's Illusions, st.* 2.

. . . as sweet
As the rose-scented zephyr those do meet
Who near the happy islands of the blest.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *Life and Death of Jason, bk. XII., ll.* 99–101.

THE END.

INDEX

A. E. (George W. E. Russell)—
James, 225
Symbolism, 509
Adcock (A. St. J.)—
Passing of Victoria, 539.
Ainslie (Douglas)—
St. John of Damascus, 506
Alden (E. C.)—
Afterglow, 539
Aldrich (T. B.)—
Lyric VI, 205
Lyric IX, 577
Lyric XIV, 307
Lyric XV, 221
Lyric XVII, 419
Lyric XXIII, 285
Lyric XXV, 402
Quatrain III, 161
Alexander (C. F.)—
Siege of Derry, 292, 406
Alexander (William)—
Oxford and her Chancellor, 369, 553
Oxford in 1885, 369
Allingham (William)—
The Ban-Shee, 21, 99
The Ruined Chapel, 480
Anon—
I'm Ninety-Five, 364
Motor Questions, 345
Night in the Mediterranean, 502
Once, 366
Prisoner's Hope, 322
Songs of Lucilla:
April Morning, 573
Art's Frost, 478
At Keats' Grave, 257
Autumn Poppies, 401
Carrillon, 28
Cuckoo, 89
Daybreak, 193
Her Gown, 124
In Spring, 438
In the Farmyard, 389, 416
Kingfisher, 260
London Fog, 173
Metaphor, 426, 427
Midsummer in Meadow, 27, 171
Nightjar's Note, 357
November, 359
Reminiscences of Childhood, 133, 347, 399
Robin, 435
Skylark, 269
Song a Disease, 360
Starlings, 495
Swallow's Note, 506
To the Steppe, 496
Anon, *continued*—
To V, 198, 253, 344, 559
Venice, 538
"Aristo"—
Moon of Leaves, 6, 53, 168, 199, 275, 339, 435, 509, 550, 561, 586
Arnold (Sir Edwin)—
Light of Asia, 4, 43, 48, 73, 104, 126, 161, 180, 194, 241, 256, 277, 292, 308, 325, 364, 380, 383, 384, 403, 405, 423, 432, 466, 476, 482, 516, 529, 537, 551, 559, 577
Light of the World, 95, 161, 199, 203, 327, 365, 380, 442, 467, 506, 529, 541
The Tenth Muse:
Contentment, 77
Discrimination, 234
Faithful Flowers, 171
Familiarity, 472
Frenchman to the Sea, 450
Ghazel, IV, 392
Greatness, 99, 291
Lost Labours, 267
Passing of Muhammad, 293, 355, 502
Sadness of Loveliness, 24
Story of the Snake, 469
Tenth Muse, 408
Arnold (Matthew)—
A Question, 53, 277
A Wish, 116, 512
Absence, 177
Agitation, 114
Anti-Desperation, 311
Antigone, 217
Bacchanalia, Pt. ii., 87
Buried Life, 458
Consolation, 520
Despondency, 516
Dover Beach, 382
Empedocles on Etna, 110, 117, 174, 180, 309, 311, 433, 457, 567, 577
Heine's Grave, 292
Horatian Echo, 518
Human Life, 52
In Harmony with Nature, 311
Last Word, 12, 77
Lessing's Laocoon, 171, 337, 349
Matthias, 49
Memorial Verses, 14
Memory Picture, 244, 520
Merman, 63, 554
Merope, 95, 104, 161, 174 248, 256, 257, 339, 346, 362, 384, 420, 499, 502, 529, 534, 568
Mycerinus, 455, 581
New Age, 394

ARNOLD (Matthew) *continued*—
New Sirens, 185, 262
Obermann once more, 41
On the Rhine, 417
Progress, 238, 412, 425
Religious Isolation, 244
Resignation, 161, 191, 214, 394, 480
Rugby Chapel, 41, 186
Scholar Gipsy, 79, 194, 367, 377
Second Best, 412, 582
Self-Dependence, 455
Sick King in Bokhara, 360, 476
Sohrab and Rustum, 162
Southern Night, 207, 365
Strayed Revelier, 229, 498
Thyrsis, 173, 239, 369
Tristram and Iseult, 24, 76, 121, 229, 321, 342, 349, 407, 509, 522, 546
To a Republican Friend, 180
To Author of Obermann, 97, 202
Worldly Place, 277, 357
Written in Emerson's Essays, 557
Youth and Calm, 46
Youth of Nature, 268, 394, 576
ASHBY-STERRY (J.)—
A Comedy, 324, 455, 511
Common Sense Carol, 5-6
Different Views, 63
Drifting Down, 124
Fallacies of the Fog, 173
Fire-Light Sonata, 167
Haytime, 356
Jennie, 149
March, 560
Merry Month of May, 326
Minstrel's Return, 288
November, 173
Secular Sermon, 257
Spring-cleaning, 492
Spring Delights, 490
Strawberry Time, 286
Toujours Tennis, 272
AUSTIN (Alfred)—
April Fool, 12, 260
Captive Throstle, 180
Church Doors should stand open, 466
Content, 77
Country Nosegay, 38, 401, 538
Defence of English Spring, 8, 90, 411, 490, 519, 525
Dialogue at Fiesole, 113, 222, 242, 284, 361
Fragment, 127, 404, 417, 573
Fortunatus, 66, 78, 95, 112, 127, 157, 191, 211, 242, 293, 331, 376, 378, 394, 398, 438, 441, 455, 469, 508, 514, 536, 564, 565, 567, 577
Gate of the Convent, 92, 169, 308, 405
Human Tragedy, 46, 75, 77, 81, 82, 93, 110, 114, 120, 139, 153, 164, 199, 219, 240, 251, 257, 286, 293, 309, 338, 351, 385, 417, 446, 453, 507, 520, 574, 577
Hymn to Death, 272, 474
In the Heart of the Forest, 356
Look Seaward, Sentinel, 448
Love's Fitfulness, 509
Love's Widowhood, 18, 43, 80, 127, 146, 277, 293
AUSTIN (Alfred) *continued*—
Lucifer, 99, 118, 180, 193, 226, 258, 264, 278, 293, 322, 353, 387, 392, 415, 422, 440, 546, 565
March Minstrel, 519
Mesolongi, 107, 478
Nature and the Book, 351
Night in June, 342
On returning to England, 139, 187, 232
Outside the Village Church, 117, 153, 482
Owl and Lark, 394
Passing of the Primroses, 19, 166
Primroses, 411
Poet's Corner, 395, 425
Poet and the Muse, 308
Rare Guest, 293
Savonarola, 13, 15, 22, 40, 69, 76, 80, 98, 99, 148, 167, 170, 174, 184, 211, 236, 237, 288, 319, 322, 326, 334, 341, 351, 395, 401, 410, 414, 422, 423, 438, 469, 478, 480, 512, 515, 565, 568
Spring Carol, 386, 471
Stafford H. Northcote, 286
The Last Night, 192, 258
To Lady Windsor, 540
When sings the Cuckoo, 577
Wordsworth at Dove Cottage, 157
BAKER (George, jun.)—
Jour d'un Condamné, 70
BARLOW (George)—
Crucifixion of Man:
Annie's Song, 278, 293
Dedication, 347, 395, 574
Life of Caleb Smith, 346, 370, 406, 433, 439, 505
Man's Confession, 293, 309, 322
Woman's Confession, 87
Dawn to Sunset:
Chiefest, 482
City's Sadness, 288
Compact, The, 195, 317
England, 135
God's Message, 199
God's Sermon, 217
Laud Everlasting, 197
Life and Death, 243
Mary Magdalene, 482
One Day in a Life, 57
Pain's Constancy, 293
Peace, 294
Poetry and Science, 117, 190, 241 448, 487
Post Mortem Surprises, 107, 264, 459
Prayer for the Future, 76
Sailor and Soldier, 479
Sea's Message, 451
Sovereign Rose, 294, 568
The Same for Ever, 294
Pageant of Life:
Chant of Christians, 558
Chant of Positivists, 107
Christ, 149, 290
Christ and the Philosopher, 262, 346
Christ and the Social Reformer, 322
Christ and the Spiritual Lover, 447

BARLOW (George) *continued*—
Chorus of Spirits of Darkness, 112
Chorus of Spirits of Light, 93, 110, 111
Four Trumpeters, 24, 294
Growing Old, 362
Love the Conqueror, 294
Pantheist, 278
Poet, 395
Poet and Pessimist, 392
Poet's Gethsemane, 317
Satan, 140, 380
Sceptic, 62
Sentry, 478
Song of Abouklea, 135, 140
Song of the Flowers, 99
Song of the Stars, 243
Watches Upon Calvary, 525
Workman-King, 457
Young Genius, 73
BARLOW (Jane)—
At M'Gurk's, 238
By the Bog-Hole, 35, 43, 113, 416, 497 527
Past Praying For, 524
Th' Ould Master, 211, 224, 275, 467, 483, 527, 550
Walled Out, 58, 121, 202, 239, 454, 473, 526
BARRY (M. J.)—
The Sword, 508
BAYLY (T. H.)—
Eldest Daughter, 96
Mistletoe Bough, 338
BENEKE (E. F. M.)—
Carefully, With Tears, 512
Explicit, 24, 104, 130, 458
In March, 552, 559
In October, 564
Laughter, Dust and Ashes, 100
Philosophy, 121, 165, 499
Truly the Light was Sweet, 294
BIGG (Heather)—
Nell: A Tale of the Thames, 11, 12, 21, 33, 39, 44, 57, 58, 60–1, 65, 67, 74, 80, 105, 121, 130, 132, 146, 149, 152, 172, 233, 246, 252, 271, 285, 287, 320, 324, 338, 344 377, 382, 386, 432, 469, 480, 498, 524, 529, 552
BINYON (Laurence)—
Death of Adam, 46, 212, 243, 514
The Reformer, 288
The Threshold, 268
To a Derelict, 289
Trafalgar Square, 183
BLACKIE (J. S.)—
Pythagoras, 7, 78, 529, 549, 565, 573, 574
BOURDILLON (F.)—
Where Runs the River, 434
BOWEN (Edward)—
Forty Years On, 376
BOWEN (Charles, Lord)—
Good Night, Good Morning, 96
BRIDGES (Robert)—
Achilles in Scyros, 8, 55, 241, 391, 392
Eros and Psyche, 24, 90, 100, 278, 504
Founders' Day at Eton, 147
BRIDGES (Robert) *continued*—
Fourth of June at Eton, 414
Growth of Love:
Sonnet X, 564
Sonnet XX, 278, 306, 404
Sonnet XL, 512
Sonnet XXX, 307
Sonnet XLIX, 392
Sonnet LVIII, 493
Nero, Pt. i., 180, 212, 270, 278, 317, 366, 387, 508
New Poems, No. vii, 167
Palicio, 22, 81, 157, 202, 305, 322, 381, 390
Prometheus, 70, 146, 169–70, 199, 204, 229, 348, 413, 422, 438, 455, 580
Return of Ulysses, 230, 233, 242, 311, 348, 511, 555, 580, 581, 584
Shorter Poems:
Bk. I, No. ii, 401, 526, No. xvii, 569
Bk. IV, No. v. 490, No. xxvi, 477, No. xxx, 238
Bk. V, No. I, 564, No. v, 294, No. xv, 328, No. xix, 162
BRIGHT (Canon)—
Crowned and Discrowned, 537
BROOKE (Stopford A.)—
Earth and Man, 278
BROWN (T. E.)—
Aber Stations, 32, 200
In a Fair Garden, 200
In the Coach, 93, 374, 410
Indwelling, 455
Metaboah, 161
My Garden, 188
Nature and Art, 312
Old John, 67
Pain, 209
Risus Dei, 254
The Doctor, 75, 254, 256, 275, 276, 374, 409
The Laugh, 195
BROWNING (Elizabeth Barrett)—
A Court Lady, 33, 569
A Portrait, 542
Across the Roman Campagna, 444
An Island, 251, 542
Aurora Leigh:
Bk. I, 35, 100, 294, 306, 395, 421
Bk. II, 14, 35, 66, 87, 149, 159, 195, 241, 252, 264, 289, 384, 569, 567, 577
Bk. III, 29, 229, 248, 516
Bk. IV, 3, 4, 157, 172, 217, 226, 294 392, 395, 410, 569
Bk. VI, 180, 366, 584
Bk. VII, 36, 61, 327, 391
Bk. VIII, 77, 131, 238, 415
Bertha in the Lane 134, 569
Casa Guida Windows, 48, 242, 252, 262, 367, 376, 409, 465, 516, 562
Child Asleep, 60, 149, 474
Confession, 194
Cowper's Grave, 391
Cry of the Children, 58, 233, 554, 580
Crowned and Wedded, 544
Dead Pan, 16
Died, 227
Drama of Exile, 144, 148, 356, 377

Browning (Elizabeth Barrett) *continued*—
Flower in a Letter, 46, 533
House of Clouds, 69, 113
Isabel's Child, 474, 529
Lay of Brown Rosary, 284
Lady Geraldine's Courtship, 36, 212, 358, 374, 407, 573
Lord Walter's Wife, 24
Lost Bower, 11, 463
Man's Requirements, 294
Mask, The, 482, 512
My Kate, 55
Perplexed Music, 148
Poet, The, 393
Poet's Vow, 42, 145, 237, 405
Rhapsody of Life's Progress, 111, 393, 517
Rhyme of Duchess May, 40, 49, 278, 520
Romaunt of Margret, 466
Sabbath Morning, 69, 464
Sea-Mew, 453
Song of the Rose, 439
Sonnets from the Portuguese, 275, 541
Soul's Tragedy, 186
Soul's Travelling, 52, 194
Summing Up in Italy, 472
Swan's Nest, 523
Tale of Villafranca, 105, 377
That way, 373
Two Sketches, 474
Vision of Poets 58, 343, 432, 460, 553
Woman's Shortcomings, 295

Browning (Robert)—
A Light Woman, 484
A Likeness, 144
Abt Vogler, 204, 348, 482
Andrea del Sarto, 105
Any Wife to any Husband, 76, 548
Apparent Failure, 327, 445, 565
Before, 318
Bishop Blougram's Apology, 24, 105, 118, 175, 242, 312, 411, 457, 538
Blot on the Scutcheon, 76, 529
Boot and Saddle, 109
By the Fireside, 252
Caliban upon Setebos, 17, 239, 310, 366, 368
Childe Roland, 235
Christmas Eve and Easter Day, 14, 72, 88, 164, 200, 274, 278, 295, 404, 412, 420, 425, 435, 524, 533, 535
Colombe's Birthday, 6, 31, 74, 82, 127–8, 129, 157, 273, 330, 440, 455, 449, 493, 541
Englishman in Italy, 440, 449
Ferishta's Fancies:
Bean-Stripe, 10, 128, 146, 217, 251, 256, 276, 279, 393
Camel Driver, 164
Cherries, 105
Eagle, The, 474
Family, The, 405, 581
Family Interlude, 312
Melon-Seller, 217
Mihrab Shah, 370, 403
Pillar of Sebzevah, 295, 407
Shah Abbas, 24, 154

Browning (Robert) *continued*—
Interlude, 295
Two Camels, 143, 149, 264
Flight of the Duchess, 184, 198, 341, 362, 482, 524, 533, 554, 562, 578
Fra Lippo Lippi, 15, 279, 371 578
Glove, The, 12, 114, 115, 256
Gold Hair, 215
Good News from Ghent, 188
Grammarian's Funeral, 262, 520
Guardian Angel, 577
Home Thoughts from the Sea, 135
In a Balcony, 104, 279, 295, 318, 458, 475, 501, 529, 569
James Lee's Wife, 53, 81, 152, 216, 295, 559, 582
King Victor and King Charles, 28, 148
Last Ride Together, 89, 107, 115, 116, 149, 501
Lost Leader, 291, 537
Lost Mistress, 486
Love Among the Ruins, 145
Lover's Quarrel, 56, 159, 371, 489, 510, 574
Luria, 53, 247, 312, 380, 422, 459, 501
Marching Along, 431
Meeting at Night, 325, 355
Men and Women, 214,
Old Pictures at Florence, 14, 16, 241 385, 412, 428, 577, 581, 584
Paracelsus, 77, 100, 143, 204, 224, 242, 248, 260, 262, 273, 286, 295, 335, 377, 389, 412, 445, 449, 461, 466, 469, 476, 486, 501, 517
Pied Piper, 222, 421
Pippa Passes, 14, 97, 109, 143, 214, 229, 290, 292, 306, 320, 355, 366, 475, 491, 497, 510, 546, 564, 584
Popularity, 554
Rabbi Ben Ezra, 134, 170, 187, 312, 362
Return of the Druses, 210, 244, 251, 567, 584
Ring and the Book:
Bk. I, 8, 91, 160, 332, 401, 410, 509
Bk. II, 24, 148, 233, 437, 552
Bk. III, 154, 202, 224, 312, 318, 410
Bk. V, 25, 271, 538, 568
Bk. VI, 62, 64, 146, 232, 431, 443, 515, 530, 558
Bk. VII, 9, 145, 169, 239, 306, 334, 410, 518, 569
Bk. VIII, 166, 179, 271
Bk. IX, 13, 82, 164, 215, 244, 351, 499
Bk. X, 61, 81, 90, 186, 242, 276, 295, 514
Bk. XI, 11, 74, 100, 118, 152, 270, 276, 279, 312, 401, 457, 506, 558
Bk. XII, 149, 157, 276, 336, 361 365, 470, 552, 556
Saul, 29, 96, 277, 279
Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis, 487
Sludge the Medium, 38, 56, 108, 193 286, 327, 425, 459, 527, 577
Sordello, 49, 94, 167
Statue and The Bust, 578
Strafford, 105, 494, 584
Soul's Tragedy, 75, 249, 276, 469, 530
Sun, The, 167
Toccata of Galuppis, 484, 510

BROWNING (Robert) *continued*—
Transcendentalism, 516
Two in the Campagna, 46
Up at Villa—Down in City, 168, 208, 236, 341, 492
Way of Love, 33
Woman's Last Word, 114
BRYANT (Wm. Cullen)—
African Chief, 258, 409
Apennines, 10
Arctic Lover, 12
Autumn Woods, 500, 562
Catterskill Falls, 50
Child's Funeral, 538
Crowded Street, 499
Day-Dream, 331
Daylight's Young Beam, 96
Death of Lincoln, 286
Earth, 99, 228
Evening Reverie, 412, 483
Forest Hymn, 190
Fringed Gentian, 191
Fountain, The, 533
Hymn of the City, 66
Hymn to the North Star, 494
Indian Story, 541
Inscription for Entrance to Wood, 214
Invitation to Country, 34, 93, 211
Jupiter and Venus, 423
Land of Dreams, 123
March, 321
Mother of a Mighty Race, 80
Mutation, 426
New Moon, 343
November, 505
Old Man's Counsel, 3, 351
Our Country's Call, 333
Past, The, 295
Path, The, 350
Prairies, 404
Rain Dream, 419
Rizpah, 344
Robert of Lincoln, 34
Song, 339
Song of the Stars, 494
Summer Ramble, 503, 536
Thanatopsis, 97
Tides, The, 551
To a Cloud, 69
To a Waterfowl, 549
Two Graves, 97
Voice of Autumn, 39
West Wind, 562
Winter Piece, 8
Yellow Violet, 541
BUCHANAN (Robert)—
Drama of Kings:
Buonaparte, 92, 181, 312, 384, 395
Dedication, 33, 180
Epilogue, 64, 312
Epilude, 143, 358, 460
Napoleon Fallen, 183, 243, 258, 295, 346, 515
Teuton against Paris, 25, 154, 159, 350, 430, 475, 508
The Titan, 474
Undertones:
David in Heaven, 25, 132, 357
Death in Life, 127
BUCHANAN (Robert) *continued*—
Fine Weather on the Digentia, 208 241, 370
It is the Rainbow, 420
Marble Life, 216
Mary on Earth, 31
Naiad, 372
Orpheus the Musician, 164, 350
Pan, 347
Penelope, 383
Polypheme's Passion, 465
Proteus, 414
Selene the Moon, 342
The Satyr, 573
The Syren, 398, 419, 446, 510
Venus on the Sun Car, 185
BURGHCLERE (Lord)—
Victoria the Great, 539

CALVERLEY (Charles S.)—
Beer, 5, 28, 71, 113, 511, 549, 563
Companions, 145
Flight, 254
Forever, 144
Gemini and Virgo, 285, 309
Hic Vir, Hic Est, 340
In the Gloaming, 198
Isabel, 128
Lovers and Reflection, 398
Ode to Tobacco, 524
Of Friendship, 183, 215
Of Propriety, 310, 413
On Hearing Organ, 367
On Making Fortune, 343
Poet and Fly, 171
Precious Stones, 522
Prospect of Making Fortune, 34
Proverbial Philosophy of Reading, 121, 422
Sad Memories, 49
Waiting, 366
CARLETON (Will)—
Betsy and I are Out, 152, 318, 416
Editor's Guests, 132
Festival of Anecdote, 160
Dis-Reason, 13, 380
Industry, 39, 46, 91, 183, 344, 362, 388, 403, 514
Melody, 567
Memory, 99
Praise, 174, 187, 189, 212, 241, 327, 407, 426
Reminiscence, 296, 362, 365, 390, 423 556, 569, 574
Reunion, 115
Goin' Home To-Day, 2 3
Gone with a Handsomer Man, 224, 535
New Church Organ 62
Out o' the Fire, 264
Out of the Old House, 236, 405
To the Poor House, 296
Tom goin' for a Poet, 396
Uncle Sammy, 210
CARLETON (William)—
Sir Turlough, 21
CARPENTER (J. E.)—
National Defences, 109
CAYLEY (G. J.)—
An Epitaph, 296

CLIVE (Mrs. Archer)—
The Queen's Ball, 190
CLOUGH (Arthur H.)—
All is Well, 465
Amours de Voyage, 262, 279, 427, 526
Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich, 262, 264, 402, 461, 570
Clergyman's First Tale, 556
Darkness, 95
Dipsychus, 38, 64, 73, 105, 109, 110, 127, 129, 176, 204, 238, 425, 428, 455, 461, 478, 535
Hope Evermore and Believe, 233
In the Depths, 398, 411
Ite Domum Saturae, 349
Mari Magno, 117, 307, 454, 510
Say not Struggle nought Availeth, 145, 165
Sehnsucht, 488
Spectator ab Extra, 340, 431
Thesis and Antithesis, 368, 584
Translation from Goethe, 76
Wellington, 407, 553
COCHRANE, (Alfred)—
Aunt Caroline, 416
Ballade of Ill-success, 85
Blackbird's Song, 32
Catch, The, 86
Colonel, The, 72
Corner Stroke, 86
Death of the Hyacinths, 503
Eight Day Clock, 68
Fishermen, The, 169
Fresh Run, 9
Golfer's Dream, 121
In Memoriam, 185
Kestrel's Nest, 257
Monologue at the Savoy, 318
My Cousin Mabel, 197
My Terrier, 116, 514
My Youngest Brother, 229
Novice's Remonstrance, 203
Old Squire, 493
Old Violin, 541
Old Year, 582
Philosophy in the Butts, 466
Philosophy of Summer, 52, 343, 522, 530
Second-Hand Furniture Shop, 466
Streaky Stoic, 40
Street-Bred People, 368
To Posthumus, 334
Twenty-Pounder, 9
Waltz, The, 546
COLEMAN (Patrick J.)—
Seed-Time, 159
COLLINS (Mortimer)—
A Trifle, 583
Comedy of Dreams, 22, 25, 53, 81, 187, 290, 320, 347, 383, 525, 550, 553
Coming of Age, 396
Couplets, i. 245
Crying Wolf, 464
Dawn, 96
Fragment, 404
Home, 136
In November, 359
Ivory Gate, 533
Kate Temple's Song, 524, 574
COLLINS (Mortimer) *continued*—
King Atom, 16
Letter to Disraeli, 42
Love, 323
Maiden Ladies, 364
Mated, 57
Midnight is Mine, 332
Multum in Parvo, 4
My Old Coat, 70, 190
October, 361
Older, 340
Poet's Philosophy, 136, 296
Positivists, 402
Serenade, 494
Sonnet, 370
Strength with Age, 581
Swallow, The, 506
Troubadour's Song, 508
Venus Asleep, 260
C[OUCH], Q[UILLER]—
Captain, The, 455
Columbus at Seville, 155, 174, 210
Comrade, The, 302
Fire, 168
Housekeeping, 562
Jetsom, 117
Love's Frontier-Post, 307
Planted Heel, The, 224
Retrospection, 393
Solvitur Acris Hiemps, 515
Splendid Spur, 458, 580
To Bearers, 319
Twilight, 176
Upon Eckington Bridge, 23
Victoria, 138
Willaloo, 183
COURTHOPE (J. W.)—
Chancellor's Garden, 191, 505
CREWE (Earl of)—
Millet and Zola, 9, 382
CUNNINGHAM (Allan)—
Wet Sheet and Flowing Sea, 443

DAVIDSON, (John)—
A Cinque Port, 65
A Loafer, 287
Aristocrat, 375, 536
Autumn, 2, 291, 336, 389, 469, 550
Ballad of a Coward, 31, 234
Ballad of a Nun, 78, 96.
Ballad of a Workman, 10, 157, 265, 360
Ballad of Heaven, 512
Bruce, 81, 83, 92, 114, 128, 133, 249, 253, 369, 450, 470, 473, 517, 553, 583
Exodus from Houndsditch, 61, 237.
Ecloques, iii., 88, 190.
Fleet Street Ecloques, 14
Christmas Eve, 85, 225, 545.
Good Friday, 94, 368, 525
Michaelmas, 189, 471, 583
New Year's Day, 255, 355, 408
Queen Elizabeth's Day, 173, 520
St. Swithin's Day, 548
St. Valentine's Day, 85, 88, 200
St. Valentine's Eve, 246.
Frosty Morning, 228.
Godfrida, 81, 117, 135, 165, 175, 260, 296. 309, 311, 325, 506
Highway Pimpernel, 172, 389

DAVIDSON (John) *continued*—
In the Isle of Dogs, 364
Industrial Pastoral, 240
Last Ballad, 131, 171, 190, 221, 254
London, 69
Making of a Poet, 61, 551
Market-Haunters, 254
Merchantman, The, 190
Ordeal, The, 12, 85, 221, 248, 344, 405, 458, 584
Romantic Farce, 83, 162, 296, 326, 328, 396, 473, 536, 570,
Romney Marsh, 355, 551
Scaramouch in Naxos, 133, 148, 412, 562
Self's the Man, 111, 134, 177, 227, 237, 327, 348, 386, 387, 398, 431, 499
Smith, 44, 74, 157, 159, 223, 381, 429, 434, 475, 478, 538, 570
Song of a Train, 417, 418
Spring, iv., 94, 240, 424
Spring Song, 91
Summer, 120, 549
Thirty Bob a Week, 37, 517, 545
To the New Men, 262
Unhistorical Pastoral, 125, 167, 175, 212, 328, 331, 357, 358, 435, 467
Vengeance of the Duchess, 176, 198, 312
Waiting, 535
War Song, 500
Winter Rain, 79
Woman and her Son, 370, 501
DEANE (Anthony C.)—
Beauties of Nature, 2
Certain Cure, 152
In the Looking Glass, 91
New Depressionism, 2
New Ryhmes for Old, No. viii., 45
Object Lesson, 353
DICK (Cotsford)—
Account of a "Free" Play, 14
Art of Smartness, 52, 320
Ballade of Behaviour, 321
Ballade of Equality, 143
Coming Thro' the Rhyme, 373
Diogenes en Voyage, 527
Domestic Dolores, 244, 245
Glory of Gossip, 207
How to be a Hedonist, 128
Leap Year, 273
New Narcissus, 176
On a Yacht, 453
Passion for Pace, 73
Sisters of the Cigarette, 65
Spring's Delights, 66
DOBSON (Austin)—
A Dead Letter, 365
A Kiss, 261
A Virtuoso, 386
Autumn Idyll, 267, 389, 570
Before Sedan, 258
Before the Curtain, 361
Dance of Death, 100
Dorothy, 346
Dying of Tanneguy du Bois, 354
Essays in French Forms, 134
Gage d'Amour, 20
Gentleman of Old School, 192
Gentlewoman of Old School, 267, 388
DOBSON (Austin) *continued*—
Laissez Faire, 85
Last Despatch, 357
London Stones, 347
Love in Winter, 296
Old-World Idylls: Introduction, 195
Paradox of Time, 520
Prodigals, 583
Sick Man and Birds, 87
Story of Rosine, 58, 296, 527, 538
Sun-Dial, 504
To Q. H. F., 363
Une Marquise, 79
Vitus Hinnuleo, 239
DOMETT (Alfred)—
The Nativity, 351
DOVETON (F. B.)—
The Night of Sorrow, 539
DOWDEN (Edward)—
On the Heights, 320
DOWNING (Ellen M.)—
Old Church at Lismore, 50, 154, 530
DOYLE (Sir A. Conan)—
A Parable, 56
Blind Archer, 54
Corporal Dick's Promotion, 61, 420, 424
Farnshire Cup, 255, 417, 563
Foudroyant, The, 378
Groom's Story, The, 345, 516
Hunting Morning, 179
Inner Room, The, 479
Lay of the Links, 203
Song of the Bow, 37
DOYLE (Sir Francis H.)—
At Sea, 95, 234, 242
Caius Manlius Capitolinus, 187
Dedicatory Stanzas, 162
Demosthenes, 126, 367
Doncaster St. Leger, 42, 563
Duke's Funeral, 126
Gythia, 100, 347, 489, 520, 546
Horse of the Desert, 235
How Lord Nair was Saved, 326
I Saw Her Last, 328
Lady Agnes, 346
Mehrab Khan, 473
Night and the Day, 429, 512
Old Age of Sophocles, 363
Pamphylian, 200, 353, 439
Return of the Guards, 1
Robin Hood's Bay, 23, 114, 178, 138, 551
Saving the Colours, 169
Sister Brides, 467
Spanish Mother, 540
To an Old Coat, 70-1
Two Destinies, 111, 191, 400, 465
Unobtrusive Christian, 460
DUFFERIN (Helen, Countess of)—
Bay of Dublin, 126
Disenchanted, 328
Fame, 402
On my Child's Picture, 150
DYER (Father)—
Photographic Album, 5

EARLE (May)—
Cosmo Venucci, 14, 234, 296, 328, 329, 352, 355, 542

EARLE (May) *continued*—
Failure, 190
Homage, 229
On Death of Mrs. Holland, 142
Phase of Agnosticism, 3, 537
Suicide's Wife, 296
Two in Palermo, 215
EARLE (WALTER)—
All or Nothing, 351
At Ringwood Bridge, 324
Balaam, 441, 485
Christ-Church Priory, 385
Garden Graves, 81
Hero-Lessons, 61
Just Begun, 565
Lords of Creation, 297
New Century, 230
Only a Rain-Pool, 399
" The X-Rays," 336
Turn in the Road, 178
Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever, 265
ELGEE (Jane, F.), [Lady Wilde]
The Famine Year, 159
" ELIOT (George) "—
Armgart, 73, 142, 210, 279, 312, 323, 348, 423, 530, 585
Brother and Sister, 558
How Lisa Loved the King, 58, 100, 269, 570
Legend of Jubal, 145, 264, 284, 360, 404, 486, 582
Minor Prophet, 25, 74, 352, 378, 390
O May I join the Choir Invisible, 73
Spanish Gipsy, 36, 45, 95, 97, 121, 127, 156, 194, 195, 204, 216, 227, 233, 234 245, 249, 254, 276, 312, 337, 341, 361, 362, 396, 414, 422, 423, 427, 441· 451, 486, 517, 528, 530, 541, 570, 574·
EMERSON (Ralph Waldo)—
Astrea, 382
Each and All, 147
Fable, 510
Fate, 501
Holidays, 1
Initial Love, 90, 585
Monadoc, 37
Ode to Beauty, 488
Saadi, 156, 178, 202
Snow Storm, 477
Sphinx, 426, 487
Tact, 510
To J. W., 279
Wood-Notes, 177, 291, 403, 565
EWEN (John)—
The Boatie Rows, 34

FABER (F. W.)—
Aged Cities, 327, 369, 527
Bamberg, 21, 25, 50, 438
Flight of Wild Swans, 507
Genoa, 191, 274
Shadow of the Rock, 110
Therapia, 211
To a Lake Party, 225
Written in Conway Castle, 136
FAHY (Francis A.)—
The Ould Plaid Shawl, 6

FANE (Violet)—
A Fable, 580
After Long Years, 407
Good-Bye, 205
Live my Life away from Thee, 297
Kingfisher, 260
London, 289
Mer-Baby, The, 330
Now, 280
Old Rocking-Horse, 436
Poet, The, 396
Scarab, The, 446
Tout vient à qui sait attendre, 377
FANSHAWE, (Catherine M.)—
Birthday-Night Ball, 336
Ode, 220, 501
FERGUSON (Sir Samuel)—
Lament of Thomas Davis, 181
FIELD (Eugene)—
Apple-Pie and Cheese, 11, 161
Ashes on the Slide, 70
Bibliomaniac's Bride, 570
Bibliomaniac's Prayer, 22, 37
Bottle and the Bird, 563
Buttercup, Poppy, Forget-me-not, 44
Casey's Table d'Hôte, 365, 510
Catullus to Lesbia, 261
Conversazyhyony, 313, 330
Crumpets and Tea 89
De Amicitiis, 36
Divine Lullaby, 91
Doctors, 116
Fisherman's Feast, 168
Good-Bye, 140
Grandma's Bombazine, 124
" Happy Isles " of Horace, 540
Hi-Spy, 195
Horace to Melpomene, 265
Ipswich, 249
Japanese Lullaby, 343
John Smith, 7, 110, 310
Little Horner's Slate, 472
Little Peach, 381
Lover's Lane, 519
Marthy's Younkit, 38
Missouri Coon, 339
Modjesky as Cameel, 313
My Last Song Perhaps, 85
Nightfall in Dordrecht, 335
Old Times, Old Friends, Old Love, 38 306
Onion Tart, 511
Our Whippings, 554
Partridge, The, 375
Pneumogastric Nerve, 246
Poet and King, 383
Providence and the Dog, 525
Rare Roast Beef, 26, 495
Red, 424
Red, Red West, 5, 37, 325, 403, 449 464
St. Jo Gazette, The, 355
Schnellest Zug, 34, 46, 366, 418
Tea-Gown, The, 124
Telling the Bees, 26
" The Boltons," 52, 65, 501
To a Usurper, 58
Wanderer, The, 463

" FIELD (Michael) "—
Tragic Mary, 6, 40, 78, 80, 98, 146, 147, 148, 175, 200, 245, 285, 306, 307, 342, 347, 348, 358, 378, 406, 412, 413, 416, 439, 441, 449, 535, 570, 578, 581
Underneath the Bough:
Bk. II., Song 11, 44, Song 14, 476, Song 15, 31, Song 18, 185
Bk. III. Song 2, 374, Song 4, 196, Song 25, 469
Bk. IV. Song 9, 274, Song 18, 21, 198, 505, Song 19, 250, 567, Song 20, 93, Song 24, 165, Song 25, 332, 585. Song 33, 419
FITZGERALD (Edward)—
Good Night, 121, 206
Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, 522
FRAZER (John de J.)—
Song for July, 549
FREEMAN (H. B.)—
Shilling Photograph, 35

GALE (Norman)—
A Courtship, 45
A Creed, 78, 94, 200
A Priest, 45
Apology, The, 57, 84, 267, 297, 399, 494
Bees, 27
Bombastes, 86
Country Muse. L'Envoi, 502
Eve, 345
Fortunate Island, 399
Happy Dead, 45
Holy Ground, 179
In the Glade, 120, 554
Kiss, The, 261
Labore Confecto, 20
Last Words, 105, 219, 313, 407, 449
Love Song, 130
Maid's Holiday, 179
Morning in the Orchard, 81
My Content, 488
Nest of Young Thrushes, 204, 497
" Out," 368
Quinquaginta Annos Natus, 87
Reflective Love, 225
Sleep, 513
Song, 175, 381, 477, 504
Song of Thanks, 486
To a Whitethroat, 120, 555
GARNETT (Dr. Richard)—
Idylls and Epigrams:
No. xiii., 536
No. xlviii. 544
No. lvii., 297
No. cxlvi., 142
GOSSE (Edmund)—
Ballad of the Boat, 171
Blake, 540
Cattafan, 227
Charcoal Burner, 55
English Village, 11, 527, 564
Evening Voluntary, 517
Friendship, 380
Impression, 398
In Russet and Silver, 38, 222, 557
Joost van Vondel, 109
Love Letters, 275

GOSSE (Edmund) *continued*—
Married Bibliophile, 36
On Yes Tor, 185
Tragedy without Words, 493
GRAVES (Alfred Percival)—
Father O'Flynn, 410
Fixin' the Day, 552
Girl I Left Behind Me, 156
Herring is King, 228
Jack the Jolly Ploughboy, 160
Jenny, I'm not Jesting, 167
Lonesome Lovers, 126
When She answered Me, 156
GRAVES (Charles L.)—
Anti-English Englishman, 140
Corporation and the Cholera, 127
Land and the Rint, 427
League of the Screw, 268, 530
Lines upon Lyin', 276
Napper Tandy and I, 93
Union of Hearts, 42
William's Mission, 67, 214, 400
GREENE (G. A.)—
The Return, 437
GWYNN (Stephen L.)—
Mater Severa, 249

HALL (William)—
A Memorable Experience, 457
Presumption Rebuked, 134
Wash in Jordan, 255
HAMILTON (Janet)—
Auld Mither Scotland, 449, 480
Ballad of Memorie, 284, 329
Battle of the Alma, 450
Girlish Reminiscences, 60
Important Queries, 230
Loch an' the Muirlan', 549
Memories, 90, 497
Mourning Mother, 248
October, 361
Oor Location, 125
Rhymes for the Times, 125
Scenes from Real Life, 380
Skylark, 269
Spunkie, 558
To Mithers, 556
Warning Wail, 219
Winter, 91
HARDY (Thomas)—
August Midnight, 332
Between us Now, 154
Broken Appointment, 73
Casterbridge Captains, 98
Commonplace Day, 127
Darkling Thrush, 519
De Profundis, 29
Departure, 378
God-Forgotten, 262
Heiress and Architect, 236
Her Reproach, 297, 565
His Immortality, 243
Impercipient, The, 353
In Theatre, Fiesole, 437
Invitation to United States, 513
Lausanne, 530
Life, 372
Memory and I, 585
Nature's Questionings, 58

HARDY (Thomas) *continued*—
On a Fine Morning, 76
Revulsion, 297
Rome, 437
San Sebastian, 87
Sergeant's Song, 354
She to Him, 536
Sign Seeker, 578
Superseded, The, 53
The Two Men, 297
Unborn Pauper Child, 162
Well-Beloved, The, 40
HARTE (Bret)—
Arctic Vision, 12
Ballad of the Emeu, 133
Chiquisa, 235
Cone of the Big Trees, 253
Copperhead, The, 79, 507
Coyote, 84
Geological Madrigal, 179
Hawk's Nest, 221
Madrono, 309
Plain Language from James, 61
Sanitary Message, 419
Upon the Stanislaus, 321, 475
HAY (John)—
Distiches:
ii. 77, v. 297, vii. 563, ix. 470, x. 239, xi. 470, xvii. 517
Dream of Bric-à-Brac, 310
Dreams, 531
Enchanted Ship, 442
Golyer, 58
Haunted Room, 337
Liberty, 181
Monks of Basle, 85, 118
Prairie, The, 45, 208
Sinai and Calvary, 414
When the Boys Come Home, 231
White Flag, The, 439
HENLEY (William E.)—
Arabian Nights, 37, 121, 540
Ballade of Truisms, 53, 264, 370, 461, 543, 583
Bric-à-Brac, 253
Echoes, II, 158, 431, XIV, 534, XVIII, 32, XXI, 418, XXVIII, 221, XXX, 578, XXXIV, 297, XLI, 563
House-Surgeon, 116
Life and Fate, 280, 387
London Voluntaries, 100, 216, 289, 498
Nocturn, 125
Nothingness of Things, 78, 280
Orientale, 255
Pastoral, 419
Rhymes and Rhythms, II, 136, VII, 105, 424, XI, 215, XIII, 333, XIV, 451, 561, XV, 177
Song of the Sword, 508
To J. A. C., 280
To Whistler, 333
HICKEY (Emily, M. P.)—
Harebells, 219
HINKSON (Katherine Tynan)—
Aspiration 232
August Weather, 17
Love Content, 188
Love's Garden, 305
HINKSON (Katherine Tynan) *continued*—
Magpie, 310
Plover on Guard, 394
Resurrection, 47
Summer Sweet, 232
True Marriage, 322
Widowed House, 98
Wood-Dove, 120
"HOBBES (John Oliver)"—
Ambassador, 114, 142, 240, 287, 373, 570
Osbern and Ursyne, 250, 297, 357, 405, 568
Wisdom of the Wise, 48, 105, 115, 313, 323, 423, 427, 565
HOUGHTON (Lord)—
England and America, 265
Envoy to American Lady, 141
Mary and Agnes Berry, 2
Pleasure Ground, Birmingham, 576, 580
Soldiers Reaping, 537
HOUSMAN (A. E.)—
A Shropshire Lad, 5, 15, 28, 57, 93, 115, 160, 162, 216, 222, 259, 297, 321, 354, 398 407, 424, 466, 467, 474, 479, 502, 503, 516
HOUSMAN (Laurence)—
Antaeus, 391, 494
Autumn, 18
Buried Treasure, 329
Comforters, 523
Gazing Fawn, 347, 507
House-Builders, 43
Inspiration, 531
Love-Bound Time, 280, 531, 535
Song of the Road, 31
Spring Song, 491
The Queen's Bees, 188, 229, 285
Water Ghosts, 193

INGELOW (Jean)—
Absent, 230
Afterthought, 251
Brothers and a Sermon, 238, 377, 470
Cottage in a Chine, 348
Four Bridges, 571
High Tide on Coast of Lincolnshire, 434
Honours, 131, 335, 377, 401, 415, 456
Letter L, 48, 346
Mother Shewing Portrait of Child, 60, 150
Reflections, 335
Requiescat in Pace, 549
Scholar and Carpenter, 165, 274, 442
Seven Times Two, 58
Seven Times Six, 292
Star's Monument, 158, 265, 291
INGRAM (J. R.)—
Memory of the Dead, 333
Nationality, 351
IRWIN (T. C.)—
From Caesar, 176, 333, 520

JEMMETT-BROWNE (J.)—
Now-a-Days, 340
JOHNSON (Lionel)—
Age of a Dream, 82

KAVANAGH (Rose)—
St. Michan's Churchyard, 209, 435
KEMBLE (Frances Anne)—
Evening, 145
KICKHAM (Charles J.)—
Myles O'Hea, 81, 181, 249
Rory of the Hill, 263
St. John's Eve, 217, 230
KING (H. E. Hamilton)—
Disciples, The, 54, 151, 181, 197, 200, 207, 226, 236, 250, 260, 370, 391, 437, 533
Father Mackonochie, 400
Harebells, 219
To a Great and Good Physician, 116
To First of June, 214
KINGSLEY (Charles)—
Alton Locke's Song, 188, 265
Day of the Lord 502
Farewell, 107
Invitation, 136, 140, 224, 265, 390
Leopold, King of Belgians, 162
North-East Wind, 140, 561
Ode 177, 273, 489
Oubit, The, 368
Saint's Tragedy, 28, 48, 52, 65, 71, 106, 124 187, 206, 207, 238, 245, 261, 265, 270, 271, 298, 313, 361, 367, 374, 382, 402, 410, 425, 441, 443, 457, 467, 484, 552, 558, 565
Sands of Dee, 338, 562
Three Fishers, 318
Ugly Princess, 359
Water Babies. Song I, 41, 470. Song II, 117
KELLY (Mary)—
Tipperary, 522
KIPLING (Rudyard)—
British Soldier, 171, 546
Christmas in India, 231, 245
Conundrum of Workshops, 14-5
English Flag, 136, 169
In Spring Time, 137
Islanders, 238, 359
King's Jest, 258, 298, 487
Last Department, 317
Man who could Write, 246, 333
Masque of Plenty, 493
Maxims of Hafiz, 323, 354, 426
My Rival, 34
Pagett, M. P., 77
Pink Dominoes, 261
Post that Fitted, 298
Tomlinson, 470
Tommy, 479

LAMONT (Alexander)—
Her Last Requiem, 539
LANG (Andrew)—
Almae Matres, 369, 444
Amos Dunn's Wooing, 298
April on Tweed, 528
Art's Martyr, 63, 402, 511
Ballade of Cricket, 87
Ballade of own Country, 35, 445
Ballade of Summer, 503, 528
Book-Man's Paradise, 22
Christmas Ghosts, 193
Clevedon Church, 64, 141

LANG (Andrew) *continued*—
Daniel Elzeviz, 37
Dedication to E. M. S., 184
Desiderium, 440
Good-bye, 160, 205
Grass of Parnassus, 373
Herodotus in Egypt, 85
His Lady's Old Age, 553
Last Cast, The, 10
Limit of Life, 516
Literary Fame, 437
Lost in Hades, 406
Man and the Ascidian, 215
New Millennium, 67, 355, 498, 542
Nightingale Weather, 359
Romance, 108, 505
Rondeaux of the Galleries, 71
San Terenzo, 169
Savage Parabasis, 31
Scythe Song, 308, 450
Song of Phoeacia, 51, 69
Sunset of Watteau, 393
Twilight on Tweed, 533
They Hear the Sirens, 510
LANGBRIDGE (Frederick)—
Amos Dunn's Wooing, 298
Bald Rat, The, 421
Bunch of Daffodils, 559
Christ in the City, 62
Christmas Quarrel, 291, 574
Curse of Cain, 484
Doctor Dan's Secret, 323
Gift of the Bells, 60
How the Light came to Jim, 486
Job Sanderson's Mind, 206
Love for an Hour, 298
My One Love, 456
Norah, 463
Parson's Comforter, 374
Sam Green's Love, 67-8, 298, 556, 583
Sent Back by the Angels, 200
Squire, 223, 493
There came a Fairy Bird, 480
Walter's Choice, 518, 556
Who grows Bonny Pears? 29
LARMINIE (William)—
Speech of Ewer, 313, 386, 484
LE FANU (J. Sheridan)—
Legend of the Glaive, 498
Shemus O'Brien, 160
To a Bottle of Whisky, 298
LE GALLIENNE (Richard)—
Alfred Tennyson, 2
An Impression, 90
Autumn, 18
Ballad of London, 216
Decadent to his Soul, 107, 484
Desk's Dry Wood, 110
In Her Diary, 523
Juliet and her Romeo, 100
Love Afar, 354
Love Platonic, 47
Love's Landmarks, 540
My Books, 36
My Maiden Vote, 543, 553
My Wife Mildred, 298
Ode to Spring, 371, 49
Old Man's Song, 363

Le Gallienne (Richard) *continued*—
Once, 328
Paris Day to Day, 373
Professor Minto, 313
R. L. Stevenson, 299
Time's Monotone, 521
Lecky (W. H.)—
On an Old Song, 53
Undeveloped Lives, 333, 402
Legge (A. E. J.)—
The Losing Side, 108
Lehmann (R. C.) —
Crumbs of Pity, 60, 179, 272, 464, 485
Leland (Charles G.)—
American Cocktail, 71
Ballad of the Foxes, 206
Ballad of the Green Old Man, 27, 313, 491
Breitmann about Town, 65, 132, 406, 434, 573
Breitmann am Rhein, 64, 131, 447
Breitmann in Kansas, 246
Breitmann's Barty, 379
Carrying Coals, 565
Die Schöne Witte, 555
Est Modus in Rebus, 192
Friend Studying German, 192, 193
Girl-Wind, 197
In a Printing Office, 411
In Nevada, 418
Love Song, 299
Mother Carey, 345
Mr. Scroper, 210
One, Two, Three, 567
Picnic, The, 385
Sailor's Farewell, 538
Schintzerl's Philosopede, 30, 537
Story of a Lie, 216, 276, 341, 354, 555, 568
Wein Geist, 299
Lever (Charles J.)—
Bad Luck to this Marching, 322
Larry M'Hale, 251
Widow Malone, 261
Levy (Amy)—
Alma Mater, 299
Clementina Black, 204
Last Judgment, 121
March Day in London, 561
Philosophy, 335, 387
To E., 306
Locker-Lampson (Frederick)—
Invitation to Rome, 228, 437
Piccadilly, 387, 388
St. James' Street, 444
Longfellow (William W.)—
Arsenal at Springfield, 14
Bridge, The, 40
Building of the Ship, 465
Children, 59
Evangeline, 142, 299, 333, 339, 379, 394, 549, 555, 585
Flower-de-Luce, 170
Flowers, 110
Footsteps of Angels, 423
Gasper Becerra, 450
Goblet of Life, 48
God's Acre, 203
Golden Legend, 5, 50, 95, 98, 101, 116, 161, 166, 183, 208, 280, 327, 389, 428, 433, 440, 447, 552
Golden Mile-Stone, 16, 334
Haunted Houses, 220, 280
Hiawatha:
Childhood, 108
Departure 47, 504
Introduction, 290
Hunting of Pau-Puk-Keewis, 550
Wooing, 318
Hymn to Night, 355
It is not always May, 34
Jewish Cemetery, 254
Ladder of St. Augustine, 68, 224
Lighthouse, The, 285, 465
Lover's Errand, 299
Maidenhood, 280
Miles Standish, i. 461: ii. Love and Friendship, 388; iv. John Alden, 115; v. Sailing of the Mayflower, 206, 443
My Lost Youth, 517
Nuremberg, 265
Old Clock on Stairs, 144
Palingenesis, 451
Prelude, 485
Prometheus, 90, 443
Psalm of Life, 15, 280, 281
Resignation, 160
Sea-Diver, 453
Slave in the Dismal Swamp, 473
Spanish Student, 9, 27, 56, 112, 159, 160, 220, 274, 340, 359, 407, 506, 571
Tales of a Wayside Inn:
Interlude, 226
Poet's Tale, 31, 34, 368, 374, 427, 459, 519
Prelude, 247
To-morrow, 162
Village Blacksmith, 132
Wind over the Chimney, 132
Wreck of Hesperus, 342
Lover (Samuel)—
Rory O'More, 121, 299, 362
Widow Machree, 6
Lowell (James R.)—
After the Burial, 101
All Saints, 158
Anti-Apis, 392, 531
Behind the Curtains, 162, 502
Bibliolatres, 30
Biglow Papers: Series i., 51, 75, 77, 131, 181, 237, 340, 394, 399, 408 411, 513, 547, 557; Series ii., 9, 35, 38, 107, 109, 137, 152, 175, 228, 240, 245, 272, 338, 352, 380, 389, 393, 407, 413, 456, 467, 476, 495, 517, 575.
Capture of Slaves, 66
Cathedral, The, 3, 352
Changeling, The, 60
Columbus, 97, 551
Dead House, 230, 376, 571
Death of Friend's Child, 59
Elegy of W. E. Channing, 404, 531
Fable for Critics, 88, 127, 421, 458
Falcon, The, 157
For an Autograph, 4, 281

LOWELL (James R.) *continued*—
Freedom, 473
Indian Summer Reverie, 32, 346, 507
Interview with Miles Standish, 382, 415
Legend of Brittany, 10, 15, 146, 269, 403, 489, 505
Longing, 290
Memoriae Positum, 227
Memory of Hood, 235
Ode for Fourth of July, 396
Oriental Apologue, 189, 295
Palinode, 101
Parting of the Ways, 128
Pictures from Appledore, 284, 342, 504
Pine Tree, To a, 389
Present Crisis, 531
Sea-Weed, 453
To —●— 149, 154
Under the Old Elm, 39, 142, 265, 350, 427
Under the Willows, 326, 382
Vision of Sir Launfal, 49, 194, 274
Voyage to Vinland, 467
Youssouf, 357
LUCILLA (*see* Anon)—
LUSHINGTON (Sir Franklin)—
Alma, 55
The Fleet Under Sail, 46, 443
LUSHINGTON (Henry)—
Inkermann, 182, 247
To Memory of Alessandro, 4
LYALL (Sir A. C.)—
Night in the Red Sea, 485
Theology in Extremis, 85, 178, 205
LYSAGHT (S. R.)—
Confession of Hope, 130, 523
Confession of Unfaith, 385
General Confession, 85
Islands, The, 79
Ritual: A Lesson, 154
A Second Lesson, 265
Soul of the Wanderer, 552
Storm 4
Undiscovered Shore, 240, 333, 335
Unexpressed, The, 559
LYTTON (Earl of)—
Good Night in the Porch, 32, 90, 324, 476
The Orator, 367, 575

MCCALL (P. J.)—
Herself and Myself, 228
MC CARTHY (D. F.)—
Spring Flowers from Ireland, 582
MACDERMOTT (Martin)—
Girl of the Red Mouth, 196
MACDONALD (George)—
After Thomas Kempis, 70, 273
Autumn Nights, 343
Baby, 19
Better Things, 4, 41, 94, 183, 409
Bonny, Bonny Dell, 45, 109
Book of Dreams, 31, 64, 128, 172, 219, 318, 389
Book of Sonnets, 396
Brother Artist, 15
Child Mother, 247
Clock of the Universe, 69
Death, 101, 263, 363
MACDONALD (George) *continued*—
December Day, 104
Disciple, The, 118, 313, 388, 442, 504
Donkey to Horse, 117
Early Bird, 31
Father's Hymn, 223
Gospel Women, 101
Haunted House, 220
Hidden Life, 25, 200, 313, 415, 442
Homeless Ghost, 193
How shall He Sing who Hath no Song 472
I Know What Beauty is, 25
Journey, The, 434
Lessons for a Child, 198, 344
Light, 284
Little Boy Blue, 71, 474
Longing, 290
Love's Ordeal, 299, 343
Lycabas, 568
Make-Believe, 417
Midge, on a, 332
Mistletoe, 338
Mr. Doddridge's Dog, 116
My Heart, 355
My Room, 422
Old Garden, The, 188, 236, 255, 272 472, 504
Owl and the Bell, 28, 369
Prayer for the Past, 292
Rejoice, 560
Sangreal, The, 29
Songs of Spring Days, 491
Songs of Summer Days, 166
Sparrow, The, 369, 486
Story of the Sea-Shore, 309
Summer Song, 463
Sunday Meditation, 551
Tell Me, 343
Thankless Lady, 98
This Side an' That, 78
Threatened with Blindness, 150
Three Horses, 284, 313
To ———, 255
To S. F. S., 212
To-morrow, 523
Unrest, 240
Waking Dream, 492, 560
Willie's Question, 106, 128
Within and Without, 25, 107, 266, 281 284, 299, 467, 475
MACGEE (T. D'Arcy)—
Antiquary O'Donovan, 531
Duffy in Prison, 273, 436
Infelix Felix, 181
MACKAY (Eric)—
Ad Te Clamavi, 111, 212, 314
Anteros 174, 308
Beethoven at the Piano, 27
Byron, 45
Dante, 95
Domina Exaudi, 348, 367, 443
Ecstasy, 269
Gladys the Singer, 485, 544
Gratia Plena, 386, 390
Lilium Inter Spinas, 187
Mary Arden, 462
Ode to Swinburne, 508
Salve Regina, 500 –

MacKay (Eric) *continued*—
Sarasate, 445
Sisyphus, 537
Song of Servitude, 232, 373
Stella Matutina, 3
Sylvia in the West, 209
Token Flower, 411
Victor Hugo, 237
Virgo Dulcis, 25, 344
Visions, 443
Vox Amoris, 581
Waking of the Lark, 269, 396, 481
Zulalie, 416
Mackenzie (W. A.)—
Victoria, 539
MacLeod (Fiona)—
Bandruidh, The, 38, 223
Bird of Christ, 430
Bugles of Dreamland, 123, 163, 582
Burden of the Tide, 451, 454
Cathair-Sith, 559
Chant of Ardan, 30, 52, 154
Dream Fantasy, 123
Eilidh, My Fawn, 164
End of Aodh-of-the-Songs, 371
Green Branches, 39
Hills of Ruel, 461
In the Shadow, 171
Moon-Child, 551
Passion of Women, 111, 300, 453, 513
Rose of Flame, 439
Rune of Age, 363
Shepherd, The, 131, 300, 451
Sorrow of Delight, 217
Spell of the Sight, 483
MacLeod (Norman)—
Trust in God and do the Right, 31
Malachy (Ryan)—
Rose Adair, 302
Marston (Philip B.)—
Breadth and Beauty of Night, 355
Flower Fairies, 153
Friendship and Love, 300
Last Harvest, 101
Resignation, 281
River, The, 434
Roses and the Nightingale, 300
Spring and Despair, 499
Summer Changes, 27, 45
When I Wake up Alone, 329
Mason (Canon G. E.)—
Claudia, 52, 55, 56, 64, 69, 143, 148, 184, 212, 263, 281, 300, 319, 352, 381, 406, 437, 470, 473, 510, 514
Massey (Gerald)—
Babe Christabel, 150
Bridal, The, 40
Eighteen Hundred and Forty-eight, 335, 547
England goes to Battle, 137
Fleet before Sebastopol, 432
Glimpse of Auld Lang Syne, 172
Hood, 135, 210, 400, 489
Husband and Wife, 239
Ichabod, 281
In Australia, 17
Merry Christmas Eve, 380
New Year's Eve in Exile, 365, 496
Massey (Gerald) *continued*—
Old England, 137
Patriot, The, 473
People's Advent, 210
Song in the City, 26
Wedded Love, 212
Welcome to Louis Kossuth, 200
Worker, The, 266, 314
World full of Beauty, 578
World worthy Better Men, 47
"Meredith (Owen)"—
Marah, 300
Absence, 1
Antagonisms, 571
Appendix, 300
Ars Amoris, 323
Corroboration, 355
Death, 329
Diminuendo, 222
Epilogue, 521
Experientia Docet, 300
Her Portrait, 485
Hic Incepit, 480
Horace and Lydia, 55, 403
Lies, 531, 408
Marah's Dower, 300
Nocturn, 114
Only Difference, 113
Perturbation, 356
Semper Eadem, 425
Storm, 497
When all is Over, 334
Merivale (Herman)—
White Pilgrim, 101
Meynell (Alice)—
Autumn, 163
Builder of Ruins, 582
Daisy, To a, 94
February, 344
Lady Poverty, 403
Letter from Girl to own Old Age, 275, 329, 366
Poet, To a, 454
Poet to His Childhood, 62
Poet's Wife, 396
Roaring Frost, 560
Shepherdess, The, 464
Sonnet, 456
Spring on Alban Hills, 437
The Two Poets, 542
Unmarked Festival, 97, 165
West Wind in Winter, 562
Monkhouse (Cosmo)—
The Night Express, 418
Moore (George)—
Bending of the Bough, 51, 62, 74, 142, 237, 244, 367, 424, 432, 456, 462, 495, 540
Morris (Sir Lewis)—
Alone, 348
Beckett and the Fair Saracen, 374
Courage, 81
Curse of Pantannas, 160
Cynic's Day-Dream, 30, 158
December Evenings, 145
Diamond Jubilee, 137, 433
Empty House, An, 420
English Idyll, 57, 221
Enigma, The, 433

Morris (Sir Lewis) *continued*—
Epic of Hades:
Achaeon, 281
Andromeda, 236
Artemis, 201
Clytemnestra, 203
Endymion, 4
Hades, 281, 352, 470
Helen, 300
Marsyas, 152, 201, 502
Olympus, 122, 128, 263, 466, 499, 518
Psyche, 122, 154
Sisyphus, 108, 363, 558
Tantalus, 432, 456
Evensong, 53, 272
For a School Magazine, 30
Fortunes of Britain, 137
Georgian Romance, 75, 387
Ghosts, 54
Gwen, 118, 177, 178, 196, 204, 287, 301, 521
Gycia, 215, 239, 281, 323, 335, 542, 571
Hymn in Time of Idols, 484
Ightham, Mote 271
In Autumn, 18
In a Country Churchyard, 133, 174, 531
In Memory of Two Friends, 512
In Pembrokeshire, 418
In Springtime, 521
In Trafalgar Square, 352, 518
Llyn y Morwynion, 376
Love's Suicide, 113
Lux in Tenebris, 263
Lydstep Caverns, 8, 45, 400
Midsummer Night's Dream, 96, 141
New Order, 73, 194
Ode of Life:
Ode of Age, 44, 363, 432
Ode of Change, 53, 101
Ode of Childhood, 20, 38, 310, 585
Ode of Creation, 282
Ode of Decline, 537
Ode of Evil, 147, 272, 432
Ode of Perfect Years, 106, 163, 164, 263, 266, 301, 345, 428, 542
Ode of Youth, 311, 585
Ode to Free Rome, 122, 437
On a Birthday, 539
On an Old Statesman, 103
On a Young Poet, 217
Organ Boy, The, 138
Orphic Hymn, 558
Physicians of Myddfai, 163, 190
Rhyme the Consoler, 387, 398
Separation Deed, 246
Sherborne, 449
Silvern Speech, 487
Song, 521
Song of Empire, 289
Souls in Prison, 484
Thrush Singing in Autumn, 128, 26, 450, 542
Tolerance, 155
Tormentors, To the, 484
Touchstone, The, 266, 387, 393
Treasure of Hope, 408
True Man, The, 163, 531
Union of Hearts, 82, 518

Morris (Sir Lewis) *continued*—
Ver non Semper Viret, 467
Voices, 467, 513
Wanderer, The, 252, 289, 444
Whither? 266, 547
Morris (William)—
Defence of Guinevere
Chapel in Lyoness, 439
Golden Wings, 508
Praise of My Lady, 150
Riding Together, 39, 193, 204, 261
Sir Giles' Warsong, 13
Spellbound, 386
Earthly Paradise
Acontius and Cydippe, 222, 307
April, 158, 276
August, 17
Bellerophon at Argos, 9, 67, 174, 197, 201, 350, 566
Bellerophon in Lycia, 101, 236, 301, 505, 528
Cupid and Psyche, 341, 500, 564, 561
Dealings of King Olaf with Icelanders, 474
Doom of King Acrisius, 26, 51
February, 166, 213, 378, 564
Fostering of Aslaug, 356
Gudrun's Deeming, 145
Gudrun Twice Wedded, 163
He who never Laughed again, 487
Hill of Venus, 33, 111, 409
Introduction, 472
January, 253
July, 153
June, 442, 499
Land East of the Sun, 172, 213
L'envoi, 282
Love of Alcestis, 201, 236, 256, 547, 578
Lover's of Gudrun, 487
Man born to be a King, 18, 266, 499
March, 322
November, 359
October, 445
Ogier the Dane, 217, 234
Prologue to May, 560
Prophecy of Guest the Wise, 123
Ring given to Venus, 401, 451
Stealing of the Coif, 147, 301
Story of Rhodope, 352
Sword without the Scabbard, 220
Wanderer, The, 101, 212, 434, 460
Yule Feast at Bathstead, 301
Life and Death of Jason, 15, 54, 163, 187, 219, 231, 282, 286, 321, 323, 342, 392, 430, 451, 474, 496, 523, 547, 586
Moulton (Louise C.)—
Aspiration, 578
Birds and I, 130
Coquette's Defence, 79
In a Library, 98
King Dethroned, 258
Lethe, 329
Song for Rosalys, 30, 363
Summoned by the King, 144
Vastness of Night, 282

NESBIT (Edith)—
At the Private View, 481
August, 129
Baby Song, 308
Brown Study, 150
Christmas, 433
Cul-de-Sac, 103
Depths of the Sea, 110
Devil's Due, 447
Dirge in Grey, 476
Garden, The, 497
Industrial Centre, 266
July, 401
Last Appeal, 433
Love's Suicide, 381
Magnificat, The, 348
Moat House, 19, 478, 523
Old Age, 122, 363
Quand Même, 172
Quarrel, The, 416
Richborough Castle, 476
Rondeau, 439
Ruckinge Church, 252, 550
Rye, 441
Spring Song, 125
Star in the East, 266
Tekel, 286, 287, 435
To a Young Poet, 17
Two Voices, 274
Unofficial, 359
Until the Dawn, 155, 181
Vies Manquées, 519
Woman's World, 556
NEWBOLT (Henry)—
Admiral Death, 495
Admiral Blake, 534
Admirals All, 2
Clifton Chapel, 42, 64
Craven, 82
Echo, The, 336
Felix Antonius, 363
Fighting Téméraire, 376, 514
Gavotte, 189
Gay Gordons, 205
Guides at Cabul, 82
Hawke, 38, 138
He fell among Thieves, 282
Imogen, 282
Ireland, 250
John Nicholson, 140, 360
Last Word, The, 331, 544
Laudabunt Alii, 112
Minora Sidera, 361
Non-Combatant, 153, 349
Song of Exmoor, 494
Trafalgar Cenotapa, 353
Vae Victis, 83
Vigil, The, 198, 432
Vitae Lampada, 87, 188
NEWMAN (J. H.)—
Dream of Gerontius, 468
NISBET (Hume)—
Borderland, 115, 172
Death of Cleopatra, 122, 282
In the Cell, 518
Matador, The, 477
Misty Twilight, 534
Moss Land 223
October, 390
NESBIT (Hume) *continued*—
On Style, 314
NORTON (Mrs.)—
Lady of La Garaye, 27, 120, 167, 168, 199, 488

O'DONNELL (J. F.)—
Spinning, Song, 488
O'GRADY (S. J.)—
Lough Bray, 329
O'HAGAN (John)—
Old Story, The, 208
Ourselves Alone, 244, 384, 458
Protestant Ascendency, 429
" O'NEILL (Moira) "—
Corrymeela, 403
OUTRAM (George)—
Fules Sang, The, 481
Hope, 234
Lawyer's Suit, 273
Saumon, The, 444

PALGRAVE (Francis T.)—
After Chalgrove, 85
Alfred the Great, 339
Bermerton, 152, 177
Churchyard in Oxfordshire, 240
Crossing Solway, 325
Death of Sir John Moore, 548
Dorset Idyll, 222
Dream of Maxim Wledig, 122
El Dorado, 50, 181, 524
Fugitive King, 424
London Bridge, 434
Pilgrim and Ploughman, 56, 567
Prelude, 138
Rejoicing of the Land, 64, 235, 272 495, 554
Return of Law, 310
Sidney at Zulphen, 174, 421
Simplicity, 59
Summer Sunset, 80
Things Visible and Invisible, 118, 187
Whitehall Gallery, 566
PAYNE (P. S.)—
Rest, 428
PENNELL (H. C.)—
Croquet, 88, 203
PERRY (F.)—
Little Shamrock of Ireland, 463
PHILLIPS (Stephen)—
A. S. P., 122
Christ in Hades, 282, 360
Faces at a Fire, 89
Herod, 122, 168, 191, 366, 404, 422
Marpessa, 18, 26, 151, 155, 180, 184, 209, 246, 301, 308, 349, 356, 363, 439, 461
Paolo and Francesca, 98, 101, 301, 468, 483, 569
Ulysses, 51, 89, 102, 120, 129, 156, 252, 282, 301, 307, 332, 364, 492, 524, 534, 563
PINKERTON (Percy E.)—
Galeazzo, 188, 270, 342, 538
In an Arbour, Asolo, 431
Musia Veneziana, 349
Sulla Rocca, 32, 540

PRAED (W. Mackworth)—
Arrivals at a Watering Place, 555
Belle of Ball-Room, 5, 302
Fancy Ball, 21
Good Night to Season, 23-4
Portrait of a Lady, 177, 196, 489
POWER (Marguerite A.)—
A Hidden Rose-Tree, 440
PROCTOR (Adelaide)—
A Lost Chord, 62
Q[uiller] C[ouch] *see* C[ouch]
RANKINE (W. M.)—
Dashing Young Fellow, 245, 323
RAWNSLEY (Rev. H. D.)—
Among the Drigg Sand-Hills, 450
August at the Lakes, 223
By the Esk, 336
Eskmeals, 227
Falmouth, 138
Great Tit, 522
Harbour Pier, Whitby, 400
Harlech, 219
Helvellyn, 225
In Memoriam to C. T. Turner, 396
July at The Lakes, 491
Lighthouse at Needles, 480
Lincolnshire Marshes, 441
Links, On the, 203
Low-Wood, 292
Mullyon Island, 314
Saint Bees Head, 485
Sea Gulls at St. Bees, 215
Sea Sympathy, 358
Snowdrops of Esthwaite, 477
Sonnet, XIV, 269; XXXIV, 268; LXXVII, 531
Squirrel, The, 493
Terrace at Muncaster, 451
Ulverston, 129
Wagtail, The, 545
Wordsworth's Seat, 519
READ (T. Buchanan)—
Brushwood, 365
Christine, 13, 332
R[HYS] C. C.—
At a Country House, 192
China Leaves, 92
Christmas House Party, 63
Commemoration at Oxford, 221
Eve of the First, 460
Fragment, A, 79, 196
King Carnival, 48
La Chasseresse, 239
Lay of Ill-Luck, 153, 308
Life's a Chase, 283
London in May, 289
Norman Peasant Girl, 475
Old Henley Days, 226
Song of Yesterday, 331
Stolen Fruit, 83, 186
Up for the Season, 454
RHOADES (James)—
Her Epitaph, 539
ROBERTSON (F.)—
Loch of Destruction, 268
Rain, 419
Snow, 477
Voyage, The, 70
ROSSETTI (Christina)—
Christmas Eve, 63
Divers Worlds, 60
Eventide, 444
Gifts and Graces, 105, 177, 234, 302, 378
I gave a Sweet Smell, 444
New Jerusalem, 16, 56, 378
St. John Apostle, 101
Songs for Strangers and Pilgrims, 18, 108, 115, 234, 270, 282, 283, 302, 375, 383, 474, 483, 486, 489, 507
Time and Eternity, 521
Vain Shadow, 578
ROSSETTI (Dante Gabriel)—
Adieu, 526
Ave, 451
Bride's Prelude, 470
Burns, 44
Cloud Confines, 376
Day Dream, 122
Fiu di Maggio, 326
Honeysuckle, 232
House of Life:
Introduction, 482
Sonnet, XLIV, 537
Jenny, 571
King's Tragedy, 399, 545
Lady's Lament, 217
Mnemosyne, 329
Portrait, The, 480
Reaching Brussels, 526
Rose Mary, 225, 249
Shelley, 464
Song and Music, 216
Sonnet, I, 158, XXIV, 54, LXXXII, 18, LXXXV, 106, XCVII, 334
Soothsay, 106, 184, 314
Staff and Scrip, 542
Stream's Secret, 468
Sunset Wings, 438
Versicles and Fragments, 201, 376
White Ship, 402, 451
World's Worth, 155
SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG (G. F.)—
Wicklow, 384, 555
SAWYER (William)—
At the Opera "Faust," 218, 585
SEAMAN (Owen) "—
Ars Postera, 15, 196, 310
Boy Poet, To a, 354
Ode to Spring in Metropolis, 2, 314
Old Fogey, To an, 218
Romany Rye, 302
Scholar-Farmer, 370
Stalking of the Stag, 155
Vigo Street Eclogue, 275, 276, 545 546
SCOTT (W. Bell)—
Below the Old House, 375
SHAIRP (J. C.)—
A Remembrance, 13, 370, 532
SHAW (Bernard)—
Cæsar and Cleopatra, 201
Captain Brassbound's Conversion, 192 379, 470, 480
Devil's Disciple, 470, 479
SIGERSON (Dora)—
Verses (1893), 243

SIGERSON (George)—
Far Away, 160
Issaac Butt, 314, 500
Love's Despair, 302
SIMS (George R.)—
Actor's Story, 403
Devonshire Lanes, 104
Earl's Daughter, 150, 163
Forgotten, 2
Kate Maloney, 251
Lancashire Lad, 336
Last Letter, 102, 113
Legend of Love, 201, 446
Magic Wand, 368
Moll Jarvis O' Morley, 571
One Winter Night, 49
Overture, 289
Polly, 399
Silly Old Man, 72
Sister's Story, 113, 498
Two Women, 478
SMITH (Alexander)—
Edwin of Deira, 19, 104, 118, 159, 209, 224, 231, 266, 302, 314, 417, 461, 503, 534, 547, 548, 566, 568
Life Drama, 26, 102, 216, 356, 399
Torquil and Oona, 52, 98
SMITH (James)—
Winter, 523
SMITH (Walter C.)—
Abbey, The, 341
Amory Hill, 115
Bishop, The, 6
Dark Evening, 329
Dick Dalgleish, 67, 314, 506, 525
False Sea, A, 452
Heretic, A, 41, 85, 88, 119, 352, 515
Herr Professor Kupfer-Nickel, 382, 575
Hilda, 15, 17, 30, 37, 54, 64, 81, 83, 115, 119, 126, 155, 201, 208, 238, 324, 337, 359, 390, 394, 396, 433, 468, 471, 472, 532, 575, 579, 580, 585
Hours, The, 334
Iona, 52, 249
Lettre de Cachet, 583
Miss Bella Japp, 112, 271
Moral-Sublime, 520
Olrig Grange, 36, 150, 174, 189, 267, 302, 314, 369, 388, 447, 460, 462, 471, 481, 485, 515, 571
Paul in Tarsus, 583
Pulpiteer, A, 251, 372, 403, 430, 494
Ruggles the Salvationist, 129
Thing I of the Lord Desire, 385
Work and Spirit, 156
SMYTHE (G.) [Viscount Strangford]—
Aristocracy of France, 61, 358
Merchants of Old England, 330
STEVENSON (Robert Louis)—
Christmas at Sea, 70
Feast of Famine, 371
From a Railway Carriage, 418
If this were Faith, 234
Island Princess, To an, 452
Minnie, To, 59
My Shadow, 461
My Wife, 556
STEVENSON (Robert Louis) *continued*—
S. C., To, 66
Song of Rahéro, 571
Tropic Rain, 201
Venging of Tamatea, 211
Wind, The, 560
Woodman, The, 126, 468
STODART (M. A.)—
Man the Lifeboat, 284
STOKES (Whitley)—
Man Octipartite, 2, 314, 315
STORY (W. W.)—
A Musical Box, 478
STUBBS (Charles W.)—
Conscience, 255
Death the Revealer, 303
Happy-go-Lucky, 287
Mind-Stuff, 12, 283
Prayer of Age, 364, 586
Two Epitaphs, 102, 283
Una and her Paupers, 129, 150, 571
SWINBURNE (Agernon C.)—
Adieu à Marie Stuart, 303
Atalanta in Calydon, 34, 59, 72, 102, 186, 210, 213, 215, 267, 272, 303, 310, 315, 415, 426, 468, 486, 487, 491, 513, 572, 575
Bothwell, 9, 83, 106, 148, 175, 185, 232, 233, 241, 256, 414, 481, 579
By the North Wind, 507
Child Asleep, 122
Child's Laughter, 271
Child's Sleep, 481
Children, 59
Cradle Songs, 20
Dunwich, 73, 209, 521, 560
Erechtheus: Storm and Battle, 23, 102
Forsaken Garden, 166, 173, 521
Fosterling, A, 518
Guernsey, In, 92
Herse, 59
Hertha, 320
In the Salt Marshes, 324
In the Water, 176
Marino Faliero, 82, 89, 134, 165, 181, 182, 213, 233, 240, 242, 256, 266, 291, 315, 383, 410, 429, 433, 462, 532
Mary Stuart, 185, 258, 272, 315, 349, 379, 399, 461, 518, 566
Mary Stuart at Solway, 351
Midsummer Holiday:
After a Reading, 61, 151
Clear the Way, 175, 474, 526
Cliffside Path, 468
In Sepulcretis, 158
Les Casquets, 48, 500
Mill Garden, The, 505
New Year Ode, 45, 481, 534
Pelagius, 20, 225
Seaboard, The, 199, 452, 468
Word for the Country, 134, 237, 325, 350
Word from the Psalmist, 54, 74, 340, 406, 543
Off Shore, 454, 589
Song of Welcome, 59
Sunbows, The, 505
Sunset, A, 381

SWINBURNE (Algernon C.) *continued*—
Tale of Balen, 39, 49, 95, 142, 147, 197, 235, 247, 315, 367, 474, 477, 486, 491, 500, 503, 575
Tristram of Lyonesse:
Iseult at Tingagel, 452
Sea and Sunrise, 110
Year's Burden, A, 462
SULLIVAN (T. D.)—
Dear Old Ireland, 250
SYMONS (Arthur)—
Beggars, The, 27
Dance of the Daughters of Herodias, 390
Dance of the Seven Sins, 130, 144, 253, 340, 409, 447, 485
Divisions on a Ground, 303, 391, 442, 489
Haschisch, 579
Lough-Na-Gar, 420
Laus Virginitatis, 230
Lover and Queen of Sheba, 566
Modern Beauty, 26
Opals, 366
Price, The, 303
Tune, A, 329
Unloved, The, 364
Venetian Night, 268, 542
Wanderer's Song, 141, 283

TABLEY (Lord de)—
Auguries of May, 43, 84, 187, 227, 285
Aurora, 178, 586
Autumn Serenade, 18
Circe, 33, 45, 168, 287, 444, 488
Churchyard on the Sands, 215, 445, 453
Daphne, 120, 166, 287
Defeat of Glory, 32, 209 258
Dithyramb, 5
He May Who Can, 310, 371
Hymn to Astarte, 16, 93, 176
Island of Circe, 494
Jael, 33, 126, 552
Leave-Taking, A, 575
Love Grown Old, 522, 557, 586
Madrigal, A, 303
Misrepresentation, 186, 476
Nimrod, 253
Ode, An, 98, 143
Ode to Pan, 12, 33, 252, 372, 477, 503
Pandora, 39, 68, 303, 372, 385, 420, 423, 442, 452, 494, 511, 526, 541
Pastoral, 11
Phaethon, 331, 361, 367
Pilgrim Cranes, 84, 496
Regret, 78
Retrospect, 208
Rural Evening, 271, 545
Spring Flowers, 492
Study of a Spider, 488
Woodland Grave, 51
Zeus, 156

TENNYSON (Alfred, Lord)—
Adeline, 45
Akbar's Dream, 86, 303, 344, 406, 410, 454, 504, 579, 580
Amphion, 117
Ancient Sage, 30, 55, 69, 95, 111, 156, 317, 326, 505, 518, 543

TENNYSON (Alfred, Lord) *continued*—
Audley Court, 68, 303, 377, 479
Aylmer's Field, 62, 291, 391, 497, 515
Becket, 64, 89, 125, 158, 270, 325, 341, 371, 373, 391, 554
Beggar Maid, 27
Blackbird, The 32, 472
Break, Break, Break, 184
Brook, 41, 208, 209, 397
Captain, The, 9
Character, A, 456
Charity, 62
Children's Hospital, In the, 83
Churchwarden and Curate, 21, 65, 91, 97, 374
Crossing the Bar, 102
Columbus, 214, 390
Cup, The, 257, 503, 575
Day-Dream, 350, 428
Death of Oenone, 178
Death of Old Year, 582
Death of Wellington, 129, 138-9, 210, 326, 469, 500, 550, 553
Dedication, A, 246
Defence of Lucknow, 140, 223, 245, 266, 431, 496
Dirge, A, 576
Doubt and Prayer, 119
Dream of Fair Women, 28, 253, 417, 511
Dying Swan, 481
Eagle, The, 130
Early Sonnets: III, 404, VIII, 79 XI, 40
Enoch Arden, 71, 95, 443, 452, 500
Epilogue, 548
Evolutionist, By an, 364, 448
Faith, 86, 228, 442
Falcon, The, 309, 315
Far, Far Away, 28
Fleet, The, 170
Flight, The, 32, 135, 220, 576
Fitzgerald, To E., 356
Gardener's Daughter, 31, 51, 69, 188, 270, 271, 311, 428, 466
Golden Year, 130, 267
Grandmother, The, 175, 277, 315, 524
Hands all Round, 75, 80, 211
Happy, 98, 373, 427
Harold, 75, 86, 123, 186, 197, 232, 285, 386, 401, 462, 468, 532, 535, 543, 544, 566, 575
Hendecasyllabics, 88
Higher Pantheism, 201
Idylls of the King:
Coming of Arthur, 41, 259, 303, 437, 519, 528, 532, 566,
Dedication, 4, 223, 262, 283, 539
Gareth and Lynette, 46, 74, 107, 175, 227, 228, 232, 259, 283, 358, 380, 450, 461, 473, 496, 544, 572, 576, 581
Geraint and Enid, 57, 89, 124, 125, 150, 167, 185, 191, 213, 214, 215, 310, 315, 338, 357, 372, 427, 431, 481, 528, 529, 532, 543, 554
Guinevere, 19, 135, 156, 177, 210, 213, 225, 228, 270, 304, 321, 339, 427, 475, 503, 544, 579

TENNYSON (Alfred, Lord) *continued*—
Holy Grail, 55, 56, 151, 168, 205, 207, 226, 232, 238, 259, 315, 397, 403, 507
Lancelot and Elaine, 15, 59, 82, 135, 164, 194, 210, 259, 268, 304, 360, 385, 429, 441, 496, 511, 579
Last Tournament, 82, 175, 251, 304, 385, 420, 522, 544, 580
Merlin and Vivien, 20, 124, 155, 158, 192, 208, 244, 277, 315, 318, 431, 468, 471, 513, 529
Passing of Arthur, 54, 130, 259, 268, 283, 316, 343, 360, 365, 406, 415, 434
Pelleas and Ettarre, 26, 169, 175, 176, 440
In Memoriam, 20, 22, 29, 51, 54, 57, 62, 63, 65, 66, 86, 92, 102, 108, 112, 119, 133, 134, 146, 147, 151, 155, 163, 178, 182, 184, 192, 202, 213, 218, 267, 273, 286, 288, 292, 304, 321, 334, 353, 360, 375, 397, 405, 413, 425, 430, 448, 471, 473, 477, 481, 483, 487, 509, 529, 533, 536, 552, 557, 568, 576, 584
Isabel, 55, 80, 82, 178, 207, 557
J.S., To, 213
John Oldcastle, Sir, 525
Jubilee of Queen Victoria, 416
Lady Clara Vere de Vere, 205, 311, 321, 383
Lady of Shalott, 22, 225
Launcelot, Sir, and Queen Guinevere, 57
Letters, 472, 529
Light Brigade, 47, 106
Locksley Hall, 36, 54, 144, 160, 178, 202, 224, 239, 277, 304, 368, 373, 394, 416, 448, 483, 566
Lord Cobham, 344
Lord of Burleigh, 15, 373
Lotos Eaters, 267, 345, 349, 435, 544
Love and Duty, 576
Love Thou Thy Land, 54, 219, 263, 379, 384, 407, 430
Lyrical Monologues, 397
Making of Man, 315
Margaret, 483
Mariana, 124, 237, 344
Mariana in the South, 151
Marquis of Dufferin, 415
Mary Boyle, To, 133, 350
Maud, 1, 19, 39, 47, 151, 164, 177, 187, 196, 205, 207, 248, 267, 305, 315, 318, 319, 328, 353, 356, 387, 397, 404, 409, 423, 429, 431, 449, 456, 463, 494, 525, 532, 547, 551, 581, 586
May Queen, 4, 26, 185, 223, 283, 325, 417, 546, 582
Mechanophilus, 412
Mermaid, 331
Merman, 331
Miller's Daughter, 261, 305, 327, 336, 400, 475, 546, 557
Milton, 335
Morte d'Arthur, 96
Northern Cobbler, 194, 443
TENNYSON (Alfred, Lord) *continued*—
Northern Farmer, New Style, 305, 316, 324, 400, 413
Northern Farmer, Old Style, 116
Ode to Memory, 324, 330
Oenone, 208, 287, 432, 458
Oriana, Ballad of, 13
Owd Roä, 117, 156
Owl, The, 369
Palace of Art, 144, 230
Parnassus, 231
Poet, The, 397
Poet's Mind, 397
Poet's Song, 221
Politics, 339
Princess, The, 7, 19, 43, 69, 84, 106, 120, 123, 129, 141, 196, 197, 207, 259 263, 283, 311, 318, 319, 324, 333, 338, 345, 357, 358, 365, 379, 402, 415, 416, 445, 455, 465, 501, 507, 513, 522, 527, 538, 547, 557, 560, 572, 573, 576
Progress of Spring, 88
Queen Mary, 30, 33, 69, 83, 84, 97, 103, 109, 119, 159, 174, 189, 218, 232, 248, 253, 254, 259, 286, 325, 330, 373, 386, 392 440, 446, 450, 458, 475, 476, 479, 485, 495, 525, 560, 566, 567, 572, 579
Revenge, The, 23, 102, 129, 465
Riflemen Form, 112, 424, 498
Rizpah, 273, 497, 560
St. Telemachus, 107, 436
Sea Dreams, 8, 157, 166, 184, 240, 388 446, 454, 475
Sea Fairies, 70
Sir Galahad, 207
Sisters, The, 119, 472
Sixty Years After, 59, 147, 163, 243 316, 367, 408, 532, 566, 579
Sleeping Palace, 44
Spinster's Sweet-Arts, 307, 316
Spiteful Letter, 478
Talking Oak, The, 124
Third of February, 277
Tiresias 379, 541
Tithonus, 316
To ——, 80, 86, 108
Two Voices, 71, 83, 103, 120, 123, 222, 234, 305, 317, 358, 371, 548, 579
Ulysses, To, 586
Vastness, 19, 84, 158, 170, 218, 376, 393, 430, 472, 525, 544
Victor Hugo, To, 384
Village Wife, or Entail, 16, 36, 104, 125, 133, 142
Vision of Sin, 75, 368, 545
Voyage of Maeldune, 375
Wages, 545
Walking to Mail, 221, 321, 572
Waterproof's Monologue, 149, 207
Will, 558
Wreck, The, 6, 72, 316
You Ask Me Why, 138
TENNYSON (Frederick)—
Aeson, 92,103, 104, 274, 496, 581
Ariadne, 305, 521
Halcyone, 235, 338

TENNYSON (Frederick) *continued*—
Hesperia, 11, 76, 205, 249, 260, 305, 381, 382, 536
Isles of Greece:
Alcaeus, 1, 7, 106, 208, 337, 378, 400, 436, 500, 538, 543
Alcaeus and Sappho, 242, 305
Anaktoria, 151, 349, 360
Andros, 230, 572
Antimenidas, 129, 233, 378, 563
Apollo, 1, 131, 586
Armoury, The, 311, 339
Chios, 198, 381
Eumenides, 26, 147, 218, 420
Euthanasia, 381
Phaon, 151, 173, 447
Pittacus, 75
Return, The, 123, 231, 235, 393, 456
Sappho, 170, 349, 463
King Athamas, 496
Niobe, 543, 573
THOMSON (James)—
E[liz.] B[arrett] B[rowning], 42
TODHUNTER (John)—
Coming of Deirdre, 43
TRUMAN (Joseph)—
At Eversley, 260, 499
HYNAN (*see* Hinkson)

VERE (Aubrey de)—
Bard Ethell, 23, 202, 211, 311, 423, 471
Ireland: Winter, 477
Sorrow, 213, 518

WADDINGTON (Samuel)—
Almond Blossom, 5
Ἄλλος ἄλλο λέγει, 336
Beaten Track, 532
Before the Cabinet, 89
"Cul-de-Sac," 263
Cumberland Legend, 51
Dort, 229
E pur si muove, 413
Finite and Infinite, 532
Gerard Gerardi, 532
Gipsy Girl, 195
Millennium, 94
Night Fall, 146, 223
Rookery, A, 438
Self-Sacrifice, 459
Sweetheart, 182
To-Day, 523
Twin Rock Gorge, 198
Vive la Bagatelle, 527
WALLACE (Edgar)—
At the Brink, 220
King of Oojee-Moojee, 429
Nature Fails, 225, 479
Naval Brigade, 353
Nicholson's Nek, 233
Prayer, The, 165
Sea-Nation, The, 139, 182
Song of the Town, 47
T. A. in Love, 123
Tommy's Autograph, 17
War, 548
When London Calls, 290
WALLER (J. F.)—
Kitty Neil, 94
WALLER (J. F.) *continued*—
Spinning Wheel, 488
WARREN (T. H.)—
Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 514
WATSON (William)—
Autumn, 18–9
Byron The Voluptuary, 393
Columbus, 72
Coronation of Edward VII, 103, 130, 141, 167, 250, 263, 559
Dedication, A, 452
Dream of Man, 132, 316, 371, 445
Edward Dowden, 353, 464, 523
England My Mother, 26, 151
English Dead, 227
Epigrams, 33, 385
Epitaph, An, 49
Estrangement, 143
Europe at the Play, 354
European Alliance, 441
Father of the Forest, 347, 572, 584
First Skylark, 270
Friend, To A, 164, 428
Hope of the World, 235, 440, 532
Hymn to the Sea, 96, 97, 316, 452, 492, 528, 564
James Bromley, 576
Keyboard, The, 257
Lachrymae Musarum, 150, 309, 397, 482
Lalcham Churchyard, 159, 199, 211
New National Anthem, 400
Night on Curbar Edge, 468
Ode in May, 316, 492
Raven's Shadow, 421
Restored Allegiance, 139
Ruined Abbey, 440
Shelley's Centenary, 4, 244, 464
Song, 12
Sonnet, 275
Study in Contrasts, 49, 72, 109, 358, 359
Things that are More Excellent, 123, 161, 182, 264, 543, 581
Tired Lion, 198
To ——, 482
Tomb of Burns, 44, 88, 316
Too Late, 305
Unknown God, 178
Wordsworth's Grave, 13, 191, 223, 381 428, 469, 482, 576
WATTS-DUNTON (Theodore)—
Christmas at the Mermaid:
Ben Jonson, 379
David Gwynn's Story, 28, 202, 473
Raleigh's Song, 139, 452
Christmas Tree at the Pines, 63
Columbus, 72
Dukkeripen of the Stars, 218
Grave by the Sea, 306
Language of Nature's Fragrancy, 447
Leconte de Lisle, 357
Letter, The, 492
Midshipman Lanyon, 218
Nature Worshipper, 108
New Year's Morning, 264
Oliver Madox Brown, 397
Open-Air Plays, 408
Prophetic Pictures, 112, 533

WATTS-DUNTON (Theodore) *continued*—
Silent Voices, 514
Starry Night at Sea, 447
Talk on Waterloo Bridge, 290
Temptation, The, 277
WEATHERLY (F. E.)—
The Old Brigade, 480
WEBBER (Byron)—
Hands across the Sea, 42
WHITMAN (Walt)—
As I Ponder in Silence, 548
At a Ship's Helm, 29
Blue Ontario's Shore, 284, 316, 411
Captain, My Captain, 199
Children of Adam, 264, 409
European Revolutionaire, 153, 182
First Dandelion, 94
Joy, Shipmate, 103
Locomotive in Winter, 419
Myself and Mine, 244
Mystic Trumpeter, 528
Our Old Feuillage 463
Patient Spider, 488
Sands at Seventy, 274, 292
Shut not your Door, 36
Singer in the Prison, 78
Song of Answerer, 241, 397
Song of Broad Axe, 13, 66, 74
Song of Joy, 218
Song of Myself, 10, 16, 23, 145, 194, 356, 448
Song of Open Road, 257, 267
Song of Prudence, 106, 414, 484
Song of Universal, 284, 385
Starting from Paumanok, 35 103, 326
That Shadow my Likeness, 456
To the States, 473
Voice of the Rain, 420
WHITTIER (John G.)—
Abolition of the Gallows, 429
Among the Hills, 203, 306, 448
Amy Wentworth, 383
Andrew Rykman's Prayer, 187
Bridal of Pennacook, 7
Calef in Boston, 157, 518
Cassandra Southwick, 47, 452
Channing, 413
Charter-Breakers, 411
Deacon, The, 317
Eventide, At, 248
Friend's Burial, 151, 484
Frost Spirit, 185
WHITTIER (John G.) *continued*—
Funeral Tree of Sokokis, 7
Garrison of Cape Ann, 147
Hazel Blossoms, 222
John Underhill, 402
King Solomon and Ants, 259
King Volmer and Elsie, 120, 176
Lines, 7, 170, 182
Maids of Attitash, 392
Marguerite, 325
Mary Garvin, 50
Maud Muller, 334
Memories, 196
Memory of Thomas Shipley, 247
Miriam, 335
Mogg Megone, 35, 471
My Namesake, 471
My Soul and I, 408
New Year, 317
Pipes of Lucknow, 20
Prophecy of Sam Sewall, 152, 231
Quaker of Olden Time, 247
Questions of Life, 457
Red Riding Hood, 493
Robin, The, 426
Ronge, To, 86, 132
Seeking of the Waterfall, 166
Snow-Bound, 71
Southern Statesman, To a, 163
Stanzas for the Times, 7, 135
Summer, 581
Tauler, 96
Thirty-ninth Congress, 256
To Friend on Death of Sister, 8
Toussaint l'Ouverture, 21, 371, 375, 534
Two Angels, 391
Two Rabbis, 457
Voices, The, 131, 327
What of the Day, 519
Witch's Daughter, 214
WILLIAMS (Charles)—
On Sentry Go, 459
The Waterflask, 170
WILLIAMS (F. H.)—
"It is Well," 539
WYNNE (Charles Whitworth) David and Bathshua, 108, 220, 308, 463, 576

YATES (Edmund)—
Aged Forty, 39, 152
Stolen Child, 227

Butler and Tanner The Selwood Printing Works Frome and London

INDEX

À la Carte : see Table d'Hôte
Abana : *see* Jordan
Abbey : *see* Snow
Abraham's Lap : *see* Contrasts
Absence : *see also* Friend
Abyss : *see* Grief 16
Academic Air : *see* Girl Graduate
Accent : *see* Counsel 2
Accomplishment : *see* Manners 1 ; Success
Accuracy : *see* Faith 4
Ache : *see* Desire 2
Achievement : *see* Life 24 ; Success
Act : *see also* Deeds ; Fate ; First Step ; Right or Wrong
Actions : *see* Deeds ; Men of Action ; Silence ; Winner
Actual : *see* Ideal 1 ; 2 ; Real
Adam : *see* Immortality 3
Adder : *see* Dumb ; Poison
Addled : *see* Art 9
Address : *see* Tact
Adieu : *see* Good-bye ; Good-Night
Admiral Death : *see* Steadfastness
Admiration : *see* Age ; Friend 4
Admonishing : *see* Message
Adorer : *see* Love
Adulation : *see* Flattery
Advance : *see* Civilization ; Progress
Advancement : *see* Humble Beginnings
Advantage : *see* Superior
Adventurous : *see* Hope 17
Advice : *see* Counsel ; Marriage 13 ; Silence 3 ; Word 11
Advocate : *see* Lawyer
Aërolite : *see* Island
Aesop : *see* Donkey
Afar : *see* Present 10
Affection : *see* Love
Affinity : *see* Friendship 6, 6
Affliction : *see also* Angel 3 ; Grief ; Sorrow
After-glow : *see* Victoria, Queen 2
After-love : *see* Wife 10
Age : Coming on of : *see* Habit 2
— Doubts of : *see* Doubt 17
— Dreams in : *see* Dreams 15
— Licence of : *see* Licence
— of Compromise : *see* Fruit 3
— Strong Man's : *see* Dreams 1
— Surly Old : *see* To-Day 5
— *see also* December, Old Age, Old Lady, Old Man, Old Maid, Old Times, Old Woman, Youth
Age of Ages : *see also* Man
Ages, Heir of the : *see* Heir
Aggregates : *see* Purpose
Agnosticism : *see also* Doubt, Faith
Agony : *see also* Nightingale 3 ; Vanity of Things ; Woman
" Ahs " : *see* Life 10
Aids : *see* Noble
Aim : *see also* Failure ; Ignorance 3
Air : *see also* Girl 14, 15 ; God 3 ; House 6 ; Loneliness ; Manners 2, 3 ; Men ; Nobleman 2 ; Riches 2 ; Silence 4
Airy : *see* Cloud 5
Alder : *see* Pond ; River
" All " : *see* Nature 19
" All Things to all Men : *see* Truth 5
Allsopp : *see* Ale
Ally : *see* People
Alma : *see* England 2
Almonds : *see* Nuts to Crack
Alms : *see* Charity ; Gifts
Aloe : *see* Stepmother
Alpine Gentian : *see* Gentian ; Cold
Altar : *see* Man 29
Alum : *see* Bread
Amaranth : *see* Kingfisher 3
Amaranthine Flowers : *see* Love 64
Ambition : *see also* Avarice ; Fame ; Platonic Love ; Pride ; Riches
Amendment : *see* Evolution
Amethyst : *see* Crystals ; Gems
Amphitrite : *see* Evening
Anachronism : *see* Time 6
Anarchy : *see also* Revolution
Ancestors : *see* Bird 3 ; Caste ; Generation ; Pedigree
Anchorage : *see Death the Portal of Life*
Anchorite : *see* Winter 6
Anemone : *see also* Jasmine
Angel : *see also* Childhood 3 ; Contrasts 2 ; Curfew ; Daisy ; Equality 2 ; Grail 2 ; Hedgerows 1 ; Hollyhock ; Love 1, 36 ; Man 9 ; Pity 10 ; Rain 6 ; Right and Wrong 2 ; Woman 34, 43
Angel Playmate : *see* Romance 1
Angel-brotherhood : *see* Snowdrop
Anger : *see also* Lust
Anguish : *see* Grief ; Music ; Step ; Vanity of Things
Annelid : *see* Fossil 2
Anodyne : *see* Rhyme
Answer : *see* Deeds not Words

Antarctic Skies : *see* Iceberg
Anthem : *see* Lark 3
Anti-English : *see The English* 5
Anticipation : *see* Hope
Anxieties : *see* Care
Ape : *see* Monkey
Apostles : *see* Children 13
Apparel : *see* Dress ; Freshmen
Appetite : *see also* Bookworm 2 ; Simplicity 1
Apples : *see also* August ; Cabbages ; Discretion is the better part, etc. ; Eve's Apple ; Honeysuckle ; Poison
Apple-blossom : *see also* Chaffinch ; Nun
Apple-trees : *see* Sheep
Appositeness : *see* Language
Apprehension : *see* Ignorance
Apprenticeship : *see* Occupation 2 ; Ruler 4
April : *see also* Baby 1 ; England ; Primroses 2
April-Fool : *see also* Poet 7
Arab Sailors : *see* Monsoon
Arcadian Fare : *see* Food
Arc : *see* Good 2
Arch : *see* Sunbow
— of the Infinite : *see* Nightingale 3
Argial's Pine : *see* Malachi
Argosies : *see* Cinque Ports
Argument : *see also* Belief ; Example ; Opinion ; Quarrel ; Thinker ; War
Aristocracy : *see* Chivalry
Aristocrat : *see* Man 50
Arithmetic : *see* Measure for Measure
Ark : *see* Classes 5
Arlington, The : *see* London 19
Armouries : *see* Pedigree 5
Armies : *see* Yew
Arms : *see also* Axe ; Chest ; Choice ; Daughter ; Maid ; Spider ; Wife
Art : *see also* Book 4 ; France 1 ; Good 7 ; Ideals 3 ; Science 1 ; Tennyson
Art of Arts : *see* Printing
Articulate Laughter : *see* Voice 8
Artlessness : *see* Poet 24
Ash-tree : *see* Cottage ; Juniper
Asolo : *see* Day
Asp : *see* Blindworm
Asparagus : *see* Cabbages
Aspiration : *see also* Friend 4 ; Girl 10 ; Honeysuckle ; Voice 5
Ass : *see* Knowledge 12 ; Manners 5
Ass's Ears : *see* Fame 11
Assent : *see* Liar
Assertion : *see* Argument 5
Assistance : *see* Preacher 1
Astrofelle : *see* Queen 2
Athenæum : *see* London 19
Atmosphere : *see* Diggings
Attainment : *see* Deeds
Attic Wit : *see* Oxford 1
Attractions, opposite : *see* Life 31
August : *see also* Cricket 4 ; Grasshopper ; Vines 2
Austerity : *see* Monk
Australian : *see* Immortality
Australian Emeu : *see* Emeu
Australasian : *see The English* 11
Authority : *see* King 17
Authors : *see* Gratitude
Authorship : *see also* Ink
Autocrat : *see* Man 50
Autumn : *see also* Breeze 1 ; Fox-Hunting ; Gladness 1 ; London 11 ; Poppy 3 ; Rowan-Berries ; Tears 14 ; Waste 2
Avarice : *see also* Ambition ; Curiosity ; Lust ; Pride
Awe : *see* Age 3 ; Man 32
Aweary : *see* Dreariness
Azure : *see* Love-in-a-Mist

Babble : *see also* Night 13
Babbler : *see also* Rooks 5
Baby : *see also* Omnibus
Babylon : *see* London 12
Bacchante : *see* Dawn 6
Bacchic Glory : *see* Silenus
Bacchic Urn : *see* Urn.
Bachelor : *see also* Reformer
Bachelor Butterflies : *see* Moth 4
Backbone : *see* Church
Bacon : *see* Kindness ; Pipe
Badger : *see* Hermit
Balls : *see also* Snail ; Society 3
Ballads : *see* Children 12 ; London 12
Balm : *see* Quiet ; Winter
Bamboo Hat : *see* Jewess
Ban : *see* Patriots 1
Bank Balance : *see* Vision 3
Banks : *see* Water-Weeds
Banksia Roses : *see* Roses ; Spring 4
Banner : *see* Defeat ; India
Bard : *see* Poet ; *also* Critic 1 ; Lips 1 ; Lark 7 ; Malachi ; Sport 1
Barge : *see also* Loughrigg
Barley-Cakes : *see* Food
Barons' Retainers : *see* Mistletoe
Bat : *see* Cricket 8
Batteries : *see* Sailor 2
Battle : *see also* Spears
Battle, God of : *see* Fear 8
Baubles : *see* Jewellery
Bayonet : *see* Dreams 27 ; Rights of Man 3
Bays : *see* Crime 4
Beach : *see* Waves 5
Bean : *see* Garden 3
Bean Pods : *see* Shallow 2
Beast : *see also* Gateway ; Irish 2 ; Man 10
Beata Mea Domina : *see* Eyes 12
Beautiful : *see* Eyes 21
Beauty : *see also* Courage ; Maid 3 ; Truth 20
Beech : *see also* September 1 ; Spring 11
Beechen Buds : *see* Violet 3
Beer : *see* Ale ; *also* Summer 3
Bees : *see also* Doves 8 ; Garden 5 ; Grasshopper 2 ; Insects ; Linden ; Swarm ; Swinburne ; Winter 3
Beggar : *see also* Hope ; Weariness
Belfry : *see also* Bells ; Crane ; Devil 4
Belief : *see also* Trust 4, 8
Believer : *see* Suffering 1
Believing : *see* Belief ; *also* Experience
Bells : *see also* Evening
Benedick : *see* "No"
Berries : *see* December
Berry, Mary and Agnes : *see* Advantage, showing to the best 2

Best : *see also* Life 12 ; Perfection 2 ; Scholar
Betony : *see* Spring 11
Better : *see* Best 3
Beyond : *see* Present 10
Bible : *see also* Atom
Bicker : *see* Ridicule
Bigot : *see also* Burns
Birch : *see also* Marsh 1
Birds : *see also* Ithaca ; Liar 1 ; Moth 4 ; Sparrow ; Speech 2
Birds of Passage : *see* Chatter 2
Birth : *see* Laugh 3
Birth of Light ; *see* Creation
Birthright : *see also* Freedom 11 ; Gait ; Pedigree
" Black and White " : *see* Printing
Blackbird : *see also* Cherry 1 ; Magpie 3 ; Pheasant ; Swallow 4
Blackcap : *see* Town and Country 2 ; Spring 16
Blackbeetles : *see* Kindness
Blackthorn : *see also* Coppice
Blast : *see* March 1 ; Wind
Blazon : *see* Pedigree 5
Blessing : *see* Care
Blight : *see* May
Blind : *see* Love
Blisco's Pike : *see* Loughrigg
Bliss : *see also* Good 14 ; Happiness
Blood : *see also* Brotherhood 6 ; French and English ; Friendship 8 ; Parvenue ; Pedigree 2, 7
Blood for Blood : *see* Golden Rule
Blood, Ties of : *see* Celt 2
Bloodhounds : *see* Virtue 2
Bloom : *see* Flowers ; Greenhouse
Blossom : *see* Flowers
Blossom-burdened : *see* England 13
Bluebells : *see* Harebells ; Orchids
Blue-bird : *see* Violet 3
Blush : *see also* Bonnet ; Lawyer 2
Blush-Rose : *see* Rose ; also Evening 5
Boar's Flesh : *see* Food
Board : *see* Christmas 1
Boat : *see also* Evening
Bob : *see* Thought 8 ; Wage
Body : *see also* Voice 7
Bole : *see* Murmur 4
Bond of Loving : *see* England 20
Bone, Martyr's : *see* Charms
Bonnet : *see also* Girl 1
Books : *see also* Gratitude ; Education ; House ; January
" Book of Death " : *see* Scarab 1
Boot : *see* Departure ; Naval Brigade ; Riding-Whip
Borders : *see* Garden 3
Bosom-Friend : *see* Sorrow 13
Bough : *see* Murmur 4
Bower : *see* Primroses 3
Bowfell : *see* Loughrigg
Boys : *see also* Home ; Maid ; Thought 12 ; Words 7
Boy-Inquirer : *see* Youth
" Boys will be Boys " : *see* Girl 5
Bracken : *see also* Golf 2
Brain : *see also* Knowledge 2 ; Mind ; Pain 4 ; Parvenue ; Shadow 4
Bramble : *see also* Bryony ; Coppice
Branches : *see also* Autumn 9
Brand : *see* Cigar
Brand : *see* Sin 19 ; Slave 5
Brass : *see* Trumpet ; Waits 1
Bravery : *see* Courage
Braying : *see* Trumpet
Breakfast : *see* Murder
Bream : *see also* Stream 3
Breath : *see* Air
Bread, daily : *see* Authorship 2
Breeze : *see also* Henley ; Poplar Leaves ; Sea-Sickness ; Tree 2
Brew : *see* Schnapps
Briar Rose : *see* Rose ; *also* Hawthorn 1
Bride : *see also* Ireland 6 ; Wife 14
Bride's, St. : *see* London 8
Bridge : *see* Railway 9
Bridle : *see* Man and Woman 3
Brigade : *see* Soldier 12
Brine : *see* Repentence 1 ; Scent 8, 9
Britain : *see* England 18
Briton : *see* England 28
Brook : *see also* Ireland 3 ; Urn
Brother : *see also* Friend 8 ; Husband 2
Browningesque : *see* Style
Bruise : *see* Dullard
Brute : *see* Beasts ; March 2
Bugles : *see also* Dreamland 2 ; England 2
Bullfinch : *see* Cat 2
Bulrush : *see also* Air 2 ; Pan
Burgundy : *see* Philosophy
Burial-day : *see* Holiday
Burial-ground : *see* Graveyard
Bury : *see* Self
Bush-rat : *see* Monkey
Busts : *see* House 1
Butter : *see* Eggs
Buttercup : *see also* City 4 ; Flowers ; Spring 9
Butterfly : *see also* Contentment ; Insects ; Moth 4 ; Poppy 5 ; Spray ; Spring 9
Buttress : *see* Perfection 2
Buzz : *see* Fly 3
By-blows : *see* Time 6
Byronic : *see* Youth 16

Cackle : *see* Quack ; Complaint
Caddis : *see* Pond
Cæsar : *see* Merchant
" Cakes and Ale " : *see* Parnassus
Calamity : *see also* Suffering 2
Calculation : *see* Death 26
Calm : *see also* Good 14
" Came over with the Conqueror " : *see* Demos
Campagna : *see also* St. Peter's
Candles : *see* Monk
Canister : *see Poverty and Content*
Canker : *see* Vane
Cañon : *see* Hawk
Cap : *see* Hat
Capitalist : *see* Classes, The 3
Captain : *see also* Humble Beginnings ; Poet 33
Captives : *see* Slave-Drivers
Carcasses : *see* Lord 1
Card-Case : *see* Bazaar

Cardinal Flowers : *see* Golden-rod
Cardinal's Hat : *see* Worth 1
Cards : *see* Beetles
Care : *see also* Friendship ; Future 2 ; Lover 5 ; Strife 1
Career : *see also* Patronage
Caress : *see* Sea 2
Caricature : *see* Bazaar
Cart : *see* Art 9
Casement : *see* Window ; *also* Roses 3
Cast : *see* Angling
Castle : *see also* Harlech
Cates : *see* Appetite ; Food ; Hunger
Cathay : *see* Europe ; Merchant
Cathedral : *see also* Faddist ; Trade
Cats : *see also* Kindness
Catspaw : *see also* Hypocrite 3
Cattle : *see also* Marsh 1 ; Pool 2 ; Woman 36
Cause : *see also* Brotherhood 5 ; Man and Woman 16
Cause, hidden : *see* Cause and Effect
Cave : *see* World 26
Caw : *see* Rooks 1
Cedar : *see also* Ithaca
Celestine : *see* Crystals
Cell : *see* Hermit
Celt : *see also* Freedom 18
Centipedes : *see* Nature 6
Cess-Pool : *see* Humanity 2
Chace : *see* Battle 5
Chaff : *see also* Henley ; Shadow 2 ; Yesterday 1
Chafing Dish : *see* Venison
Chain : *see also* Idleness ; Slave 4
Chairman : *see The English* 10
Chairs : *see* Man and Woman 8
Chalcedony : *see* Gems 1
Chalice : *see* Memory 13
Chaliced Lily : *see* Lily 1
Chalk : *see* Bread
Champion : *see* Kingsley ; Sport ; Truth
Chance : *see also* Constancy ; *Old Times* ; Opportunity
Chancels : *see* Doubt
Change : *see also* Friendship ; King 11
Channel : *see* English Channel
Chant : *see* River Spirit
Chanting : *see* Music 12
Chaos : *see also* World 31
Chapters : *see* Man 19
Chargers : *see* Battle 2
Charity : *see also* Cranmer ; Gifts
Chariot-Wheel : *see* Love 41
Charlatan : *see* Power 3
Charles : *see* Statecraft
Charles the Martyr : *see* Pendulum
Charles the Profligate : *see* Pendulum
Charwoman : *see* Spring-Cleaning
Chastity : *see also* Vow 8
Cheating : *see also* World 10
Cheek : *see* Middle Age ; Morn ; *Old Woman* 2
Cheese : *see* Apple-Pie
Chestnut : (colour) *see* Good-Night ; Race
Chestnut : (tree) *see also* Food ; Park ; Village
Chief : *see* Rebellion 3
Child : *see* Children ; *also* Age 3 ; Man and Woman 6
Childhood : *see also* Christmas 2
Children : *see also* Progress 2 ; Tulip ; Voice 11 ; Wicklow 2
Chimes : *see also* Lark 5
Chimney : *see* House 6 ; Milestone
China : *see* Tattoo
Chinks : *see* Death 48
Choice : *see also* Voice 9
Chord : *see also* Life 40
Christ : *see also* Sadness 1 ; Vow 8
Christenings : *see* House 3 ; Sin 15
Christian Name : *see* Autograph
Christmas Cheer : *see* Waits
— Holiday : *see* Christmas ; Mistletoe
— Joy-Bells : *see* Memory 17
— Rose : *see* Hellebore
Chronicle : *see* Heart
Chrysolite : *see* Gems 1, 2
Chub : *see* Stream 3
Church : *see also* Progress 8 ; Trade 2
Church-door : *see* Silence
Church-warden : *see* Parson
Churchman : *see* Kingsley, Charles
Churchyard : *see* Graveyard ; *also* Wordsworth 3
Churchyard Stone : *see* Queen 2
Churls : *see* Parvenue
Cicala : *see* Grasshopper ; *also* Lizard 4
Cigar : *see also* Toady
Cinnabar : *see* Crystals
Cinnamon : *see* Sandal-wood
Circe : *see* Youth 7
Circumstance : *see also* Fate 25 ; Invention 3 ; Slave 3
Cistern : *see* Dripping
City : *see also* Discipline ; Oxford
Clamour : *see* Street 2
Clanking : *see* Slave 4
Clarigold : *see* Waits 4
Clavicorn : *see* Waits 4
Clear : *see* Brook
Cleek Shots : *see* Dreams 5 ; Golf
Clematis : *see also* Passion-Flower 2 ; Rowan-berries ; Stocks
Clements, St. : *see* London 8
Clergymen : *see* Religion 7
Clever : *see* Thinking
Cliffs : *see also* Catterskill
Climber : *see* Man 57 ; Parnassus
Clock : *see also* Eternity 4 ; Morning 1
Clod : *see* Toady
Clothes : *see* Dress
Cloud : *see also* Lake 2 ; Love 136 ; Moon 2 ; Moor ; Storm 3
Cloud : House of, *see* Fate
Cloud-bar : *see* Moon 4
Clover : *see also* Scent 10
Club : *see* London 1 ; Marriage 16
Clubland : *see* London 19
Cluck : *see* Quack
Coal : *see* Jewellery
Cobles : *see* September 2
Cobras : *see* Priests 11
" Cockles of the Heart " : *see* Beef
Cockroaches ; *see* Cockchafers
Cocks'-comb : *see* Law 1
Cocoa : *see also* Coffee
Coco-Nut : *see* Monkey
Coffin : *see* Death 6 ; Past 7

Coin : *see* Money
Coleridge : *see* Wordsworth 2
Colin : *see* Stack
College-cap : *see* Wagtail
Cologne : *see* Eau de Cologne ; Scent 3
Colours : *see* Flag ; Christmas Cards
Comb : *see* Mermaid
Comfort : *see also* Death 25 ; Sorrow 15
Common Sense : *see also* Education ; Gospel 1
Commons : *see* Faddist
Commonwealth : *see* Communism
Complexion : *see* Oak-apple
Compliment : *see* Verbiage
Compromise : *see also* Woman 9
Concerts : *see* Society 3
Confetti : *see* Carnival
Conflicts : *see* Argument 5
Coniston : *see* Snowdrop 2
Conqueror : *see* Great 14
Conscience : *see also* Evil 13 ; False 3 ; France 3 ; Hypocrite 2 ; Judgment ; Knight ; Reason 8 ; Vow 8
Consecration : *see* Sleep 5
Constancy : *see also* Love 138 ; Roman 1
Consultation : *see* Dead 7
Contradiction : *see* Jew 3
Contrivance : *see* Love-in-a-Mist
Control : *see also* Lady 2
Controversy : *see also* Cheese-Mites ; Prayer 2
Converse : *see* Conversation ; *also* Manners 4
Convolvulus : *see also* Passion-Flower ; Sunshine 2
Copperhead : *see* Swamp
Cork-Woods : *see* Pan
Corn : *see* Good
Corns : *see* Weather-wise
Coronets : *see* Pedigree 6
Cosmetics : *see* Choice
Cosmos : *see* World 31
Cough-Mixture : *see* Spring 1
"Could if he Would" : *see* Great 4
Council : *see* Parliament
Counsel : *see also* Self 6 ; Wit
Courage : *see also* Judgment ; Roman 1
Courtesy : *see also* Obedience ; Perfection 5
Courtier : *see* Plain Living
Courtship : *see* Marriage 9
Cove Oysters : *see* Menu
Coverts : *see* Christmas 3
Cow : *see* Poetry
Coward : *see also* Sadness 7
Cowslip : *see also* Buttercup 1 ; Cuckoo 4
Crabs : *see* Contrariness
Crack : *see* Rift
Craftiness : *see* Craft ; *also* Poetry 5
Crank : *see* Soldier 12
Crannies : *see* Death 48
Credentials : *see* Tact
Creed : *see* Heresies ; Sermon
Creeds : *see also* Children 16 ; Church 3 ; Deeds, not Creeds ; Manhood 3
Creek : *see* Ford
Crews : *see* Victoria 5
Crocus : *see also* *End Justifies the Means* ; Europe 2 ; Spring Flowers
Crofts : *see* Dragon-flies
Cromwell's Land : *see* Australia
Crops : *see* Bird 5
Cross : *see* Great 15 ; Hypocrite 3 ; Monk ; Progress 1
Croton Oil : *see* Spring
Crow : *see* Sparrow 3
Crowd : *see* Brotherhood 3
Crown : *see also* Coward ; Death 26 ; Heart 2 ; Immortality 1 ; Manhood 4 ; Sorrow 15 ; Woman 36
Crowsfoot : *see* Piety 3
Cruelty : *see also* Ignorance 1 ; Maid 13
Crusaders : *see* Daisy 2
Crust : *see* Summer 3
Cry : *see* Deeds 19 ; Doubt 19 ; Lark 5
Cub : *see* Circumstance 2
Cuckoo : *see* Autumn 1 ; Cockchafers ; Corn-Crake ; Nature 3 ; World 6
Cultivation : *see* Culture ; Deeds 14
Cup : *see* Earth 3 ; Grail 1 ; To-day ; Yeoman
Cupid : *see also* Chaperone
Curiosity : *see also* Nose 3
Curse : *see also* Life 11 ; Sea 1
Custard : *see* Menu
Cymbals : *see* Waves 4
Cystedian Shell : *see* Fossil
Daffodil : *see also* Thrush 2
Daffodilly : *see* Gown
"Daily" : *see* Newspaper 3
Dainties : *see* Will
Daisies : *see also* City 4 ; Cuckoo ; Flowers 3, 9 ; Lawn 2 ; Life 59 ; Lullaby 2 ; Primroses 3 ; Stocks
Damascus : *see* Jordan
Dance : *see* Christmas 3
Dancing : *see also* Clerk
Dandelion : *see also* King-Cup
Dandy : *see* Fop
Dane : *see* England 28
Danger : *see also* Woman 14
Dante : *see* Spring 4
Daring : *see* Courage 8
Daughter : *see also* Presence ; Present 13 ; Tallness
Daw : *see* Chatter
Dawn : *see also* Sunset 3
Day : *see* Holiday 3 ; Memory 8 ; School ; Silence 4 ; Solitude
Dead : *see also* Bird 5 ; Fame 14
"Dead Selves" : *see* Progress 7
Death : *see also* Bribe ; Convent 2 ; England 9 ; Gain ; Grief 18 ; Happiness 17 ; Immortality ; Life 21, 23, 42, 44, 46, 59 ; Love 20, 71, 143 ; Might Have Been 1 ; Sleep 1 ; Time 10
— Admiral : *see* Steadfastness
— the Revealer : *see* Love 111
Debater : *see* Argument 5 ; Orator
Debt : *see also* Brother 1 ; Creditors
Decalogue : *see* Fashion 3
December : *see also* Evening 9
Deeds : *see also* Clock 2 ; End 3 ; Liar 12 ; Man 5 ; *Man and Woman* 1 ; Prayer

10; Thought; Vanity of Things 3; Victoria, Queen 11; Virtue 3
Deep, The: *see also* Sea
Defaulter: *see* Hell 7
Defender: *see* Parent
Deference: *see* Punctuality
Delay: *see also* Haste
Delight: *see* Best 3; City 4; Life 48; Happiness; Pleasure
Dell: *see also* Valley
Demeanour: *see* Manners
Democrat: *see* Man 50
Demons: *see* Purity
Demonstration: *see* Science
Dervishes: *see* Contentment
Desert: *see also* Prairies
Desire: *see also God's Love* 1; Love 118; Obedience 4; Old Age 20; Seeking 1
Despair: *see also* Fog 6; Patience 1; Peace 3
Despondency: *see also* Sorrow 7
Despot: *see also* Sword
Destiny: *see* Fate; Power 3; Time 9
Device: *see* Invention
Devil: *see also* Angel 2; Hell 1; Lost 1; Self 13
Devil Whoops: *see* Art 9
Dews: *see also* Care; Coquette 2; Evening 5; Eyes 11; Fitness 1; Gentian; Goloshes; Martyrdom 1; Plain 2; Snail 2
Dewfall: *see* Dew; *also* Purity 3
Dewy: *see* Garden 5; Home 8
Diadem: *see* Mind 4
Dialectics: *see* Logic
Dialectician: *see* Doctor
Diamond: *see* April 1; Gems 2; Jewellery 1; Pain 5; Pearl
Dibs: *see* Justice 3
Die: *see* Idea 1
Dignity of Labour: *see* Authorship; Labour
Dillon: *see* Rent
Dimple: *see* Chin 1; Jewess; Lady 1
Dinner: *see also* Society 3
Dinner Bell: *see* Bell
Dining: *see* Dinner; London 19
Diplomat: *see* Contrariness
Dirt: *see* Gospel 2
Disaster: *see* Change 12; Love 80
Discontent: *see also* Knowledge 18
Discoverer: *see* Pioneer
Disease: *see* Sickness; Pain 10
Disparagement: *see* Smile 9
Disobedience: *see* Obedience 6
Disproportion: *see* Excess
Dispute: *see* Controversy; Quarrel
Distaff: *see* Necessity 1
Dives: *see* Fate 20
Divine: *see* Money 6
Divine Power: *see* Power
"Do Good": *see* Deeds; *also* Death 3
"Do not put off": *see* Self-Reliance
Dockens (Docks): *see* Flowers 9
Doctor: *see* Wagtail
Dogs: *see also* Labour 13
Dog-Violets: *see also* Flowers 3
Dole: *see* Charity, Convict
Dolls: *see* Girls 5
Domesday Book: *see* Squire
Domino: *see* Wagtail
Doom: *see* Beauty 21; Fate 24; Happiness 17; Rose 12
Doors: *see* Darkness 7; Dawn; Evening 11; House 7
Dormouse: *see* Charcoal-Burner
Dorothy: *see* Mouth
Doubt: *see also* Agnosticism; Deeds 11; Faith 16; Hope
Doubtful: *see* Doubt; Deeds 12
Doublet: *see* Spinning-Wheel 1
Dowagers: *see* Girl Graduates 2
Down: *see* Hawk 2
Doze: *see* Watch
Dragon: *see* Newspapers; Railway 7
Dragon-flies: *see also* Insects; Water-Lilies 1
Drainage: *see* Faddist
Drama: *see* Plays
Draughts: *see* Drugs; Magic
Dream: *see also Deeds not Dreams* 6; Future 5; Love 113; Perhaps 1; Watch
Dreamers: *see* Dreams
Dreamland's King: *see* Poet
Dregs: *see* Yesterday 3
Dresses: *see* Girl 1
Drink to: *see* Patriotism
Drinking: *see* Drink; Money 1
Drip: *see* Dripping; Sorrow 10
Drive: *see* Golf; Dreams 5; Society 3
Drone: *see* Parson
Drop: *see* H's
"Dropping Water wears a stone": *see* Whipping 2
Drudge: *see also* Medium
Drug: *see also* Palsy
Drum: *see also* England 8; Word 2
Dulcimer: *see* Experience 1; Waves 4
Dumb: *see also* Cat; Song 1
Dumbledore: *see* Midnight 2
Dupes: *see* Fear 3
Dust: *see* Friendship 5; Happiness 16; Life 13; Oracle; Strife 3
Dusting: *see* Drudge
Duty: *see also* Beauty 19; Father 2; Impulse 2; Pleasure 3; Present 4; Wellington, Duke of 2; Yesterday 5
Dying: *see* Death
Dyspepsia: *see* Reading 3

Eagles: *see also* Man 8
Ears: *see also* Eyes 5
Earth: *see also* Changes 14; Death 50; Faith 7; Memory 3; Paradise; Unity 3
East, Isles of: *see* Sandal-wood
Eastern-glow: *see* Iceberg
" Lily: *see* Lily 1
Eating: *see* Money 1
Eaves: *see* Sparrow 1; Swallow 3, 7
Echo: *see also* Bugle 2; Curlew; Curse 2; Old Age 14; Words 15
Edelweiss: *see* Tripper
Eden: *see also* Versailles; Woman 24
Eden-tree: *see* Art 9
Education: *see also* Girl Graduate
Edward IV: *see* Statecraft

Eels : *see* Angling
Effort : *see also* Voice 5
Eft : *see also* Blindworm
Egg, addled : *see* Art 9
Eggs : *see also* Fault 2
Eglantine : *see* Bryony
Electric Influence : *see* Thinker 2
Element : *see* Cold
Elf-darlings : *see* Spider 6
Elfin Bells : *see* Firefly 1
Elixir : *see* Alcohol
Elms : *see also* Country 4 ; Twilight 2 ;
Elizabeth, Queen : *see* Merchant ; Statecraft
Emergencies : *see* Life 66
Emerald : *see* Gems 1, 2 ; Love-in-a-Mist
Emerald Isle : *see* Ireland
Emotion : *see also* Love 55
Empire : *see also* England 22, 29 ; Revolution ; Rome 3
Emptiness : *see also* Knowledge 17
Endurance : *see* Eternity ; Immortality 1
Endymion : *see* Sarasate
Enemies : *see also* Career
England : *see* Customs ; Discord ; Freedom 18 ; Patriot 1 ; People 8 ; Right 4, 8 ; Sceptre 1 ; Sea 21 ; Self-control ; Soldier ; Victoria, Queen, 2 ; Voice 9
— Government of : *see* Revenue
England's Heart : *see* Absence 1
English : *see* Browning ; Chaucer
— Girl : *see* Girl 3
— Language : *see also* Browning, Robert
Englishman : *see* England ; *The English* ; Naval Manœuvres
Enjoyment : *see* Happiness
Envy : *see also* Labour 27
Epics : *see* Hedgerows 2
Epicurean : *see* Grave 1
Epitaph : *see also* Rank ; Victoria, Queen, 8
Equipoise : *see* Life 31 ; Right 5
Era : *see* Age ; Progress 2, 5, 6, 7, 8
Erin : *see* Ireland ; *also* Faithfulness 4 ; Shamrock 2
Eros : *see* Propriety
Error : *see* Sin 14 ; Thought 21
Esau : *see* World 13
Esquimaux : *see* Arctic Regions
Essence : *see* God 17
Esthwaite : *see* Snowdrop 2
Eternal : *see* Future 7
Eternities : *see* Present 11
Eternity : *see* Immortality ; *also* Death 35 ; Silence 17 ; Soldier 11
Ether : *see* Distance
Evasion : *see* Truth 17
Eve : *see* Evening ; King 11 ; Tongue 3
Eve's Apple : *see also* Patience 3
Evening : *see also* Conversation ; Twilight
— Star : *see* Village
Event : *see* God 26
Evesham : *see* Battle 1
Evil : *see also* Good 2, 14 ; Truth 24
Exaggeration : *see* Poet 11
Exiles : *see also* Children 1
Eye : *see also* Brows ; Children 14 ; Honesty 6 ; Levity ; Pity 3 ; Shetland Pony ; Smile 8 ; Voice 7
Eye of Europe : *see* England 28
Eyelash : *see* Morn 3
Eyelid : *see* Eyes ; *also* Haze 1

Fable : *see* History 1
Face : *see also* God 24
Face-flatterer : *see* Backbiter
Facets : *see* Iris
Facts : *see* Fancy 1 ; Liar 7
Faggot : *see* Doubt 22 ; Unity 4
Failure : *see also* Aim ; Magnet
Fair : *see* Beauty
Fairy : *see also* Wish 2
— Fête : *see* Fairies
Faith : *see also* Agnosticism ; Death 25 ; Doubt ; Duty 21 ; Golgotha ; Insight ; Love 138, 141 ; Roman 1 ; Trust
Faith, the True : *see also* Catholic
Falcon : *see also* Eagle 3 ; Freedom 2
Falernian : *see* Wine 3
Fall-out : *see* Quarrel
Fame : *see also* Ambition 1 ; Love 17 ; Obscurity
— Evanescence of : *see also* Actor 2
"Familiarity breeds contempt" : *see* Chains 2
Family : *see* State
Fan : *see also* Man and Woman 1
Fancy : *see also* Change 7 ; Dreams 13 ; Love 11
Farewell : *see also* Might have Been 6 ; Rooks 4
Fasting : *see also* Labour 4, 5
Fate : *see also* First Step ; Fleet ; Life 27 ; Past 2, 4
Faults : *see also* Deeds 7 ; End ; Stubbornness
Favourite, Nature's : *see* Hawthorn
Fear : *see also* Envy ; Fool 7, 8 ; Hope 15 ; Ignorance 1 ; Love 48 ; Peace 7 ; Silence 18 ; To-Day 1
Feasting : *see also* Labour 4, 5
Federation : *see* Parliament
Feel : *see* Emotion
Fell-fare : *see* Holly
Fern-Owls : *see* Owls ; Hedgehogs
Fetish : *see* Truth 22
Field : *see also* Man 5
Fiend : *see* Cuttlefish 2 ; Lover 3 ; Right and Wrong 2
Fig : *see* Oleander ; Battle ; Fate 9 ; Good 12 ; Honour 6 ; War
Filament : *see* Spider 7
Finch : *see* Magpie 3
Finger : *see* Fate 19
Fire : *see also* Flames ; Love 137 ; Tongue 5
Fireman : *see* London 13
Fireworks : *see* Heraldry
Firmaments : *see* Heaven
First : *see* Best 3
First-born : *see* Remembrance 5
Fish : *see also* Greed
Flags : *see* Iris ; *also* Guelder Rose
Flake : *see* Snowflake ; *also* Snow 7, 9
Flame : *see also* Death 35 ; Fire ; Intemperance

Flanders-lace : *see Old Woman* 1
Flannelled Fools : *see* Oafs
Flattery : *see also* Avarice
Flavours : *see* Truth 15
Flaws : *see* End 1
Flesh : *see also* Nature
Flies : *see also* Angling ; House 7 ; Insects ; Kindness ; Midnight 2 ; Spider 6
Flight : *see also* Swan 2 ; Water-fowl
Flirt : *see* Coquette ; Girl 1
Flock : *see also* Shepherdess ; Wind 10
Flock (Spiritual) : *see* Priest 7
Florence : *see* Arno
Flounder : *see* Angling
Flower : *see also* Hope 17
Flower-Shows : *see* Society 3
Flutter : *see* Autumn 7
Flux and Reflux : *see* Soul 6
Fly : *see* Flies
Fly-trap : *see* Bazaar
Foe : *see* Enemy ; *also* Brotherhood 5 ; Friend 6 ; Sin 24
Foliage : *see* Autumn 6, 7 ; Leaves
Folly : *see also* Reason 9
" Food for Powder " : *see* Soldier 6
Fool : *see also* Man 13 ; Oafs ; Silence 6 ; Truth 31 ; Wisdom 10, 26
Fool, April : *see* April
Foot : *see also* Children 14
Footpath : *see* Lost 4
Footstool : *see* Rome 3
Force : *see also* Enthusiasm 2 ; Invention
Forehead : *see* Brow ; *also* Chin 2
Forest : *see* Talent
Forever : *see* Eternity ; Time 5
Forgetfulness : *see also* Ivy
Forgiveness : *see also* Dead 16 ; Ivy
Forts : *see* Sailor 2
Foundations, Old : *see* Oxford 6
Fount : *see* Tears 11
Four-Square : *see* Strength 4, 9
Fowler : *see* Net ; Water-fowl
Fox : *see also* Ford ; Wolf 2
Foxglove : *see also* Garden 4 ; Spring 11
France : *see* Lawn 3 ; People 8
Franchise : *see* Vote 2
Freedom ; *see also* Australia ; Duty 16 ; England 26, 27, 31 ; Monarchy
Frenzy : *see* Lark 1, 4
Fretwork : *see* Westminster
Friend : *see also* Album ; Enemy 1 ; Just 5 ; King 5, 8 ; Sin 24
Friendship : *see also* Beauty 8 ; Love 15 ; Wine 7
Frocks : *see* Dress 4
Frogs : *see also* Bees 3 ; Bittern
Frown : *see also* Curse
Funerals : *see also* House 3
Furze-bushes : *see* Scent 2

Gable : *see* Bamberg
Gaby : *see* Law 3
Gain : *see also* Loss 3
Galleons : *see* Ship 7
Gallivanting : *see* England 10
Game : *see also* Brotherhood 5 ; Man and Woman 14 ; Roman 2
Garb : *see* Dress ; *also* Cape Town 2
Garden : *see also* Twilight 2
Garden of the Sea : *see* England 23 ; Self-Control
Garden-parties : *see* Society 3
Gargle : *see* Spring 1
Garments : *see* Dress ; *also* Night 6
Gaul : *see* England 21
Gaunt : *see* Pike ; *also* Wolves 4
Gaze : *see* Look ; Sympathy
Geese : *see also* Contention ; Goose
Gems : *see also* Jewellery
Genders : *see* German
Generations : *see also* Bird 3 ; Caste ; Oxford 2 ; Pedigree ; World 8
Genoese : *see* Columbus
Gentian : *see also* Cold 1 ; Saffron
Gentle : *see also* Wisdom 1
Gentle Art : *see* Angling
Gentleman : *see also* King 2 ; Occupation
Gesture : *see* Manners 4
Ghost : *see also* Fear 5 ; Hansom-Cab 1 ; Old Age 18 ; Winter 3
Ghouls : *see* Maid 4
Giants : *see* Equality
Gift : *see also* Love 49 ; Maidenhood ; Science 2 ; Soul 4 ; Venality
Gipsy : *see also* Chastity ; Glass-Makers
Girdle : *see* Bazaar
Girl : *see also* Faithfulness
Giver : *see* Gifts ; *also* Good 10
Glacier : *see* Tripper
Glamour : *see* Lady 3
Glory : *see also* Knight
Gloves : *see* Love 102
Glow : *see* Love 102
Glow-worm : *see* Fairies
Glück : *see* Music 6
Gnat : *see also* Sting 2
Go : *see* Time 7 ; Wage 1
Goal : *see also* Evil 12 ; Youth 8
Goat : *see also* Patrimony
Goat-herds : *see* Pan
Goblet-glass : *see* Wine 1
God : *see also* Art 6 ; Golden-Mean ; Leda ; Man 6 ; Poverty and Content ; Truth 22
God of Battles : *see* Fear 8
God's Acre : *see* Graveyard
Gods of Greece : *see* History 1
Gold : *see also* Hazel ; Homesickness
Gold Land : *see* Australia
Golden-Age : *see* Obedience 2
Golden-Chalice : *see* Tulip-tree
— Fleece : *see* Shakspere
— Mile-Stone : *see* Mile-Stone
— Shore : *see* Far-away
— Vale : *see* Farmer
Goldilocks : *see* Poppy 5
Goloshes : *see also* Lawn-tennis
" Gone-by " : *see* Old Age 9
Good : *see also* Law 6 Nature 5 ; Truth 37 ; Woman 36
Good-bye : *see also* Good Night
Good-Night : *see also* Star 3
Goose : *see also* Geese
Goose-foot : *see* Law 1
Gorse : *see* Golf 2
Gospel : *see also* Classes 5 ; Empire 2 ; Will 2

Gossamer : *see also* October 1
Gossip : *see also* Knowledge 17
Governance : *see* Silence 18
Government : *see* Civilization
Gown : *see also* Dress ; Mantles
Grace : *see also* Knowledge 7 ; Lady ; Woman 19
Grain : *see* Scent 5 ; Shadow 2
Grass : *see* Cliff ; Hawthorn 2
Grass-plains : *see* Hollyhock 1
Grasshopper : *see* Kindness
" Gray Mare " : *see* Wife 13
Grave : *see also* Browning, E. B. ; Sorrow 1
Great : *see also* Duty 4, 5
Greet's Man : *see* Season
Greatness : *see also* Ignorance 3 ; Man 58
Greece : *see* Art 13
Greed : *see also* Hate 4
Greek Art : *see* Art
Greeks : *see* Happiness 3
Green : *see* Red ; Watchword
Green-stuff : *see* Poetry 9
Grey : *see* Race
Grief : *see also* Children 7 ; Life 38 ; Money 4 ; Sorrow
Griffin : *see* Oracle
Grig : *see also* Grasshopper ; Kindness
Grinder : *see* Organ-Grinder
Grinding : *see* Battle 2
Grisette : *see* Paris
Greek ; *see* Winter
Gudgeon : *see* Pike
Guide : *see also* Nature 2
Guides : *see* Courage 10
Guile : *see* Statecraft
Guilt : *see also* Gin-Palace
Guineas : *see* Heart 1
Guitar : *see* Bazaar
Gulls : *see* Limpet ; Snow 1
Gulp : *see* Philosophy 3
Gun : *see* Cannon ; Wellington
Gunpowder : *see* Rights of Man 2
Gush : *see* Lark 5
Gut : *see* Angling

Haddocks : *see* Kindness
Hail : *see* Storm 2
Hair : *see also* Childhood 4 ; Irish 3 ; Mirror ; Old Man 5 ; Old Woman 2
" Half a Truth " : *see* Liar 16
Halls : *see also* Evening 8
Hammer : *see* Best
Hammer-Strokes : *see* Nations 1
Hand : *see also* Friend 10 ; Good-Night ; Lady 1
Hand, God's : *see* Best 2
Hand-Service : *see* Serve 1
Hares : *see* Harebells 1
Harlequin : *see* Madroño
Harmonies : *see* Beauty 16 ; Difference ; Levity ; Nightingale 3 ; Peace 6 ; Thinker
Harp : *see also* Love 132
Harping : *see* Nagging
Harvest : *see* Winnowing
" Has Been " : *see* Old Age 11
Haste : *see also* Delay
Haster : *see* Mad 2
Hat : *see also* Jewess ; Worth 1
Hate : *see also* Anarchy ; Cranmer ; Envy ; Glory 3 ; Love 120 ; Poet 31
Haunt : *see* Home
Haunted : *see also* Heart 7
Havana : *see* Cigar
Haven : *see* Church 10
Hawk : *see also* Eagle 1 ; England 21
Hawkshead : *see* Snowdrop 2
Hawthorn-time : *see* Spring 13
Haws : *see* November 5
Haze : *see also* Twilight 1 ; Valley
Hazels : *see also* Anemone, Wood ; Spring 5
Hazel-clusters : *see* Hazel ; Filbert
Head, Golden : *see* Children 14
Headlands : *see* Coast 2
Health : *see also* Mind 1 ; Wine 6
Heart : *see also* Forgiveness 6 ; Man: Preacher 1 ; Self 5, 6
Hearts of Oak : *see* Cannon 1
Heartbreak : *see* Love 81
Hearth : *see* Draughts ; Man 5
Heathen : *see* Vow 8
Heather : *see* Flowers 7 ; Scotland 1
Heaven : *see also* Bargain 3 ; Children 17 ; Earth 1 ; Eyes 9 ; Fate 2 ; King 8 ; Life 9 ; Night 14 ; Nuts to Crack ; Self 11
Hedgerows : *see also* December 2
Hedgerow-texts : *see* Text
Heights : *see also* Love 92
Heirs : *see* Despotism
Heliotrope : *see* Scent 10
Hell : *see also* Audacity ; Expediency ; Fate 2 ; God 27 ; King 8 ; Self 11
Helm : *see* Ruler 2
Helmet : *see also* Defeat 1
Help : *see* England 4 ; Poor 4
Helpers : *see* Brotherhood
Helpful : *see* Haste
Helpless : *see* Baby
Hemlock : *see* Pan
Henry IVth : *see* Statecraft
Herald : *see* Pedigree 1
Heraldic : *see* Gateway
Hercules of Nations : *see* Russia
Herd : *see* Flock ; Shepherd
Heretics : *see* Cheese-Mites
Heritage : *see* Coward ; Youth 17
Hesper : *see* Evening 8
Hest : *see* Labour 11
Higgledy-Piggledy : *see Old Maid* 1
Higher Education : *see* Girl Graduate
Highland Cousin : *see* Cousin
Hills : *see* Waste 2 ; Watchfire
Himself : *see* Self 4, 14
Hinds : *see* Working-man ; *also* Laugh 1
Hints : *see* Twilight 1
Hips : *see* Bryony
History : *see also* Year, The Old
Hogarth : *see* Reading 2
Holiday : *see also* Children 1 ; Christmas
Holly : *see also* Sea-Holly
Holly-branch : *see* Holly ; Mistletoe 1
Hollyhocks : *see also* Garden 4 ; Poppy 5
Holocephalic : *see* Fossil 3
Holy Supper : *see* Gifts
Home : *see also* Wisdom 11
Home Rule : *see* Liar 10

Honest : *see* Honesty ; *also* Gladness 4
Honeycomb : *see* Pendulum
Honeysuckle : *see also* Hawthorn 1
Honour : *see also* Best 5 ; Dante ; Game 2 ; Glory 2 ; Statecraft
Hope : *see also* Conscience 2 ; Constancy 5 ; Happiness 6 ; Rome 3 ; Vanity of Things 6 ; Voice 5
Hopes : *see also* Dreams 7
Horn : *see* Europe 2 ; Song 13
Hornet : *see* Warriors
Hornsey Rise : *see* London 13
Horologe : *see* Eternity 3
Horror : *see* Mad 1
Horse : *see also* Art 10
Hours : *see also* Clock 4 ; Future 7
House : *see also* Curse 3 ; Pleasures
House-carles : *see* Evening 10
House-dog : *see* Dog ; *also* Cat 2
Household : *see* Home
Hucktser : *see* Patriotism
Hum : *see* Bees 6
Human Nature : *see* Humanity ; *also* Covetousness ; *Deeds, not Dreams* 5
Humbug : *see also* Parson 2
Humiliation : *see* Jews 2
Humour : *see* Ruler 3
Humpbacked : *see* Lover 32
Humming-birds : *see* Tulip-tree
Humorous : *see* Humour ; Doctor 4
Hunger : *see also* Classes 2 ; Darkness 3 ; Faithfulness 2
Hunter : *see also* Man and Woman 14 ; Ulysses
Hunting-grounds : *see* Immortality 7
Hurly-Burly : *see Girl Wind*
Huron : *see The English* 11 ; Rashness 2
Husband : *see also* Marriage 16
Hymn : *see* Bluebird ; Sport 1
Hyacinth : *see also* Easter ; Gems 2 ; Summer 2

"I" : *see* Baby 8 ; Mind 3 ; Self 17 ; Self-Indulgence 1
"I told you so" : *see* Self-Satisfaction
Ice : *see* May ; Throne 2
Ice-ridge : *see* Arctic Regions
Ideal : *see also* Real
Idealize : *see* Artist 1
Ideas : *see also* History 2
Idle : *see* Unemployed
Idleness : *see also* Gossip 1 ; Sadness 2
Idol : *see* Enthusiasm
Ignoble : *see* Man 10
Ignorance : *see also* Knowledge 21
Ignore : *see* Hate 5
Iliad : *see* Homer
Ill : *see* Will 7
Illogical : *see* Woman
Illusion : *see also* Life 23
Immortal : *see* Earth 1
Immortality : *see* Death ; Endurance ; Eternity ; Gospel 3
Imperfection : *see* Death 49
Impulse : *see also* Aim 6 ; Life 13
Inane : *see* Life 28 ; Void
Incense : *see* Flattery ; Scent 7
Indian : *see* Immortality 7
Indian Red : *see* Girl
Indifference : *see also* Sin 17
Indigestion : *see also* Christmas 1
Indiscipline : *see Want of Discipline*
Infamy : *see* Fame ; Rogue
Infidel : *see* Conduct
Influence : *see* Woman 27
Iniquity : *see* Evil
Injurer : *see* Hate 6
Injury : *see also* Hate 6
Injustice : *see* Might ; Right 2
Inkermann : *see also* French and English
Inn : *see also* Laugh 6
Inquisitiveness : *see* Curiosity
Insolence : *see* Anarchy
Insomnia : *see* World 25
Inspiration : *see* Wine 4, 6
Instability : *see* Man 3
Instinct : *see* Just 7 ; Life 31 ; Reason 1
Insult : *see* Lost 1
Interpreter : *see* Press ; Woman 43 ; Words 29
Interview : *see* Meeting
Invention : *see* Woman 40
Investment : *see* Labour 6
Investors : *see* Vision 3
Invisible : *see* Invisibility ; *also* Aspiration 3 ; Hope 11 ; Ideal
Ireland : *see also* Menu ; Wicklow
Irish Lass : *see* Dancing
Irksome : *see* Drudge 2
Irrational : *see* Woman 8
Isaac Butt : *see* Man 34
Island of the Blest : *see* Zephyr 2
Israelite : *see* Jewess
Issues : *see* Present 6
It May Be : *see* Perhaps 1
Italy : *see also* Lawn 3
Itch : *see* Words 15
Ithaca : *see also* Wife 1
Ivy : *see also* Bells 5 ; Creeds 1 ; Faith 1 ; Harlech ; Snake 2
Ivy-Veils : *see also* England 7
Izar-Cloth : *see* Night 1

Jacinth : *see* Gems 1
Jacob : *see* World 13
Jacqueminot : *see* Roses 8
Jackass : *see* Donkey
Jacket : *see* Death 26
Japanese-Rossetti : *see* Girl 11
Jargoning : *see* Oriole
Jasper : *see* Gems 1
Jay : *see also* Oriole
Jealous : *see* Jealousy ; Napoleon III
Jean Jacques Rouseau : *see* Equality 5
Jelly : *see* Venison
Jenny : *see* Jill ; *also* Drink
Jessamine : *see* Jasmine ; Riches 4
Jest : *see also* Truth 31
Jesuit : *see* Doctor
Jewellery : *see also* Gems
Jewels : *see also* Life 47
Jill : *see* Jack
Job : *see* Wage 1
Jock : *see* Jack ; *also* Drink
Jockeys : *see* Horse 3
John-a-Dreams : *see* World 18
Johnson : *see* Jack

Jove : *see* Caution ; *Steam Ship*
Jowl : *see* Middle-Age
Joy : *see* Happiness ; *also* Beauty 28 ; Maid 3 ; Remorse 3
Joy Bells : *see* Bells ; Memory 17
Jubal : *see* Yearning 2
Judas : *see* Forgiveness
Judas-bearded : *see* Man 42
Judgment : *see also* Fool 7 ; Study
Juicy : *see* Steak
July : *see* Strand
June : *see also* Evening 9
Justice : *see also* Confidence 1 ; England 31 ; Patience 2 ; Vision 2
Justification : *see* Parent's Love 1

Kaffir : *see* Cape Town
Kashmir : *see The English* 11
Kate-a-Whimsies : *see* World 18
Keep : *see* Tower of London
Kettle : *see* Alone 4
Kex : *see* Pan
Key : *see* Wonder 1
Killeevy : *see* Banshee
Kine : *see* Homesteads
King : *see also* Death 17, 19 ; Freedom 5 ; Popularity 1 ; Re-birth ; Refuge ; Sea 14
King-cups : *see* Scotland 1
Kingdom : *see* Death 28 ; Power 6
Kingsley : *see also* Reading 2
Kinsmen : *see* Equality 6
Kiss, Kisses : *see also* Clock 3 ; Hush ; Love 87 ; Maid 12 ; Moth 3 ; Yesterday 1
Kit : *see* Dreams 27
Kitty Machree : *see* Wedding
Knaves : *see also* Popularity 1
Knight : *see also* Labour 14 ; Man 27 ; *Old Times*
Knight-errant : *see* Chivalry
Knowledge : *see also* Communism ; Duty 14 ; Practice ; Reverence 3, 4 ; Thought 14 ; Wisdom 24

Labour : *see also* Bliss 2
Laburnums : *see also* Lilac
Ladder : *see* Bar
Ladyhood : *see* Gait
Ladysmocks : *see* Flowers 3
Laissez faire ; *see* Creeds 4
Lake : *see also* Moon 6
Lance : *see* Defeat 1
Land : *see* Rent
Landlocked Hordes : *see* England 30
Landscape : *see* Sunbeams
Landscape-painter : *see* Artist
Language : *see also* Baby-speech
Lapping : *see* Ripple
Larch-tree : *see also* Violet 2
— woods : *see* Scent 1
Larks : *see also* Cinque Ports ; Magpie 3 ; Sound 3 ; Town and Country
Larkspur : *see* Garden 3
Laughable : *see* Ridicule
Laugh : *see also* Kiss ; Law 1 ; Levity ; Yesterday 1
Laughing-Land : *see* England 23
Laughter : *see also* Articulate ; Carnival Truth 31
Lavender : *see* Sea-Holly
Law : *see also* God 25 ; Patriotism 9
Law of Nature : *see* Nature 16
Law-loving : *see* England 23
Lawyers : *see also* Never
Lay-figure : *see* Society 5
Lazarus : *see* Fate 20
Learned : *see* Woman 43
Learner : *see* Pupil ; Teacher
Leas : *see* Heron 2
Leaves : *see also* Autumn 6, 7 ; Gladness 1 ; Ivy 2
Lees : *see* Yesterday 3
Legends : *see* Saint
Leisure : *see also* Grief 24
Lessons : *see also* Court ; Gospel 2
Letter : *see also* Sadness 5
"Letter and Spirit" : *see* Self-Help 2
"Lettered Peace" : *see* "Plain Living, High Thinking."
Leviathan : *see* Nature 6
Liars : *see also* Poet 11
Liberty : *see* Freedom ; Man 29
Lids : *see* Eyes 8, 15
Lie : *see also* Cheat ; Duty 17 ; Words 23
Life : *see also* Idleness 2 ; Love 85 ; Perfection 3
Life in Death : *see* Death 32
Light : *see also* Death 35 ; Effort 2 ; Labour 8 ; Life 63 ; Peace 11 ; Sunbow
Light Divine : *see* Man 39
Lightning : *see* Rain 1 ; Thunder
Lily : *see also* Flowers ; Iris ; Love 64 ; Saffron ; Saint 7 ; Stocks ; Watchword
Lime : *see* Lips
Limitations : *see* Travel
Linden-time : *see* Summer 6
Links : *see* Dreams 5 ; Golf
Linnet : *see* Magpie 3 ; Slave 7, 10
Lion : *see* Roar
Lips : *see also* Charity ; Children 14 ; Smile 8 ; Words 11
Lip-service : *see* Serve 1
Littleness : *see* Man 58
Liver : *see* Fennel
Lizards : *see also* Frogs
Loaf : *see* Bread
— *see* Loafer ; *also* Mongrel
Lob : *see* Cricket 5
Locomotive : *see* Railway 6
Locusts : *see* Fish 3
Lodger : *see* Vote 1
Logic : *see also* Doubt 8
Logician : *see* Girl-Graduate
London Fog : *see* Fog
London Stones : *see* Music
Long Ago : *see* Cottage 1
Long Fast : *see* Wedding
Loneliness : *see also* Solitude
Longing : *see also* Love 96
Longlegs : *see* Midnight 2
Looks : *see* Love 88
Lord : *see also* God
Lord : *see also* Kingsley ; Perfection 4 ; *The English* 10
Lordship : *see* Silence 18

Loss : *see* Praise 7
Lost : *see also* Might-have-been 7
Lot : *see* Fate
Love : *see also* Beauty 23; Best 5; Children 14; Death 7; Faith 10, 12; Golgotha; Hate 1, 3; Memory 15; Money 4; Naughtiness; Patriotism 8; Pity; Roman 1; Tears 10; Vanity of Things 6
" Love is Duty " : *see* World 9
" Loves of Long Ago " : *see also* Robin
Loving Kindness : *see* Good 1
Louis Quinze : *see* Trifles
Loveliness : *see* Beauty
Lover : *see also* Kiss 2
Low : *see* Sound 3; Woman 45
Lower Classes : *see* Classes
Lower Deck Hand : *see* Naval Brigade
Loyalty : *see* England 28
Luck : *see also* Judgment 1; Odd Numbers
Ludlow : *see* Recruit
Lust : *see* Flesh 2
Lute : *see also* Music 9
Luxury : *see also* Love 89
Lyre : *see also* Water 1

Machine : *see* Bird 6
Mad : *see also* Wind 4
Madman : *see also* Retrogression
Madness : *see also* Agony 2; Evil 13; Laugh 3; Man and Woman 11
Magellan : *see* Milky-Way
Magnolia : *see* Swamp; Wind 24
Maidenhood : *see also* Vote
Maids : *see also* Priests 5; Servant
Maids-of-the-Village : *see* Roses 3
" Make the Best of : " *see* Beast
Malt : *see* Ale 4
Mammoths : *see* Nature 6
Man : *see also* Baby 6; Progress 4
Manes : *see* Battle 2
Manito : *see* Ambition 1
Mankind : *see* Past 8; Poor 1; Riches
Manners : *see also* Riches 2
Mantel : *see also* Peace 5
Many, The : *see* Suffering
Maple-Swamps : *see* Swamp
March : *see also* Primrose 2
Marish-flowers : *see* Song 13
Mark : *see* Words 3
Marl : *see* Sandpiper
Marlow : *see* Drifting
Marmoset : *see* Monkey
Marriage : *see also* Wife 4
Marsh : *see also* Rye
Marsh-Mallow : *see* Labour Lost
Martyr : *see* Faith 7
Martyrdom : *see also* Victors
Masses : *see* People
Master : *see also* Wrong 4
Mastodons; *see* Nature 6
Match : *see also* Love 51
Matchless : *see* Invincibility
Mathematical : *see* Might
Matrimony : *see* Marriage; *also Old Maid*
Maturity : *see* Maidenhood
May : *see also* Deeds 18
Mayfly : *see* Nature 17
Maytime : *see* May; *also* Time Flies
Meadow-Sweet : *see also* Vetch
Meads : *see* Goal 1
Mean : *see* Drudge 2
Medicines : *see* Charms
Medley : *see* Season
Melody : *see* Music; *also* Day 3; Love 83
Memory : *see also* Constancy 5; Happiness 6, 8; House 3; Light 4; Old Age 6, 16; Parting 2; Wrong 7
Men : *see* Man; *also* Fame 10
" Men : " *see* Mongrel
Mend : *see* Knowledge 9
" Mere a Woman " : *see* Woman 31
Meres : *see* England 2
Merit : *see* Worth; Virtue
Meteor : *see* Westminster 2
Miasm : *see* Swamp
Michaelsberg : *see* Bamberg
Middle Classes : *see* Classes
Midnight's Breath : *see* Air
Mien : *see also* Air; Manners
Might : *see also* Freedom 20; House of Lords
Mighty; *see* Humility 6
Mignonette : *see* Scent 10
Miletus : *see* Water
Milk of Truth : *see* Love 120
Milkmaid : *see* Stack
Mill-dam : *see* Minnows
Mill-wheel : *see* Mill; *also* Meal
Milliner : *see* Hat
Millions : *see Man, insignificance of* 1; Poor 8
Milton : *see also* Ale 4; Reading 2; Wordsworth 2
Mind : *see also* Judgment 1; Self-Help 1; Woman 37
Miniature : *see* Love 102
Minster : *see* Westminster 2
Minstrel : *see* Beethoven 2
Miracles : *see* Lovelessness; World 26; Wrong 1
Mirth : *see also* Enough 2
Misery : *see* Grief; Guilt 2; Sorrow
Misfortune : *see* Casual Ward
Mistress : *see* Rome 11
Mists : *see also* Memory 4
Moan : *see also* Sea 20
Mob : *see* Silence 17; Yell
Mock-Modesty : *see* Leap-Year
Mockery : *see also* Vanity of Things 1
Moils : *see* World 17
Mole : *see* Kindness
Moments : *see* Present 11
Monarch : *see* King
Money : *see also* House 2; Jest; Love 135; Marriage 5; Priest 2
Money-lord : *see* Parvenu
Monitor : *see* Right and Wrong 2
Monkey : *see also* Snake 1
Montfort : *see* Battle 1
Monument : *see* Labour 9
Moods : *see* Children 6; Longing; Man 44; Nature 1
Moon : *see also* Bay; Bridge; Lake 3; Night 2
Moon-flowers : *see also* Snake 1
Moon-Rainbow : *see* Rainbow

More : *see* Man 3
Morn : *see* Morning ; *also* Hour before the Dawn
Morning : *see also* Cataract 1
Morrice : *see* Gulls
Morrow : *see* To-morrow ; To-Day 6
Mortal : *see* Earth 1
Moses : *see* Spencer, Herbert
Moss : *see also* Swamp 13
Most : *see* Life 12
Moth : *see also* Bat ; Beauty 24 ; Midnight 2 ; Spider 6
— Death's Head or Goblin : *see* Blind-worm
Mother : *see also* Oxford 1 ; *Parent's Love* ; Priest 5 ; Remembrance 5 ; Victoria 10
Mother-Wit : *see* Ruler
Mould : *see* American-Indian ; Scent 4
Mouldy : *see* World 22
Mountain-Stream : *see* Pedigree 2
Mourner : *see also* Memory
Mourning : *see* Farewell 3
Mouse : *see* House 7 ; Man 52 ; Winter
Mouth : *see also* Brows ; Captain 1 ; Smile 8
Mowers : *see also* August 2 ; Reapers
Muffled Drums : *see* Drums ; Waves 4
Mufti : *see* City
Mulberry : *see* Pan
Mullein : *see* Sea Holly
Murder : *see also* Bread 2 ; Weariness 2
Murmur : *see also* Evening 10 ; Rushes
Muse : *see also* Poetry 4 ; Press 1 ; Sarasate
Mushroom-men : *see* Advertisement 2 ; Man 33
Music : *see also* Bugle ; Laugh 2 ; London 5 ; Man and Woman 19 ; Rain ; Voice 1 ; Waits 2 ; Waterfall
Musician : *see also* Sorrow 6 ; Trumpeter 1
Musk : *see* Canterbury-Bells ; Swamp
Musk-Deer : *see* Snake 1
— -Mallow : *see* Sunshine 2
Must : *see also* Deeds 18 ; Freedom 6
Mustard-leaves : *see* Spring 1
Muster-roll : *see* Victoria, Queen, 5
Mutton : *see* Fool 7
Myrtle : *see* Gossamer
Myriads : *see* Leisure 1
Myself : *see* Herself ; Self 7, 8, 13
Mystery : *see also* Cousin ; Knowledge 18 ; Light 5

Naiads : *see* Loosestrife
Nail : *see* Best
Name : *see* Good Name ; *also* Fame 3 ; Patriotism 10 ; Squire
Name of Names : *see* England 8
Nameless : *see* Defeat 3 ; Faith 23 ; Voluptuousness
Narcissus : *see* Garden 5
Narrow Gate : *see* Baptist
Naseby Field : *see* Battle 1
Native-land : *see also* Watchword
Nation : *see* London 9
Nature : *see also* Art 3, 12 ; England 23 ; Happiness 16 ; Lark 3 ; Storm-Petrel ; Tennyson
Naught : *see* Nothing ; *also* Deeds 21
Naughty : *see* Beauty 12
Nay : *see* Yes
Near : *see* Present 10
Nectar : *see* Shakspere
Nemesis : *see also* Fate 26
Neptune : *see* Mermaid
Nerves : *see* Golf 3
Nest : *see also* Charcoal-Burner
Nestor : *see* Thirty
Nettle : *see* Slander 2
Never : *see also* By-and-By ; Grief 8
New Year : *see* Waken
Night : *see also* Darkness 4 ; Dawn 7 ; Day 2 ; Poet 34 ; Solitude ; Wind 11
"Night and Morning" : *see* Sleep 3
"Night-Wind" : *see* Wind ; *also* Bird 1
Nightingale : *see also* Cedar 1 ; Music 6 ; Rooks 5 ; Spring 16
No : *see also* Yes
No More : *see* Might Have Been 6
Noble : *see* Good 11, 13
"Nods and Winks" : *see* Self-Help 2
Noon : *see* January
Noose : *see* Hangman
Norman : *see* England 28
Norman Blood : *see* Pedigree 6
North Ocean : *see* St. Andrews
North-West Wind : *see also* February 2 ; Monsoon
Northern Night : *see* Sunset 2
Norwegian Pines : *see* Pines
Nose : *see also* Chin 2 ; Wisdom 14
Nothing : *see also* Fool 4 ; Gospel 2
"Now" : *see* Present ; *also* Time 5
Nullity : *see* Wife 2
No. 1 : *see* Self 9
Numbers : *see* Heart 8
Nuns : *see also* Convent
Nut : *see also* Talent

Oak : *see* Oleander ; Park ; Spring 11
Oat-grass : *see* Air 2
Oath : *see* Vow
Oats : *see* Gratitude 1
Oblivion : *see also* Fame 13
O'Brien : *see* Rent
Occasion : *see* Opportunity
Ocean : *see* Scent 9 ; Sound 2
Ocean-bell : *see* Bell
Odour : *see* Scent
Offal : *see* Crowd ; Stench
Offing : *see* St. Peter's
"Ohs :" *see* Life 10
Old Age : *see also* Licence of Old Age ; Oxford 4 ; Time flies ; To-Day 5
Old England : *see* England
— Land : *see* England
Oleander : *see also* Glades
Olives : *see also* Violet 1
One Man's Meat, another Man's Poison : *see* Food ; Poison
"One, The" : *see* Suffering
Oojee-Moojee : *see* Revenue
Open-mindedness : *see* Nose 3
Ophirs : *see* Day 9
Opinions : *see also* Argument 5
Opportunity : *see also* Chance ; Hope 12 ; Temptation 4
Oppression : *see* Democracy
Orange Lily : *see* Watchword

Orchard : *see also* Rain 6
Order : *see* Change
Orderly : *see* War 14
Organ-pipes : *see* Soul 4
Organist : *see* Waterfall
Organize : *see* Classes 5
Organa : *see* Arrow
Orient : *see* Dawn 4
Orient Spirit : *see* Cat 2
Oriflamme : *see* Battle 1
Ormond : *see* Tipperary
Orpheus : *see* Music 6 ; Shakspere
Orthodox : *see* Cheese Mites
Otters : *see also* Ford
Ounce : *see also* Panther
Ourselves : *see* Self 11, 12
Ousel : *see* Kingfisher 4
Outcast : *see* Unemployed
Outlive : *see* Idea 1
Owl : *see also* Wisdom 6
Ox-birds : *see* Gulls 3
Oxen : *see* Pan
Oxford Education : *see Girl-Graduates*
Oysters : *see* Menu

Paddock : *see* Life 15
Pain : *see also* Grave 7 ; Humanity 1 ; Pleasure 2, 7
Painter : *see* Artist ; Sculptor ; Spring-Cleaning
Palimpsest : *see* Heart
Pallet : *see* Sluggard
Palm : *see also* Oleander
Pamphleteer : *see The English* 10
Pansies : *see* Samphire ; Stocks
Paper : *see* Elzevirs
Papist : *see* Patriots 1
Paradise : *see also* Apennines ; Beethoven ; *English, The* ; Ireland 3 ; Woman 43
Paragon : *see* Husband 5
Parasite : *see* Critics 3
Pardon : *see also* Revenge 1
Parenthesis : *see* German 2
Parish : *see* Casual Ward
Parody : *see* May
Parsley : *see* Fennel ; Ithaca
Parson : *see also* Clergyman ; Never ; Sects
Part : *see* Part and Whole ; Perfection 2 ; War 8
Parting : *see also* Evening 1
Partridge : *see* Lord
Party : *see* Statecraft
Passing-bell : see also Melancholy
Passion : *see* Patience 12 ; Reason 4 ; Strife 1
Passport : *see* Tact
Passive : *see* Woman 15
Past : *see also* Future 1, 3 ; Patriotism 8
Pastures : *see* Dragon-flies
Patches : *see* Age 2
Pâté de Foi Gras : *see* Menu
Pater : *see* Henley
Pathos : *see* Beauty 13 ; Humour ; Sadness ; Wind 4
Patience : *see also* Courage 5 ; Preacher 1
Patriarchal : *see* King 1
Patrician : *see* Terrier
Patriots : *see* Patriotism 4
Patron : *see The English* 10
Paul : *see* Death
Paul's, St. : *see* London 8, 13
Peace : *see also* Church 10 ; Graveyard 1 ; Just 6 ; Love 17 ; Old Age 3 ; Philosopher 6 ; Silence 1 ; Spring-Cleaning ; War 7 ; Working-Man
Pear : *see also* Cabbages ; Horse 2
Pearl : *see also* Rhetoric ; Shell 5
Peasant : *see also* Lord 2
Peat : *see* Bog-Myrtle
Pedigree : *see also* Bird 3 ; Castle ; Generation ; Labour 15
Peerage : *see* Devil 1
Peer : *see* Pedigree 5
Peewit : *see* Spring 14
Pelf : *see* Money
Penalty : *see* Temptation
Penance : *see also* Punishment ; Rome 4
Penitents : *see* Monk
Pennons : *see* Victoria, Queen 5
Pensioner : *see* Marriage 6
Peonies : *see* Poppy 5
Perfect : *see* Perfection ; *also* Woman 43
"Perfect Way" : *see* Sects 3
Perfume : *see* Bazaar ; Scent
Perversity : *see* Woman 5
Pestilence : *see* Famine 1
Petrarch : *see* Spring
Petticoat : *see also* Foot
Pew : *see* Church 4
Phantasy : *see also* Future 5 ; Knowledge 14
Phantoms : *see* Memory
Pharpar : *see* Jordan
Pheasant-lords : *see* Lords 3
Philosopher : *see also* Pedant ; Truth 11
Philosophy : *see also* Fool 12 ; Health
Phœbus : *see West Wind*
Phlox : *see* Stocks
Physic : *see* Charms
Piccadilly : *see* Omnibus
Picnic : *see also* Tripper
Pierian Hill : *see* Press
Pies : *see* Menu
Pig : *see also* Greed ; Kindness ; Self-Indulgence 1
Pike : *see also* Stream 3
Pine : *see also* Frost 4 ; World 23
Pinks : *see* Marigold ; Poppy 5 ; Stocks
Pipers : *see* Gordons
Pippa : *see* Holiday 3
Pit : *see* Unemployed
Pity : *see also* Life 2
Plague : *see also* Satiety
Plash : *see* Sedges
Plaster : *see* Bread
Plats : *see* Sin 22
Play-field : *see* Ball
Pleasure : *see also* Luxury ; Money 1 ; Pain 6, 7
Plots : *see* Intriguer
Ploughman : *see* Cinque Ports
Plover : *see also* Autumn 9 ; Heron 3
Plowman : *see* Noble 6
Pluck : *see* Judgment
Plumage : *see* Partridge
Plume : *see* Defeat 1
Plums : *see* Cabbages ; Man and Woman 1

Pneumogastric : *see* Indigestion
Poem : *see also* Rain 10
Poet : *see also* Burns ; France 2 ; Man 23 ; Sculptor ; Spring 2 ; Throne 1
Point-lace : *see Old Woman* 1
Polar-bear : *see* Arctic Regions
Politician : *see* Politics ; *also* Barber ; *Girl-Graduate*
Pollard : *see* Wind 5
Polluted : *see* Suicide 4
Pomegranate : *see* Oleander
Pool : *see also* Christmas ; Ghosts ; Leda ; Moorland ; Plain 1 ; Water
Poor-Law : *see* Casual Ward
Pope's Men : *see* Patriots 1
Poplars : *see* Aspen-leaves ; Ithaca ; Oxford 5 ; Rain 1
Poppy : *see also* Garden 4 ; Sunshine 2
Porch : *see* Ivy
Port : *see* Ale 3 ; Wine 3
Porterhouse : *see* Steak
Potato Crop : *see* Gratitude 1
Pounds : *see* Heart 1
Poverty : *see also* Impecuniosity
Powder-cart : *see* War 4
Power : *see also* Rome 5
Practice : *see also* Failure 8
Praise : *see also* Pension
Prawn : *see* Angling
Prayer : *see also* Sin 22 ; Threat
Praying : *see* Prayer ; *also* Labour 1
Preaching : *see* Failure 8
Precept : *see* Piety 1
Presence : *see* Air ; Mien ; Woman 27
Present : *see also* Past 8 ; Patriotism 8 ; Pleasures 1
Presents : *see* Gift ; *also* Christmas 3
Prey : *see* Hawk 2
Pride : *see also* Ambition ; Avarice ; Jews 2
Priest : *see also* Clergyman ; Intonation ; Kingsley ; Parson ; Pauper ; Sects ; Wordsworth
Primroses : *see also* Dell ; Spring-Flowers
Prince : *see* Courtesy 3 ; Husband 5 ; Re-birth 2
Print : *see also* Elzevirs
Privilege : *see* Death 18 ; Grief 2 ; Old Age 8
Prize : *see* Words 12
Professors : *see also* Man 23
Progress : *see also* Change 15 ; Creeds 10, 14 ; England 28 ; War 4
Pronouns : *see* German 1
Proof : *see* Faith 23
Prophet : *see also* Poet 26
Propriety : *see also* Maid 1
Proverbs : *see* Fruit, Stolen
Providence : *see* Principles
Province : *see* Sceptre 2
Prude : *see Girl-Graduates* 2
Prudence : *see also* Rashness
Psalm : *see* Nature 7 ; Palm
Psyche : *see* Propriety
Ptarmigan : *see* Worldling
Public Opinion : *see* Ruler 1
Publisher : *see also* Gratitude 1
Pudding : *see* Christmas 1 ; Menu
Puff-balls : *see* Man 33
Pulse : *see* Sea 24
Pulses : *see* Grave 7
Punishment : *see also* Penance
Purblind : *see* Truth 35
Purple : *see* Kingfisher 3
Purses : *see* House of Lords
Pursuing : *see* Effort
Puseyites : *see* Pendulum
Push : *see Old Man*
Putts : *see* Dreams 5 ; Golf
Pyre : *see* Castle
Pyrotechnical : *see* Hell

Quadrille : *see* Good-Night 2
Quail : *see* Future 4
Queen : *see also* Duty 21 ; Man and Woman 11 ; Memory 1 ; Victoria
Quick : *see* Moderation
Quicksands : *see* Life 33
Quiet : *see also* Spring-Cleaning
Quietude : *see* Rest 9

Rabbits : *see also* Charcoal-Burner
Rabbit-mouth : *see* Captain 1
Rack One's Brain : *see* Headache
Rags : *see* Slave 5
Rain : *see also* Storm 2
Rainbow : *see also* Despondency
Raindrops : *see also* Snowflake
Rampart : *see* Hero 4
Rapids : *see* Angling
Rapine : *see* Nature 18
Rapture : *see* Lark 5 ; Luxury ; Peace 13
Rash : *see also* False 1
Rat : *see also* Kindness
Ratcliff Highway : *see* London 13
Rations : *see* Soldier 7
Rattle : *see* Rift
Raven : *see also* Breeze 2 ; Man 13
Reaches : *see* North Wind
Real : *see also* Ideal
Reapers : *see* Meteor ; Mowers
Reason : *see* Equality 5 ; Faith 1 ; Grave 7 ; Pity 4 ; War 1 ; World 26
Recompense : *see* Labour 17
Red-Man : *see* Ambition ; American-Indian
Red-Wings : *see* Autumn 9
Redemption : *see* Strife 2
Reeds : *see* River 3 ; Song 13 ; Water-Weeds
Reel : *see* Angling
Reflections : *see* Venice 1
Regret : *see also* Elysium ; To-Day 1
Reign : *see* King
Relations : *see* Christmas 1 ; Gods 21
Relic : *see* Gift 2
Remnants : *see* Creeds 2
Remorse : *see* Apathy ; Regret
Renown : *see* Fame ; *also* Man 19 ; Sting 1
Rent : *see also* Vision 3
Repentance : *see also* Malice
Repose : *see also* Effort 3 ; Rest
Reproach : *see* Dead 4
Republic : *see* Rome 3
Republican : *see* Victoria, Queen, 7
Resistance : *see* Preacher 1
Responsibility : *see* Inaction

Rest : *see also* Ease 2 ; Repose ; Silence 12 ; Wordsworth 2
Restraint : *see* Revenge
Retainers : *see* Mistletoe ; Servants
Revel : *see* Night 13 ; Wine 8
Reverence : *see also* Faith 1 ; Love 36 ; Silence 18 ; Vow 8
Reverie : *see* Dreams 20
Reversion : *see* Evolution
Reviewer : *see* Critic
Revolt : *see* Anarchy ; Revolution
Revolution : *see also* Genius 3
Rhyme : *see* Poetry 3, 8
Rialto : *see* Venice
Riband : *see* Venality
Riches : *see also* Ambition 1 ; Love 12 ; Man 45 ; Manners
Rides : *see* Society 3
Ridges : *see* North Wind
Riego : *see* Bazaar
Rifle : *see* Dreams 27
Riflemen : *see* Storm
Right : *see also* England 16 ; Freedom 14, 20 ; Hope 13 ; Man 39 ; Might ; Practice ; Will 7
Right Divine : *see* Man 53
Right-hearted : *see* Wrong-headed
Right Moment : *see* Danger
Rights : *see also* Ignorance 4
Ring : *see also* Moon 3
River : *see also* Silence 13 ; Stream
River of Death : *see* Game
River-Horse : *see* Giraffe
Road : *see* Labour 18
Robe : *see* Dress 6
Robert of Lincoln : *see* Bob-o'-Link
Robin : *see also* Magpie 3
Rock : *see* Lake 2 ; Sea 2 ; Time 17 ;
Roll : *see* Lark 5
Romance : *see also* Christmas 3 ; Love 50
Romance of War : *see* Colonel
Rome : *see also* Empire 1 ; England 29
Rookeries : *see* Rooks ; *also* Hubbub
Room : *see* Loneliness 2
Rory O'More : *see* Dreams 11 ; Love 77 ; Odd Numbers
Rose : *see also* End justifies the Means ; Flowers 7 ; Garden 5 ; Saint 7 ; Spring 5
Rose-leaves : *see* Sadness 5
Rotten Row : *see* London 13
Rottenness : *see* Hope 8
Rough : *see* Roughness ; *also* Hope 13
Round : *see* Good 2
Rousseau, J. J. : *see* Equality 5
Roving : *see* Constancy
Rubber : *see* Christmas 3
Ruby : *see* Gems 1, 2
Rue : *see* Bitter-Sweet ; Stocks
Ruffians : *see* Organ-grinder
Ruins : *see also* Rome 7
Rule : *see also* Obedience 1
Rule of Life : *see* Sight
Rush-beds : *see* Rushes ; *also* Mists 2
Rushes : *see also* Plain 1 ; River 3
Ruthlessness : *see* Nature 2

Sack : *see* Monk
Sackcloth : *see* Monk
Sabre : *see* Defeat 1
Sadness : *see also* Beauty 17
Saffron : *see also* Hollyhock 1
Sails : *see* Wales
Saint : *see also* Dead 16 ; Faith 7
St. Paul's : *see* London 8, 13
St. Saviour's : *see* London 13
Saïs : *see* Zebra
Samite : *see* Dress 6
Sanctities : *see* Good 6
Sandal-wood : *see also* Ithaca
Sandpiper : *see also* Heron 3
Sands : *see* Tune 14
Sand-curves : *see* Kite
Sandstone : *see* Fossil 2
Sandwiches : *see* Menu
Sap : *see* Love 83
Sapphires : *see* Gems 1
Sardonyx : *see* Gems 1
Satan : *see* Bookworm ; Pride 6
Sauce : *see* England 14 ; Menu
Saviours, St. : *see* London 13
Sayings : *see* Man 5
Saxon : *see* England 28 ; Irish 2
Scandal : *see* Absence 3 ; Enemy 2 ; Gossip
Scant : *see* Woman 9
Scape-goat : *see* Mary of Scotland
Scaw : *see* Screes
Sceptre : *see also* Pen
Scientist : *see* Science 3
Schemes : *see* Life 17
Scholar : *see also* Man ; Savage
School : *see also* Wisdom 17
Schoolboy : *see* Man 30 ; Morning 1
Scorn : *see also* Humility 1 ; Poet 31
Scotch Cousin : *see* Cousin
Scott, Sir W. : *see* Reading 2
Scrip : *see Poverty and Content*
Scum : *see* Age
Sea : *see also* Manhood 3 ; Nature 7 ; Storm 5
Seafaring : *see* Sailor
Sea-flowers : *see* Cuttlefish
Sea-holly : *see also* Holly ; Poppy 6
Sea-Nymphs : *see* Mermaid 2
Sea-Poppy : *see* Poppy 4, 6, 7
Sea-Sepulchre : *see* Sound 2
Sea-Slugs : *see* Cuttlefish
Sea-Worms : *see* Cuttlefish
Seals : *see* Reef
Seaman : *see* Sailor ; Youth 14 ; Ulysses
Seamew : *see also* Goal 1
Season : *see also* Gratitude 1
Secrets : *see also* Death 14
Sedge : *see also* River 1 ; Water-Weeds ; Wind 5
See-Saw : *see* World 13
Seed of Freedom : *see* England 28
Seigneurs : *see* Merchant
Self : *see also* Love 132
Self-acquainters : *see* Ideal
Semblance : *see* Immortality 4
Senate : *see* Court ; Parliament
Senses : *see* Reason 8
Sentences : *see* German 2
September : *see also* Grasshopper
Sermon : *see also* Covetousness ; Silence 16

Serpent : *see* Snake ; *also* Tongue 3
" Serpent's Tooth " : *see* Discretion
Serve : *see also* Present 4
Service : *see also* Equality ; King 4 ; Wellington 2
Severn : *see* Shrewsbury
Severn Ham : *see* Battle 1
Seville : *see* Bazaar
Shade : *see* Sundial
Shadow : *see also* Conversation ; Love 78 ; Man 22 ; Old Age 11, 18 ; Self 16 ; Sundial ; Wisdom 20
Shakespeare : *see also* Reading 2 ; Wordsworth 2
Shallop : *see* Barge
Shame : *see also* Silence 18 ; Sin 15
Sheaves : *see* Autumn 5
Sheep : *see also* Homesteads ; Silence 23 ; Wolf
Sheep-bells : *see* August 2
Shelley : *see also* Wordsworth 2
Shells : *see also* Bladder-Weed
Shepherds : *see also* Noble 6
Sherry : *see* Wine 3
Shield : *see* Defeat 1
Ships : *see* East Wind ; Hearts of Oak
Shiver : *see* Love 102
Shoulder : *see* Happiness 17
Shouts : *see* Carnival
Shovel : *see* Alone 4
Shrewmouse : *see also* Cat 2
Shrike : *see* Nature 18
Shroud : *see* Night 9
Sick : *see also* Sickness ; England 13
Sickle : *see* Heron 3
" Sickly Smile : " *see* Smile 6
Sigh : *see also* Sea 13 ; Silence 13
Sight : *see also* Insight
Silence : *see also* Church 10 ; Manhood 3 ; Milky-Way ; Past 7 ; Prayer 1
Sillery : *see* Catawba
Silver : *see* Venality
Simple : *see* Simplicity ; Silence 21
Sincerity : *see* Roman 1
Sin : *see also* Pride 7 ; Repentance 5
Singer : *see* Beauty 11
Singing : *see also* Music 9
Sinners : *see* Sin ; Poor 3
Sirloin : *see* Steak
Sisyphus : *see* Vanity of Things
Skeins : *see* Ram
Skeleton : *see* Enthusiasm
Skirts : *see* Devil 4
Sky : *see* Heavens ; Manhood 3 ; Pool 3 ; Storm 3 ; Wales
Sky-Line : *see* Twilight 1
Slander : *see also* Knight ; Knowledge 17 ; Vow 8
Slave : *see also* Knowledge 17 ; Parent ; Woman 18
Sleds, Sleighs : *see* Coasting
Sleep : *see also* Bachelor ; Best 5 ; Rest 4
Slough : *see* Old Age 20 ; Snake 3
Slow : *see* Moderation
Sludge : *see* Medium
Slumber : *see* Lagoon ; Sea 12 ; Sleep
Slums : *see* Humanity 2
Small's Man : *see* Season
Smile : *see also* Death 21 ; Hero 2 ; Honesty 6 ; Nothing 3 ; Preacher 3 ; Scowl ; Sea 9 ; Sunset 1 ; Woman 47
Smooth : *see* Hope 13
Snaffle : *see* Marriage 9
Snail : *see also* Kindness ; Slugs ; Star-fish
Snoods : *see* Flowers 4
Snowdrop : *see also* Spring-Flowers
Snore : *see* Midnight
Sob : *see* Sea-Weed 2
Society : *see also* Propriety
Softened : *see* Evening 3
Solace : *see* Consolation
Soldier : *see also* Kingsley ; Workingman ; Youth 14
Sole : *see* Kindness
Solitariness : *see* Silence 12
Solitude : *see also* Grouse ; Manhood 3
Solution : *see* Problem 3
Soma Juice : *see* Drugs
Somebodies : *see* Nobodies
Something : *see also* Explosion
Somewhat : *see* Genius 5
Song : *see also* Best 5 ; Beethoven ; Christmas 3 ; Day 4 ; Poteen ; Wine
Song-Machine : *see* Bird 6
Soothsayers : *see* Poet 11
Sophist : *see* Man ; Reason 2
Sorcery : *see* Magic
Sorrel : *see* Race
Sorrow : *see also* Grief ; Happiness 4 ; Illusion ; Pity 9
Soul : *see also* Man and Woman 2 ; Paint ; Patience 2
" Soul of Europe " : *see* England 28
Soul of Man : *see also* Change 5, 16
Sound : *see also* August 2 ; Patriotism 10 ;
Source : *see* Good 10
Sou'-wester : *see* South Wind ; *also* Canterbury-Bells ; Lawn-Tennis
Space : *see also* Loneliness 2
Spades : *see* Book 2
Spain : *see* Law 3
Sparrow : *see also* Homeliness ; Nature 18
Spartan Queen : *see* England 24
Spearsman : *see* Ulysses
Specification : *see* Deeds 26
Specks : *see* Fruit 3
Spectre : *see* Wrong 10
Speculations : *see* Death 26
Speech : *see also* Song 7
Spells : *see* Ipswich
Spencer : *see* Science
Spies : *see* Loosestrife
Spinning-Wheel : *see also* Nightjar
Spirit : *see also* Song 10
Spite : *see also* Knowledge 17
Spontaneity : *see* Positivists
Spotted : *see* Beetles
Sprats : *see* Nature 6
Spree : *see* Infinite
Spring : *see also* City ; Cry ; Earth 3
Spunkie : *see* Will-o'-the-Wisp
Spy : *see* Spring
Square : *see also* Hansom-Cab
Squeals : *see* Pigs
Stare : *see* Manners 3 ; Riches 2
Star-fish : *see also* Bladder-Weed

Starlings : *see also* Autumn 9
Stars : *see also* Night 4 ; Purity 3 ; Sorrow 8
State, The : *see also* Present
Statesman : *see* Critics ; Season
Statistics : *see* Purpose 1
Stave : *see* Worth 1
Step : *see also* Girl 15 ; Space and Time ; Street 1 ; Throne
Stephanotis : *see* Love 21
Stepmother : *see also* India 1 ; Progress 7
Stick : *see* Unity 4
"Still it Moves" : *see* Progress 8
Stillness : *see* Silence ; *also* Night ; Rest 5 ; Woman 26
Sting : *see also* Ingratitude ; Pendulum
Stoat : *see* Shrew-mouse
Stock-Exchange : *see* Westminster 1
Stocks : *see also* Garden 3
Stock-dove : *see* Dove
Stonechat : *see also* Spring 16
Stole : *see* Grail 2
Stoics : *see* Grave 1
Storm-cock : *see* March 2
Strain : *see* Harp
"Straight and Steady" : *see* Life 57
Stream : *see also* River
Street : *see also* Hansom-Cab 1
Strength : *see also* Good 14 ; Wisdom 1
Stride : *see* Space and Time
Strife : *see also* Calm 2 ; Effort ; Life 3
Strike : *see also* Blow
Strings : *see* Waits 1
Student : *see* Youth 14
Sturdiness : *see* Strength 3
Substance : *see also* Shadow 2
Success : *see also* Civilization
Suddenness : *see* Caution
Sun : *see also* Fog 1 ; Lake 2 ; Vines 2
Supersession : *see* Change 4, 6
Suspicion : *see also* Innocence ; Old Age 1
Suppers : *see also* Man and Woman 8
Surgery : *see* Shadow 4
Sussex : *see* Woods
Swallow : *see also* Blue-bird 2 ; Nature 18
Swan : *see also* Bulrush ; Contention
Sweet Peas : *see* Cabbages
Sweets : *see* Robin
Sweetness : *see* Sleep 5
"Swim with the Stream" : *see* Wisdom 14
Sword : *see also* Best 5 ; Poet 33
Sword-grass : *see* Air 2
Sycamore : *see also* Spring 11
Syllabub : *see* Milk, Spilt
Symbols : *see* Symbolism ; *also* Church 11
Sympathy : *see* Tennyson, Alfred
Symphony : *see* Scent 10
Syren : *see also* Youth 7
Systems : *see* Creeds 15 ; Purpose 1

Table : *see* Season
Table-cloth : *see* Supper
Tackle : *see* Angling
Tags : *see* Creeds 2
Tail : *see* Art 9
Tally-ho : *see* Life 57
Tangle : *see* Love 63
Tares : *see* Violet 4
Tars : *see* Sailor ; *also* Farmer
Tarts : *see also* Menu
Task : *see* Lost ; Occupation
Tattle : *see* Gossip 1
Tea : *see* Coffee
Tea-cup-times : *see* Dress 7
Tea-gown : *see* Dress 3
Teacher : *see also* Grief 12 ; Smile 7 ; Time 18 ; Wife 9
Team : *see* Evening 11
Tears : *see also* Love 87 ; *Old Woman* 2 ; Smile ; Vanity of Things 3
Teeth : *see* Smile 8
Tempers : *see* Marriage 8
Temptation : *see also* Bargain 2
Tendrils : *see* Passion-Flower
Tennis : *see* Lawn-Tennis
Teuton : *see also* England 21
Thackeray : *see* Reading 2
Thames : *see* Drifting ; London
Theme : *see* War 15
"Then" : *see* Present
Theory : *see* You 2
Thief : *see* Faith ; Vanity of Things 5
Thinkers : *see also* Argument 5 ; Critics
Thirst : *see* Knowledge 18
Thistle : *see* Dandelion 2 ; Flowers 7 ; Grapes
Thorn : *see* Words 18
Thorn-bit : *see* Marriage 9 ; Rose 14
Thought : *see also* Change 7 ; Ideas 2 ; Knowledge 18 ; Lark 5 ; Man and Woman 20 ; Truth 31
Thrale : *see* Jack
Thrall : *see* Slave
Three Men : *see* Man 20
Thrill : *see* Deed 32 ; Sound 2
Throat : *see* Chest ; Lark 4
Throne : *see also* Queen
Thrush : *see also* Magpie 3
Thud : *see* Sound 2
Thunder : *see also* Sea 11 ; Storm 2
Thunderstorm : *see also* Future 4
Thyme : *see* Garden 5
Thyself : *see* Self 15
Tiberius : *see* Cat 1
Tide : *see* Sea 8 ; Sea-Weed 2
Ties : *see* Wife
Tiger-Lily : *see* Lily 1
Tilka-mark : *see* Castle
Time : *see also* Chance 2 ; Change 1 ; Cottage 1 ; Death 41 ; Fame 19 ; Friendship ; Lady 1 ; Love 3 ; Vanity of Things 5
Timidity : *see* Cowardice ; *also* Courage 6
Title-Page : *see* Elzevir
Tittle : *see* Gossip 1
"To Come" : *see* Old Age 9
Toads : *see* Blindworm ; Contentment
Toil : *see* Labour ; Rest ; Turmoil
Toiler : *see* Youth 14
Toll : *see* Lark 5 ; Year, the Old
Tolling : *see* Silence 10
Tone : *see* Wind 4
Tones : *see* Day 3 ; Music
Tongs : *see* Alone 4
Tongue : *see English Language* ; Marriage 3 ; Mind 5 ; Shakespeare
Tonguester : *see* Silence 21

Too-late : *see* might have been 6
Too-little : *see* Right 5
Too-much : *see* Right 5
Too-quick : *see* Quick
Too-slow : *see* Slow
Tools : *see* Priest 5
Top-dressing : *see* Worldliness
Topaz : *see* Gems 1
Torch : *see* Old Age ; World 26
Torments : *see* Travel
Torrents : *see* Bag-pipes
Tortoise : *see* Scarab 2
Torture : *see* Jealousy
Tourmaline : *see* Gems 2
Town : *see also* Church : Trade 1
Toys : *see* Girls 5
Tradition : *see* Reason 7
Trafalgar : *see* England 2
Tragedy : *see also* Fault 6
Trails : *see* Woman 40
Train : *see* Railway
Tramp : *see* March
Trams : *see* Village
"Travellers, The" : *see* London 19
Treachery : *see* Praise 4
Treadle : *see* Spinning-Wheel 1
Tree : *see also* North and South
Tree-doves : *see* Doves ; Oleander
Tree-frogs : *see* Frogs ; *also* Fish 3
Tree-toads ; *see* Bees 3
Tresses : *see* Hair ; *also* Dawn 7 ; Mermaid 1
Tribunal : *see* Culture
Trifle : *see* Coquette ; Grief 5
Trifler : *see* Enthusiasm
Trilobite : *see* Fossil 2
Trinkets : *see* Oafs
Triumph : *see* Civilization ; Preacher 1
Troubadours : *see* Waltz
Trouble : *see also* Patience 6
Trout : *see also* Grayling
True : *see* Faithfulness 8, 9 ; Future 7
Trumpet : *see also* Doubt 18
Trust : *see also* Faith 5 ; King 5 ; Love 3 ; Old Age 4 ; Preacher 1 ; Silence 15
Truth : *see also* Aspiration 1 ; Beauty 7, 10, 11 ; England 32 ; Perfection 3 ; Roman 1 ; Shelley 1
Tune : *see* Old Hundredth ; Poetry 7
Tunnel : *see* Railway 5
Turf : *see* England 6
Turkey : *see* Christmas 1
Turning : *see* Table-turning
Turnip : *see* Worm
Turnspit : *see* Philosopher 1
Twilight : *see also* Evening ; Life 50
Twitter : *see* Sparrow 1
Tyndale : *see* Science
Types : *see* Printing
Tyrants : *see also* Irish 2 ; Love 114

Uladh's Oak : *see* Malachi
Umbrella : *see* Cloak
Una : *see* Duty 20
Unbelief : *see* Doubt 7, 13, 18
Unbeliever : *see* Doubt 16
Undeclared Love : *see* Love 109
Under-darnel : *see* Pan
Undertone : *see* Science 1
Under-wings : *see* Butterfly 2
Unfaith : *see* Faith 20
Ungenerous : *see* Reading 1
Unhappiness : *see* Happiness ; *also* Courage 4 ; Misery
Union : *see* Brotherhood 4
Universe : *see* You 2
Unity : *see* Nature 12
Unjust : *see* Vengeance
Unknown : *see also* Might have been 4
Unloving : *see* Unlovable
Unreason : *see* Woman 22
Unrequited Love : *see* Love 94 ; 126
Unrest : *see* Woe 5
Unseen : *see* Might have been 4
Untrodden : *see* God 12
Untrustworthy : *see* Beauty 12
Unwisdom : *see* Overwise
Upas-tree : *see* Swamp
Upper Classes : *see* Classes
Usefullest : *see* Best
Utopia : *see* Nature 8
Vale : *see* Valley ; *also* Childhood 3

Vale of Tears : *see* Misery 3
Valley : *see also* Dell
Valorous : *see* Noble 4
Valour : *see* Courage 1 ; Defences
Vanes : *see* East Wind 3
Vanity : *see* Advertisement 2, 3 ; Death 26
Vanity Fair : *see* Propriety
Vanquish : *see* Satiety
Vanquished : *see* Defeat, Victors
Vassalage : *see* Anarchy ;
"Vast Unknown" : *see* Known and Unknown
Vastness : *see* Past 7 ; Vanity of Things 1
Vauxhall : *see* Lady 1
Vedas : *see* Silence 1
Vehement ; *see* Bees 2
Veil : *see also* Hell 4
Velvetv : *see* Bees 2
Venus : *see* Survival
Verbs : *see* German 1
Vere de Vere : *see* Manners 8 ; Nose 3
Verse : *see* Poetry
Verzenay : *see* Catawba
Viands : *see* Appetite 1 ; Beef, Food ; Hunger
Vicar : *see* Parson ; Priest ; *also* Devil 4
Vice : *see* Sin ; *also* Choice 4
Vice Versa : *see* Wind 6
Victory : *see* Victas ; *also* God 15 ; Moderation 2
Viol : *see* Violin ; *also* Music 2
Violet : *see also* Easter ; Garden 5 ; Flowers 7 ; Ithaca ; Saint 7 ; Spring-Flowers
Vintages : *see* Dawn 7
Virtue : *see also* Choice 4 ; Slander 1
Vision : *see also* Faithfulness 5 ; Poetry 9
"Vive la bagatelle" : *see* Trifles 2
Vivisection : *see* Faddist
Voice : *see also* Citizen ; Creed 5 ; Duty 8 ; Friendship 14 ; Honesty ; Pity 4
Voices : *see also* Bells 2 ; Wind 1
Voluble : *see* Bees 2
Voter : *see* Vote ; *also* Woman's Rights 1
Votes : *see* Factions
Vows : *see also* Priest 4

Wailing : *see* Wind 14
Wait : *see* Love 45 ; Patience 5
Walk : *see* Gait
Wallflower : *see also* Redstart
Walloping : *see* Whipping
Waltz : *see* Good-Night 2
Wanderings : *see* Memory 5
Wands : *see* Dragon-flies 1
Wansfell : *see* Loughrigg
War : *see also* Love 62 ; Peace 4 ; Phrases ; Strife 2
War-Music : *see* War Song ; *also* War 12
War-Office : *see* Soldier 8
Warrior : *see also* Tears 15
Wasps : *see* Insects
Wastdale : *see* Screes
Wasted Life : *see* Misery 1
Watch and Pray : *see* Prayer 13
Watch and Wait : *see* Watch ; *also* Opportunity
Watch-Word : *see also* Pension
Waterloo : *see also* England 2
Water-hen : *see* Water-fowl ; *also* Guelder Rose
Water-rats : *see* Heron 6
Water-scorpion : *see* Pond
Waterways : *see* Water Weeds
Waves : *see also* Hell 1 ; Pool 4 ; Sea 22 ; Sea-Weed 1 ; Truth 39
Weakness : *see* Strength 3 ; Woman 15
Wealth : *see* Thrift
Weary: *see* Weariness: *also* Penelope; Poor 3
Web : *see* Fate 23 ; Penelope ; Planet
Weddings : *see also* House 3
Weeds : *see also* Time 17
Weep : *see* Man and Woman 9 ; Tears 15
Weir : *see* August 2 ; Drifting ; Fleur-de-Lys
Weird Sisters : *see* Fate 1
Wells : *see* Memory 7
Welshman : *see* Truth 33
Wesleyan : *see* Pendulum
West, Isles of the : *see* Sandal-wood
Whales : *see also* Nature 6
" What is " : *see* Old Age 11
" What may be " : *see* Wisdom 4
" What must be " : *see* Wisdom 4
Wheatear : *see* Spring 16
Wheels : *see also* Anvil ; Strife 3
Whence : *see* Gipsy 2
Wherefore : *see* Man 13
Whinchat : *see* Spring 16
Whine : *see* World 23
Whinny : *see* Wife 13
Whip : *see* Slave-Drivers
Whirring : *see* Spinning-Wheel 2
Whist : *see* London 19
Whistles : *see also* Carnival
Whisky : *see* Love 69
White Owl : *see* Owl
Whiteness : *see* Hand 6
Whitewashers : *see* Spring-Cleaning
Whither : *see* Gipsy 3 ; Man 13
Whole : *see* Goal 2
Whoo-Whoop : *see* Life 57
Wicklow : *see also* Ireland
" Widow's Uniform " : *see* Soldier 7
Widowed : *see* Hand 3
Wife : *see also* Sorrow 13 ; Taste ; Victoria
Wild Rose : *see* Rose ; *also* Dell
Wildfowl : *see* Marsh 1
Will : *see also* Rights of Man 1 ; War 1
Willow : *see also* Marsh 1 ; Oxford 5 ; Spring 5
Willow-Branches : *see* Song 13
Willow-Wrens : *see* Warblers
Willy-Nilly : *see* Sentry
Wind : *see also* Owl 2 ; Sea 17 ; Storm 2, 3, 5
Wind-Flowers : *see* Anemone, wood ; Thrush 5
Windows : *see* House 6 ; Sunshine 3
Wine : *see also* Lark 1 ; Walnuts
Wings : *see* Autumn 2 ; Foot
Wink : *see* Sham
Wisdom : *see also* Enough 2 ; Just 2 ; Reason 9 ; Roman 1
" Wise Man " : *see* Water
Wisest : *see* Wisdom ; *also* Highest 1
Witch-Elm : *see* Elms
Witches : *see also* Ipswich
Wives : *see also* Priest 5
Wolf : *see also* Priest 9
Woman : *see also* Chivalry ; Contrariness ; Sin 18
Woman's Rights : *see* Terror
Womanhood : *see* Woman ; *also* Children 14 ; Despair 6
Woods : *see also* Country 3 ; Rain 6
Wood-dove : *see* Dove ; *also* Cottage 2
Wool : *see* Spinning-Wheel 1
Word : *see also* Patience 7 ; Trust 3 ; Vow 8
Wordsworth : *see* Faith 3
Work : *see* Labour ; *also* Fame 7 ; Hunger 2 ; Man and Woman 9 ; Woman 36
Worker : *see* Labour 20 ; Patience 7
Workhouse : *see* Man 29
World : *see also* Faith 23 ; Liar ; Spring 6
Worm : *see also* Angling ; Cocoon ; Snail 2
Worm, undying : *see also* Intemperance
Worm-eaten : *see* World 22
Wormwood : *see* Sea-Holly
Worship : *see also* Happiness 18
Worst : *see* Best 3 ; Wisdom 25
Worth : *see also* Genesis ; World 12
Wrath : *see* Anger
Wreath : *see* Byron
Wren : *see* Eagle ; Laugh 5
Wretchedness : *see* Weakness 3
Wrong : *see also* Freedom 14 ; Gin-Palace ; Law 4 ; Lost 1 ; Vow 8
Wronged : *see* Man 48

Yankee : *see* America ; *also* Church 6 ; Pleasure 9
Year : *see also* Bells 9
Yearning : *see* Longing ; Love 96
Yellow : *see* Night 2, 3 ; Red
Yellow Violet : *see* Violet 3
" Yes " : *see also* Wedding
Yesterday : *see also* Might have been - To-Day 6
Yoke : *see* Upstart
Youth : *see also* Choice 4 ; Hay while sun shines 2 ; Homesickness ; Life 50
Youth, England's : *see* Oxford
Yew-wood : *see* Bow

Zeal : *see* Hypocrite

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